THE

European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of *LONDON*.

FOR OCTOBER, 1785.

[Embelliſhed with, 1. A Striking Likeneſs of HENRY SWINBURNE, Eſq. Author of "Travels in the Two Sicilies," and other celebrated Works. And 2. A Perſpective View of the NEW BUILDINGS at the BANK of ENGLAND, taken from the Manſion-Houſe.

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. Admiral, and Philo Selden, are inadmiſſible. The former has wit, but is too indelicate.

We are obliged to the Correſpondent who has ſent part of Silius Italicus in blank verſe, but we are apprehenſive that detached portions of ſuch a work would not be agreeable to the majority of our readers.

R. B. and the epiſtle to Mr. Hayley, in our next.

J. C's piece is left for him at Mr. Sewell's. It was owing to miſapprehenſion that it was not returned ſooner.

W. Reid, Timothy Twiſting, Conſtancy, Boots and Shoes, G. D. Biblicus, and the anonymous letter from Cambridge, are received.

In anſwer to Liberalis, we can only ſay, that we are always glad to find Gentlemen of either of our Univerſities amongſt our Correſpondents. Several have already done honour to our Magazine.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY-LANE.

Oct. 1 MACBETH—Humouriſt
4 Natural Son—Critic
6 Tancred and Sigiſmunda—Bon Ton
8 Venice Preſerved—Humouriſt
10 Othello—Critic
11 Maid of the Mill—Caldron
13 Beggar's Opera—Too Civil by Half
15 Grecian Daughter—Deſerter
17 Tempeſt—All the World's a Stage
18 Country Girl—Caldron
20 Braganza—Flitch of Bacon
22 Meaſure for Meaſure—Quaker
24 Country Girl—Caldron
25 Clandeſtine Marriage—Humouriſt
26 All in the Wrong—Arthur and Emmeline
27 Carmelite—Waterman
28 Country-Girl—Arthur and Emmeline
29 Macbeth—Flitch of Bacon
31 The Wonder—Critic

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sept. 30 BEGGAR's Opera—Lying Valet
Oct. 3 She Stoops to Conquer—Rehearſal
5 Weſt-Indian—The Same
7 Fontainbleau—Barnaby Brittle
10 All in the Wrong—Maid of the Oaks
12 New Way to Pay Old Debts—Roſina
13 Weſt-Indian—Magic Cavern
14 Caſtle of Andaluſia—Devil on Two Sticks
17 Roman Father—Catherine and Petruchio
19 Way to Keep Him—Three Weeks after Marriage
20 Roman Father—Poor Soldier
21 Robin Hood—Magic Cavern
22 Henry IV. Part I.—Appearance is againſt Them
24 Roman Father—The Same
26 Follies of a Day—The Same
27 Rule a Wife and Have a Wife—The Same
28 Grecian Daughter—The Same
29 Hypocrite—The Same

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER for OCTOBER, 1785.

SEPTEMBER.

Barometer.			Thermom.		Wind.
29	30 — 36		44	½	N.
30	30 — 11		52	—	E.

OCTOBER.

1	30 — 11		51	—	N.
2	30 — 10		51	—	E.
3	29 — 67		50	—	E. S. E.
4	29 — 84		52	—	W.
5	29 — 87		48	5	W. N. W.
6	29 — 93		52	—	S.
7	29 — 85		51	5	W.
8	29 — 45		59	—	S. S. W.
9	29 — 69		52	—	W. S. W.
10	29 — 50		54	—	W.
11	29 — 83		53	5	S. S. W.
12	29 — 58		60	—	S. S. W.
13	29 — 93		56	—	W. S. W.
14	30 — 20		62	—	W. S. W.
15	30 — 37		58	—	W.
16	30 — 32		56	—	W. S. W.
17	30 — 22		49	5	E.
18	30 — 32		49	—	N.
19	30 — 45		48	5	N. E.
20	30 — 35		47	—	N.
21	30 — 40		47	—	N.
22	30 — 36		47	—	W.
23	30 — 22		48	—	S.
24	29 — 89		51	—	W. S. W.
25	29 — 55		49	—	S. S. W.
26	29 — 70		38	—	N. N. W.
27	29 — 84		36	—	W. S. W.
28	29 — 93		40	—	W. S. W.

PRICE of STOCKS, Oct. 29, 1785.

Bank Stock, —
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 82 ½ ⅛ ¾ ½
5 per Cent. Ann. 1784, 102 ½ ¾ ⅝
3 per Cent. red. 64 ¼ a 63⅜ a 64
3 per Ct Conſ. 65 ⅛ ¼ ⅛
3 per Cent. 1726, —
South Sea Stock, —
Old S. S. An. —
New S. S. Ann. —
3 per Cent. 1751, —
India Stock, 149 ½
3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —
India Bonds, 32s. pr.

Fund. Navy —
New Navy and Vict. Bills 2 ½ dif.
Long Ann. 19 1/16 ¾ 1/16 yrs. pur.
10 years Short Ann. 1777, ſhut
30 years Ann. 1778, 13 7-16ths yrs. p.
3 per Cent. Scrip. —
4 per Ct. Scrip.
Omnium, —
Exchequer Bills —
L. Tick. 14l. 17s. 6d. a 19s.

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THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW; FOR OCTOBER, 1785.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq.

[With an ENGRAVED LIKENESS of Him.]

HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq. is the youngest son of the late Sir John Swinburne, of Capheaton, in the county of Northumberland, Baronet, where this Roman Catholic family has been established for time immemorial. Two Adams de Swinburne sat as Barons in Edward the Second's Parliaments. Thomas gained a naval victory over the French, and was Governor-General of Guyenne in the reign of Henry the Fourth. John represented the county in Parliament in 1554; since which time their religious principles have excluded the family from all public employments. The dignity of a Baronet was conferred upon them at the Restoration.

Mr. Swinburne received his first elements of learning at Scorton school in Yorkshire; he afterwards studied at Paris and Bourdeaux, and completed his education at the Royal Academy at Turin. He then made the usual tour of Italy, and a few years after married the daughter of John Baker, Esq. his Majesty's Sollicitor-General for the Leeward Islands. In 1774 he travelled with her to the Continent, in order to indulge their taste for the fine arts and antiquities. He spent six years in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, during which time he formed an intimacy with some of the most celebrated Literati of those countries, and received many singular marks of esteem and favour from the Sovereigns of the Courts he visited. The present Emperor honoured him with many tokens of his regard, and the Queens of France and Naples distinguished Mrs. Swinburne in a very particular manner. In 1780 the late Empress-Queen admitted her *a Lady of the Croix Etoilée*; an Order founded in the last century for Noble Women, of which the Grand Duchess of Tuscany is the present Grand Mistress.

Since his return to England, Mr. Swinburne has chiefly resided, in a retired manner, at his seat at Hamsterly, in the Bishoprick of Durham, where his time has been employed in the education of his children, and in preparing for the press the Observations he had made in his travels.

His Account of Spain in One Volume in 4to. was published in 1779. The First Volume of his Travels in Sicily came out in 1783; and the Second, which completes the Work, is just published.

Note. The account of this family in Collins's Baronetage is erroneous.

THE POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for OCTOBER, 1785. No. XX.

THE month commenced with a proclamation announcing the adjournment of parliament to be converted into a prorogation, to be followed by another prorogation to fix the time of meeting for the dispatch of business; a kind of a novel mode of proceeding, but nothing prejudicial or unconstitutional.

The return of our fleet into port indicated, that whatever unfriendly appearances there

there had been between our miniſters and the French court, they were done away for the preſent, and a proſpect of continuance of peace preſented itſelf to view. How far the tranſactions paſſed and paſſing on the coaſt of Africa may overcaſt this pleaſing proſpect, we are yet incompetent to ſay.

Notwithſtanding all the preceding appearances of cloudineſs and diſguſt between the two cabinets, our diurnal politicians have confidently reported a treaty of commerce to be in great forwardneſs between Great Britain and France, mutually beneficial and ſatisfactory to both. This is an event very much to be deſired; but if it ſhould turn out ſo, it will be the firſt time that our cabinet have been found equal to the French in treating, either in peace or in war.

The ſame authors give our miniſters credit for a very advanced ſtate of a commercial treaty with Ireland. If our miniſters do not mend their hands much in that buſineſs, we may ardently pray that it may never come to paſs.

America too is ſaid to be almoſt united to us in a treaty of commerce and friendſhip.—For a confirmation of this report, we refer our readers to the correſpondence of Captain Stanhope and Governor Boudouin of Boſton. How far our patriots will reconcile the behaviour of the mob, and even the government of Boſton, with a friendly connection, or even with good manners due to an enemy by the laws of war, is not within our comprehenſion. To our patriots then we leave this taſk of explanation and vindication.

This month has changed the face of affairs in the ſyſtem of Europe conſiderably for the preſent, generally as well as particularly, in reſpect to our nation.

In our laſt we left the Emperor and the Dutch proceeding from the moſt pacific appearances to the moſt vigorous preparations for warlike operations, ariſing from a diſcovery, on the addreſs of the Dutch deputies at Vienna, that all treating for peace had been mere trifling previous to that moment; whereupon the Emperor inſtantly ſet all his troops and trains of artillery in full motion towards the frontiers. This produced a ſudden tranſition from one extreme to the other. The Dutch, while inundating their own lands and thoſe of their adverſaries, treated in earneſt, and concluded a preliminary treaty, which the Emperor thought proper to agree to; and ſo an immediate ſtop was put to the further motions of the armies on both ſides.

The treaty above alluded to bears every mark of fright, hurry, and confuſion, on the part of the Dutch; and indeed not much deliberation or circumſpection on the part of the Emperor. So much doubt, difficulty, perplexity, and inconſiſtency, appear upon the face of it! ſo little explicitly aſcertained and defined! ſo much left to future diſcuſſion of the parties, and their reſpective commiſſioners! ſo much taken by both ſides *ad referendum!* and ſomething flatly refuſed by the Imperial ambaſſador! that we can hardly think it will be finally ratified; or if ratified, that the definitive treaty will be of very long duration; little better than a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities for one year or two, unleſs ſomething extraneous come from ſome other quarter to cement the agreement. It is not our buſineſs to deſcend into a critical inveſtigation of the preliminary articles, or we could ſhew in ſeveral inſtances their inconſiſtency, and impracticability to be carried into execution, if thoſe articles circulated here are genuine and authentic.

In this preliminary treaty, the Dutch may ſee the bleſſed fruits of French friendſhip and mediation! After treating two or three years under the auſpices of the French, and nothing done, at laſt all the buſineſs is done in fear, hurry, and confuſion, under the terror of the over-hanging ſword, by and between the parties themſelves, in the hour of diſmay and diſtreſs, when no buſineſs can be done well! So much for French and Dutch friendſhip.

The States General have no eaſy taſk upon their hands, to reconcile all the Preſidencies of the different States to the terms of this treaty, to conſent to the ratification, and to do their parts towards the performance of the terms ſtipulated therein. There ſeems to be great diſguſts, heart-burnings, and animoſities among them about theſe and other matters in agitation.

Before theſe diſguſtful preliminaries are compleated, the Dutch are threatened with a ſtorm from another quarter! The King of Pruſſia, as determined and reſolute an antagoniſt as the Emperor, enters the liſts, and throws down the gauntlet, unleſs they will ſettle boundaries with him as well as with the Emperor, and pay due obedience to his kinſman the Stadtholder. If his Pruſſian Majeſty interferes ſeriouſly in ſettling terms between the Dutch and their chief Magiſtrate, it may bring on very ſerious conſequences; ſuch as the new-modelling their conſtitution, under pretence of renovating or reſtoring their ancient fabric of civil government and political exiſtence.—Nor do we ſee how he can meddle in this matter at all without aſſuming a power of dictating the model of their future civil internal government, unleſs matters are firſt carried ſo far between the Stadtholder and

the

the States as to take up arms againſt each other, as was the caſe with our King Charles the Firſt and his parliament. In ſuch caſe, he might properly come to the aſſiſtance of his relation, for the preſervation of himſelf and family from violence, impriſonment, or death; and in that ſituation might act as a mediator to avert greater evils,—and ſo ſerve both parties.

On the other hand, the King of Pruſſia has ſomething to fear from the Emperor, ſhould he embark in any enterprize againſt the Dutch, as the Emperor might retaliate his good offices in favour of the Dutch againſt himſelf in his late diſpute with them. —The apparent jealouſy and diſtruſt between the Emperor and Pruſſia opens a door of hope and conſolation to the Dutch, which they would do well to avail themſelves of, by all the ſound policy they are maſters of, and by cultivating a good correſpondence with their late adverſary the Emperor.

The Emperor of Germany and Empreſs of Ruſſia ſeem to be drawing up together a very cloſe and ſolemn compact, tantamount to a league offenſive and defenſive to enter into all one another's views, deſigns, and even quarrels; and to ſupport each other whereſoever engaged in war, attacked or attacking any enemy whatſoever. This ſtorm may burſt ſomewhere in Europe; and a certain potentate is certainly not without his alarms upon the occaſion: but at preſent it points moſt directly to the Turk; of which the taking the Venetian Republic into the confederacy is no ſmall proof.

If the Imperial confederacy ſhould take that turn, it would embarraſs the French court exceedingly, as it is the ſtanding policy of that court to keep in with the Ottoman empire through all the changes and viciſſitudes of European policy. This would lead to a rupture either with the Grand Seignior or the Emperor, the brother of the beloved and popular Queen of France, and with the Czarina of courſe; a very irkſome ſituation for the Grand Monarch to be in.

In the mean time, the Emperor is reported to be very aſſiduous in detaching the Elector of Saxony from the Pruſſian confederacy: if his efforts prove ſucceſsful, the probable conſequence will be, the breaking up of that infant league.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

To compare modes of living at different periods, I believe will be admitted to be generally amuſing, and often uſeful. I therefore ſend you an account of the manner in which our Country Anceſtors formerly uſed to paſs their lives. It is extracted from a Pamphlet, entitled, "Cyvile and Uncyvile Life; a diſcourſe very profitable, pleaſant, and fit to bee read of all Nobilitie and Gentlemen. Where in forme of a Dialoge is diſputed, what order of lyfe beſt beſeemeth a Gentleman in all ages and time, as wel for education as the courſe of his whole life, to make him a parſon fit for the publique ſervice of his Prince and Country, and for the quiet and cumlyneſſe of his owne private eſtate and callings." 4to. 1579. Your inſerting it will oblige your Correſpondent G. H.

VINCENT.

BUT how ſay you to our pleaſures and pleaſant exerciſes of the country? for that was the next I promiſed to praiſe. I truſt you will allow of them, and commend your own coldly, for I thinke they be colde enough indeede.

VALLENTINE.

Well, Syr, I perceave you have a colde conceit of our courtly pleaſures, but what of that? tell us yours, I pray you.

VINCENT.

Wee have in troth ſo great ſtore of them, as there is no time of the yeare, no houre of the day, nor no weather, but wee have a paſtime to entertaine us with.

VALLENTINE.

As how? for God's ſake, ſay on.

VINCENT.

In the ſpring time (and chiefely in Lent) we fiſh the carpe, the pike, the breame, the roche, and the yeele, as good meates in the eatinge, as good ſportes in the ketching. In the ſommer we dare the larke with hobbies, and ketch them with day nettes. In harveſt, when corne is downe, our ſparhaukes bee ready to kill the partridge, the quayle, and rayle. In winter wee hauke the heron, the feaſante, the ducke, the teale, and in breefe all ſorts of volary. The like pleaſures wee can ſhew you upon the ground, (for you muſt conceave that all theſe fowles doo fly) and bee it your will to hunt with your eye or eare, wee are ready for you: as if you pleaſe to ſee with the eye, we courſe the ſtagge, the bucke, the roa, the doa, the hare, the foxe, and the badger: or if you had rather have ſome muſick to content your eare,

eat goes our dogges, our houndes, (I ſhould have ſaide) with them wee make a heavenly noiſe or cry, that would make a dead man reviue and run on foote to heare it.

VALLENTINE.

But by your leave, if you wiſht your owne good father, whoſe heire you are, would riſe from death to life, you had rather never heare hound, then trouble his reſt.

VINCENT.

Very well, Syr, you thinke I would bee lothe to trace my father's new ſteppes upon his olde land: I ſpeake like a hunter, and to tell you plainely, as I never deſired his death, ſo were it no reaſon I ſhould put him to paines of receaving his arrerage of rents, which I have ſpent theſe half dozen yeares paſt.

VALLENTINE.

Much good may it doo you, and let him reſt. (God gave him reſt) but tell mee if all theſe pleaſures whereof you tolde, bee they uſed by day or night, in faire weather or fowle?

VINCENT.

In good ſooth, (maiſter Vallentine) either you are wonderouſly pleaſaunt and diſpoſed, or els very ignorant in Gentlemens quallities, that will aſke me theſe vain queſtions: for every man knoweth that the day time is fitteſt for all ſportes, and likewiſe the faire weather.

VALLENTINE.

Ah, Syr, I pray you pardon mee, for I confeſs I am unkilfull; yet, unleſſe I bee much deceaved, I have hard hounds barke by night, and have ſeene foulers ketch woodcockes in olde weather.

VINCENT.

Indeede, it may bee you have hard ſumtimes hounds yorne (for ſo you ought to terme it) by night, and I ſuppoſe the winter weather, and hard, is fitteſt for ketching of woodcockes in deede.

VALLENTINE.

Well, I am glad you know thereby I have hard and ſeene ſumwhat worthy a Gentleman: I pray you now tell us your paſtimes deſtined for fowle weather, and how many be of them beſides ketching of woodcockes?

VINCENT.

I aſſure you many, and thoſe diverſe (in which I will include our exerciſes alſo); but becauſe you demand of our fowle weather paſtimes, I will ſpeake of them firſt.

VALLENTINE.

You are full of memory and order: I pray you ſay on.

VINCENT.

In fowle weather, we ſend for ſome honeſt neighbours, if happely wee bee with our wives alone at home, (as ſeldom we are) and with them we play at dice and cards, ſorting ourſelves accordinge to the number of players and their ſkill; ſome to tick tack, ſome lurche, ſome to Iriſh game or dublets. Others ſit cloſe to the cardes at poſt and paire, at ruffe, or Colcheſter trumpe, at mack or maw; yet there are ſome even ſo freſh gameſters, as wil bare you company at novem, quinque, at farthing trey trip, or one and thirty, for I warrant you we have right good fellowes in the country. Sumtimes alſo (for ſhift of ſports you know is delectable) we fall to ſlide thrifte, to penny prick; and in winter nights, we uſe certaine Chriſtmas games very propper, and of much agilitie. Wee want not alſo pleaſant mad-headed knaves that bee properly learned, and will reade in diverſe pleaſant bookes and good authors: as Sir Guy of Warwicke; The Four Sonnes of Amon; The Ship of Fooles; The Budget of Demaundes; The Hundreth Merry Tales; The Booke of Ryddles, and many other excellent writers, both witty and pleaſaunt. Theſe pretty and firthy matters do ſometimes recreate our mindes cheefely after longe fittinge and loſſe of money. In faire weather, when we have ſtrangers or hollydaies, (for els in the day time wee attend our thrift) wee exerciſe ourſelves in ſhooting at buttes, prickes, roavers, and rownes. We caſt the bar or ſledge; leape or run, if our ages and condicion be fit for ſuch exerciſe; els (being aged) wee chat at home, and talke of *Turryn* and *Torny*, or ſome other notable war wherin wee ſerved our Prince: or if wee have continually dwelt at home, and bin Juſtices of Peace, we accompt what grave Judges and Gentlemen we have ſeene ſit on our bench, and with what eloquence we have (when it was our turne) given the charge.

VALLENTINE.

Certainly, Syr, you have told mee of many proper pleaſures and honeſt exerciſes; but withall, let me aſke you what neighbours theſe companions bee of whom you have tolde mee?

VINCENT.

They are our honeſt neighbours, yeomen of the countrey, and good honeſt fellowes, dwellers there about; as graziers, butchers, farmers, drovers, carpenters, carriers, taylors, and ſuch like men, very honeſt and good companions.

The

The HISTORY of CAROLAN, the laſt IRISH BARD. Written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THERE can be perhaps no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic ſimplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, ſeem incapable of furniſhing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the ancient manners of our own anceſtors, we ſhould endeavour to look for their remains in thoſe countries, which, being in ſome meaſure retired from an intercourſe with other nations, are ſtill untinctured with foreign refinement, language, or breeding.

The Iriſh will ſatisfy curioſity in this reſpect preferably to all other nations I have ſeen. They, in ſeveral parts of that country, ſtill adhere to their ancient language, dreſs, furniture, and ſuperſtitions; ſeveral cuſtoms among them that ſtill ſpeak their original, and, in ſome reſpect, Cæſar's deſcription of the Ancient Britons, is applicable to theſe.

Their Bards, in particular, are ſtill held in great veneration among them. Thoſe traditionary heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl with their ſongs and harps. In theſe they rehearſe the actions of the anceſtors of the deceaſed, bewail the bondage of their country under the Engliſh government, and generally conclude with adviſing the young men and maidens to make the beſt uſe of their time, for they will ſoon, for all their preſent bloom, be ſtretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the Bards this country ever produced, the laſt and the greateſt was Carolan the blind. He was at once a poet, a muſician, a compoſer, and ſung his own verſes to his harp. The original natives never mention his name without rapture; both his poetry and muſic they have by heart; and even ſome of the Engliſh themſelves, who have been tranſplanted there, find his muſic extremely pleaſing. A ſong beginning *O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot*, tranſlated by Dean Swift, is of his compoſition; which though perhaps by this means the beſt known of his pieces, is yet by no means the moſt deſerving. His ſongs, in general, may be compared to thoſe of Pindar, as they have frequently the ſame flights of imagination, and are compoſed (I don't ſay written, for he could not write) merely to flatter ſome man of fortune upon ſome excellence of the ſame kind. In theſe one man is praiſed for the excellence of his ſtable, as in Pindar, another for his hoſpitality, a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of diſtinction were aſſembled at feaſting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praiſes. He ſeemed by nature formed for his profeſſion; for as he was born blind, ſo alſo he was poſſeſſed of a moſt aſtoniſhing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite ſatisfaction. Being once at the houſe of an Iriſh nobleman, where there was a muſician preſent, who was eminent in the profeſſion, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of ſkill. To carry the jeſt forward, his lordſhip perſuaded the muſician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without miſſing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced ſome ſurprize: but their aſtoniſhment increaſed, when he aſſured them he could make a concerto in the ſame taſte himſelf, which he inſtantly compoſed, and that with ſuch ſpirit and elegance, that it may compare (for we have it ſtill) with the fineſt compoſitions of Italy.

His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glaſs than he; he would drink whole pints of Uſquebaugh, and, as he uſed to think, without any ill conſequence. His intemperance, however, in this reſpect, at length brought on an incurable diſorder, and when juſt at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Thoſe who were ſtanding round him, ſurpriſed at the demand, endeavoured to perſuade him to the contrary: but he perſiſted, and when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he obſerved, with a ſmile, that it would be hard if two ſuch friends as he and the cup ſhould part at leaſt without kiſſing; and then expired.

On the DIFFERENT SCHOOLS of MUSIC. By the SAME.

A School in the polite arts properly ſignifies, that ſucceſſion of artiſts which has learned the principles of the art from ſome eminent maſter, either by hearing his leſſons, or ſtudying his works, and, conſequently, who imitate his manner, either through deſign or from habit. Muſicians ſeem agreed in making only three principal ſchools in muſic; namely, the ſchool of Pergoleſe in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England;

land; though ſome are for making Rameau the founder of a new ſchool, different from thoſe of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties peculiarly his own.

Without all doubt, Pergoleſe's muſic deſerves the firſt rank: though excelling neither in variety of movements, number of parts, or unexpected flights, yet he is univerſally allowed to be the muſical Raphael of Italy. This great maſter's principal art conſiſted in knowing how to excite our paſſions by ſounds, which ſeem frequently oppoſite to the paſſion they would expreſs: by ſlow ſolemn ſounds he is ſometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and, even by faſter movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that ſounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which ſeems born with the artiſt. We are unable to tell why ſuch ſounds affect us: they ſeem no way imitative of the paſſion they would expreſs, but operate upon us by an inexpreſſible ſympathy; the original of which is as inſcrutable as the ſecret ſprings of life itſelf. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is ſuperior to every other artiſt of the profeſſion, the happy tranſitions from one paſſion to another. No dramatic poet better knows to prepare his incidents than he: the audience are pleaſed, in thoſe intervals of paſſion, with the delicate, the ſimple harmony, if I may ſo expreſs it, in which the parts are all thrown into fugues, or often are barely uniſon. His melodies alſo, where no paſſion is expreſſed, give equal pleaſure, from this delicate ſimplicity: and I need only inſtance that ſong in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins, *Lo conoſco a quegl' occelli*, as one of the fineſt inſtances of excellence in the duo.

The Italian artiſts in general have followed his manner, yet ſeem fond of embelliſhing the delicate ſimplicity of the original. Their ſtile in muſic ſeems ſomewhat to reſemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are ſome beautiful ſtarts of thought; but the whole is filled with ſtudied elegance, and unaffecting affectation.

Lully, in France, firſt attempted the improvement of their muſic, which, in general, reſembled that of our old ſolemn chaunts in churches. It is worthy remark, in general, that the muſic of every country is ſolemn, in proportion as the inhabitants are merry; or, in other words, the merrieſt ſprightlieſt nations are remarked for having the ſloweſt muſic; and thoſe whoſe character it is to be melancholy, are pleaſed with the moſt briſk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national muſic is ſlow, melancholy, and ſolemn: in Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, it is faſter, proportionably as the people are grave. Lully only changed a bad manner, which he found, for a bad one of his own. His drowſy pieces are played ſtill to the moſt ſprightly audience that can be conceived; and even though Rameau, who is at once a muſician and a philoſopher, has ſhewn, both by precept and example, what improvements French muſic may ſtill admit of, yet his countrymen ſeem little convinced by his reaſonings; and the Pont-neuf taſte, as it is called, ſtill prevails in their beſt performances.

The Engliſh ſchool was firſt planned by Purcel: he attempted to unite the Italian manner, that prevailed in his time, with the antient Celtic carrol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had alſo its origin in Italy: for ſome of the beſt Scotch ballads (the Broom of Cowden-Knows, for inſtance) are ſtill aſcribed to David Rizzio. But be that as it will, his manner was ſomething peculiar to the Engliſh; and he might have continued as head of the Engliſh ſchool, had not his merits been entirely eclipſed by Handel. Handel, tho' originally a German, yet adopted the Engliſh manner: he had long laboured to pleaſe by Italian compoſition, but without ſucceſs; and though his Engliſh Oratorios are accounted inimitable, yet his Italian operas are fallen into oblivion. Pergoleſe excelled in paſſionate ſimplicity; Lully was remarkable for creating a new ſpecies of muſic, where all is elegant, but nothing paſſionate or ſublime; Handel's true characteriſtic is ſublimity: he has employed all the variety of ſounds and parts in all his pieces: the performances of the reſt may be pleaſing, though executed by few performers; his require the full band. The attention is awakened, the ſoul is rouſed up at his pieces; but diſtinct paſſion is ſeldom expreſſed. In this particular he has ſeldom found ſucceſs: he has been obliged, in order to expreſs paſſion, to imitate words by ſounds, which, though it gives the pleaſure which imitation always produces, yet it fails of exciting thoſe laſting affections, which it is in the power of ſounds to produce. In a word, no man ever underſtood harmony ſo well as he; but in melody he has been by ſeveral exceeded.

VIEW of the NEW BUILDINGS at the BANK.

[Illuſtrated by an Engraving.]

AS we have taken the earlieſt opportunity of preſenting our readers with a view of the ſuperb additions to this important edifice, ſo it was our intention to inform them of the uſes to which they were intended to be appropriated; but having, on enquiry, learnt that the ſeveral offices are not yet determined upon, we are under the neceſſity of poſtponing this intelligence until a future opportunity.

Golder Sculp.

A Perspective View of the new Building at the BANK of ENGLAND taken from the Mansion House.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of the late GEORGE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

(Concluded from page 165.)

THE ſentence of the Court Martial, and the ſevere manner in which it was carried into execution, did not at the time paſs without obſervation, and many perſons were of opinion that Lord George's miſconduct was not ſufficiently proved to warrant either the ſentence or the puniſhment. Theſe ſentiments probably prevailed at the Court of his preſent Majeſty, who ſucceeded to the Crown in a few months after Lord George's diſgrace. One of the firſt acts of this reign was the recall of Lord George to Court *.

Whether the rage of party had any influence at St. James's at this period, we are unable to determine; but the countenance Lord George received at Court extended no further than to afford an opportunity to exhibit an inſtance of political malice, which we have already quoted below. A few years afterwards ſeveral conſtitutional queſtions were agitated in the Houſe of Commons, in all which Lord George was to be found in oppoſition to the Court, and ſignalized himſelf with great ability. He was a very frequent ſpeaker in Parliament, and was much ſuſpected of having employed his pen againſt Adminiſtration. In December 1769 died Lady Elizabeth Germaine, and by her will deviſed the greater part of her property to him, charged with a condition that he ſhould aſſume her name. In the next year we find him involved in a duel, in conſequence of his ſaying in a debate in Parliament, that he greatly intereſted himſelf in the honour of the nation; to which a reply was made by Governor Johnſtone, that he wondered that gentleman ſhould intereſt himſelf ſo deeply in the honour of his country, when he had hitherto been regardleſs of his own. This rencounter ended without any miſchief to either party, and contributed ſomething to the reputation of Lord George †.

The

* At leaſt this is one of the charges in the famous North Briton, No. 45. "Was it, "ſays this writer, a tender regard for the honour of the late King, or of his preſent Majeſty, "that invited to Court Lord George Sackville, in theſe firſt days of peace, to ſhare in the "general ſatisfaction which all good Courtiers received in the indignity offered to Lord Li"gonier, and on the advancement of ———? Was this to ſhew princely gratitude to the "eminent ſervices of the accompliſhed General of the Houſe of Brunſwick, who has had ſo "great a ſhare in reſcuing Europe from the yoke of France, and whoſe nephew we hope "ſoon to ſee made happy in the poſſeſſion of the moſt amiable Princeſs in the world? Or is "it meant to aſſert the honour of the Crown only againſt the united wiſhes of a loyal and affec"tionate people, founded in a happy experience of the talents, ability, integrity, and virtue "of thoſe, who have had the glory of redeeming their country from bondage and ruin, in "order to ſupport, by every art of corruption and intimidation, a weak, disjointed, inca"pable ſet of ———, I will call them any thing but *Miniſters*—by whom the favourite "ſtill meditates to rule this kingdom with a rod of iron."

† The following account of this duel was publiſhed ſoon after it took place, and remaining uncontradicted, we preſume it to be genuine.—"Governor Johnſtone's ſpeech was not at the time it was delivered heard by Lord G. Germaine, but it was ſoon communicated to him by his friends, and he declared he was ſorry that he had miſſed the opportunity of making an inſtant replication, but that, however, he would take proper notice of it. On Monday the 17th of December, 1770, Governor Johnſtone was attending the Committee who were ſitting on the Petitions relative to the embankment at Durham yard, when Mr. Thomas Townſend came to him, and deſiring to ſpeak with him, took him into another room, where he told him, after making a very polite and gentleman-like excuſe as to what ſhare he had in the buſineſs he came upon, that the reflection he had caſt on the character of Lord George Germaine, though not heard by himſelf at the time, had been communicated to him by his friends; and that in conſequence Lord George had begged of him to wait on Governor Johnſtone to deſire he would retract what he had ſaid; that for his own part he ſhould be exceeding ſorry to have a quarrel happen between two gentlemen whom he knew, and for whom he had a great reſpect, and therefore hoped, to prevent the conſequences, Governor Johnſtone would retract what he had ſaid reſpecting Lord George. The Governor ſaid it was very true he had made uſe of ſuch and ſuch expreſſions in the Houſe; that they conveyed his opinion, and that he would maintain and ſupport it. Upon which Mr. Townſend ſaid, in that caſe, Lord George demanded the ſatisfaction of a gentleman from him, which the other declared he was ready to give his Lordſhip at any time. Mr. Townſend then

The diſtracted ſtate of politics, and the ſituation of public affairs reſpecting America ſoon afterwards, induced ſome of the Leaders in Oppoſition, who had ſupported the reaſonable claims of the Americans, to deſert their cauſe, when it was found that their demands tended to ſeparate them from the Britiſh Empire. Of theſe, one of the principal was Lord George Germaine, whoſe abilities on this occaſion were again called forth into the public ſervice. On the 10th of November, 1775, he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Firſt Lord of Trade, and continued in theſe poſts during the unfortunate war which terminated at laſt in the loſs of America. How far he concurred in all the meaſures which produced that fatal event, will probably be concealed from the preſent times, though the authors and abettors of ſuch complicated miſchief ought to be dragged forth into the notice and deteſtation of mankind.

When the voice of the people became too violent to be longer neglected, an end was put to the Adminiſtration of which Lord George was a member, and he was advanced to a ſeat in the Houſe of Lords, by the title of Lord Viſcount Sackville. His reception there met with an unexpected oppoſition from the Marquis of Carmarthen *, who moved that it was highly derogatory to the honour of the Houſe that any perſon labouring under ſuch a cenſure as that of the Court Martial which we have already ſtated, ſhould be introduced therein. Some debate enſued, and a diviſion took place, in which the opponents of Lord George were left in a minority, and he was admitted. If we are not miſinformed, the circumſtances of this oppoſition dwelt on the mind of his Lordſhip even to the laſt moments of his life.

From this period Lord Sackville interfered but ſeldom in public affairs. He retreated to private life with dignity, and ſupported his character as a man of extenſive talents without deſcending to little arts. The laſt time he appeared in the Houſe of Lords was on the 18th of July laſt, when he attended to give his diſſent to the Iriſh Propoſitions. In the courſe of his ſpeech, a very long and able one, he predicted that it would be the laſt time he ſhould have an opportunity of delivering his opinion in that place, and he was not miſtaken. He ſoon afterwards became ill, and, finding himſelf gradually declining, he prepared for his diſſolution, and met death with ſingular firmneſs and intrepidity, the 26th day of Auguſt 1785.

Lord Sackville ſat in the Houſe of Commons in the Parliaments of 1741, 1747, and 1754, for the port of Dover; and in 1761 and whilſt he continued a Member of that Houſe, for Hythe. In September 1754 he married Diana, ſecond daughter and coheir of

ſaid Lord George was in an adjoining room, and if the Governor pleaſed they would go to him. The Governor aſſented, and Mr. Townſend conveyed him to the room in which Lord George was waiting. Lord George repeated the cauſe of quarrel, and the demand of ſatisfaction, which the other acquieſced in, and deſired his Lordſhip would appoint his own time and place. Lord George then mentioned the Ring in Hyde Park, and as in affairs of this kind all times were alike, the preſent was in his opinion as good a one as any. Governor Johnſtone entirely agreed with his Lordſhip as to the place; but ſaid, that as he was now attending his duty in a Committee on a ſubject he had very much at heart, he hoped the meeting Lord George an hour hence would make no difference. Lord George ſaid no, and then ſpoke as to ſeconds, informing the Governor at the ſame time, that he had deſired Mr. Townſend to attend him in that light. Governor Johnſtone ſaid there was little occaſion for ſeconds, and that therefore Mr. Townſend ſhould ſtand in that light as to both of them. Governor Johnſtone further ſaid, that as he had at that time an open wound in his arm, and his legs were very much ſwelled, he could wiſh they would uſe piſtols; to which Lord George ſaying it was equal to him what the weapons were, they ſeparated, and Governor Johnſtone returned to the Committee. In this conference, as well as through the whole affair, both the gentlemen behaved with the greateſt politeneſs to each other, as well as with the greateſt courage. At the appointed time Lord George and Mr. Townſend were in the Ring, and ſoon after Governor Johnſtone, accompanied by Sir James Lowther, (whom he had happened to meet in his way, and had ſolicited to go with him) arrived. Lord George accoſted Governor Johnſtone, and deſired he would mention the diſtance, declaring he was then upon his ground, and the Governor might take what diſtance he pleaſed. The Governor was taken back by the ſeconds about 20 ſmall paces. The antagoniſts having prepared their piſtols, Lord George called on the Governor to fire, which the Governor refuſed, ſaying, that as his Lordſhip brought him there he muſt fire firſt. Upon which Lord George fired, and then the Governor; neither of the ſhots took effect. Lord George then fired his ſecond piſtol, and as he was taking down his arm, the Governor's ſecond ball hit his Lordſhip's piſtol, broke ſome part of it, and one of the ſplinters grazed his Lordſhip's hand. The ſeconds immediately interpoſed, and the affair was ended.

* See Vol. I. p. 137.

John

John Sambrooke, Eſq. only brother of Sir Jeremy Sambrooke, of Gubbins in Hertfordſhire, Baronet, and by her had two ſons—Charles, born Auguſt 20, 1767—George, born December 7, 1770; and three daughters—Diana, born on July 8, 1756, married November 1777 to John Viſcount Croſbie, ſon and heir-apparent to William Earl of Glendore in Ireland—Elizabeth, born on July 5, 1762—and Caroline, born on June 30, 1764. The mother died January 15, 1778.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

By inſerting the following in your Magazine, you will oblige an occaſional Correſpondent. It is a Sketch carefully copied from Nature. I am, &c.

G. C.

IT is a lamentable truth, that the generality of people in high life are ſo intoxicated with the pleaſures and diſſipations of the preſent age, that Virtue is really become in a manner wholly diſeſteemed and neglected. Fortune, Titles, and Beauty, are, alas! now, the only objects of applauſe or emulation; and tho' we now and then (tho' indeed but ſeldom) hear the good qualities of individuals hinted at in our public prints, yet it is done in a trifling and indifferent manner, and all the labours of panegyrick are beſtowed upon birth-day ſuits and new carriages.

Indeed the public amuſements crowd ſo faſt on each other; diſſipation, dreſs, and extravagance are ſo predominant, that it is almoſt impoſſible for thoſe who move in the faſhionable world, to cultivate the qualities which are amiable in private. Parents nowadays have little time, and, alas! leſs inclination, to inculcate in their children a virtuous or rational way of thinking; and how ſhould their children, ſuppoſing them even to receive the moſt excellent leſſons, profit from them, when almoſt every example they are preſented with tends a different way?

It is in the tranquil, and comparatively obſcure path of life where worth is the moſt likely to be found; in that path which education has beautified and enlightened, but where pleaſure has never appeared under any thing like the form of diſſipation.

It will not, I truſt, be deemed impertinent in me to deſcribe a character in real life who moves in this path, the ornament of her ſex, and the delight of all who know her: it is a ſmall tribute, which I feel uncommon ſatisfaction in paying to merit from which my chief happineſs is derived; and it may poſſibly not be unacceptable to many, who, like myſelf, prefer the charms which ſhed a luſtre over domeſtick enjoyments, to thoſe which ſparkle only from a ſide-box.

Gentleneſs of temper is ſurely the foundation of moſt of thoſe virtues which adorn the female ſex; never was there an unamiable woman known poſſeſſed of it: it is what heaven has called peculiarly its own, and is ſufficient of itſelf to make its owners beloved and reſpected. MARIA poſſeſſes this in the moſt eminent degree; but it is not in her the reſult of timidity, or want of commerce with the world, which will often give an appearance of gentleneſs, without the reality: it proceeds from that benignity of mind, which tho' filled with ſenſibility, has nothing irritable about it. She could bear diſappointment or inſult without emotion; but with the diſtreſs of another, every feeling is in uniſon, and her heart ſympathetically alive all over. This amiable temper is ſtill heightened and adorned by a charity, which not only prompts pity and relief to every temporal diſtreſs, but extends itſelf to the faults and frailties, as well as misfortunes of mankind. To remove any prejudice; to heal a wounded reputation; to draw a good-natured veil over the foibles of others; or kindly to turn the converſation, when tending to expoſe them; are duties which Maria thinks indiſpenſibly neceſſary, and which ſhe moſt punctually performs.

Her manners are rather meek than ſprightly, but ever engagingly ſweet, and attentively directed to oblige every one around her. I can declare, ſince I have known her, and I firmly believe before the commencement of that period, ſhe never was engaged in controverſy, or acrimonious diſpute with any human being. Whenever ſhe may have encountered ſentiments oppoſite to her own, ſhe has quietly paſſed them by, neither directly nor indirectly troubling herſelf about them. She is ſenſible, diſcerning, and accompliſhed; yet both her underſtanding and accompliſhments are rather diſcovered by others, than obtruded upon them by herſelf. Her ideas are generous without being extravagant, and in the management of domeſtick affairs, economical without being mean. Her ſervants find her a kind and conſiderate miſtreſs; her friends, a ſincere and engaging companion; and her huſband, a tender companion, with whom care, diſguſt, or ſatiety, can never inhabit.

Long, long, O amiable Maria! may'ſt thou thus live, a pattern to thy ſex for all thoſe good qualities which adorn and ſweeten life; and whenever Heaven calls thee to itſelf, not a boſom with whom thou haſt communicated, but ſhall feel the throb of ſorrow at thy loſs; not an eye but ſhall ſtream with the guſh of ſenſibility.

October 10th, 1785. C. C.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

URBANUS:—Character V.

THE principles which we imbibe in our infancy have in general a great influence over every action of our future lives. A towering ſpirit, an impatience under contradiction, which are obſerved in the diſpoſitions of many children, are frequently by ſevere chaſtiſement, and being kept under the continual dread of a parent or preceptor, ſo humbled, that all their future lives have been marked with meekneſs and puſillanimity — Fictitious ſtories related by nurſes partly to amuſe and partly to frighten them into good behaviour, will frequently make ſuch an impreſſion on their minds, as all the efforts of experienced reaſon and education have not been able to ſupplant.

Under the above deſcription may be claſſed the mind of Urbanus. He was the only ſon of an indulgent parent, who, ſenſible of the value of a good education, was reſolved to ſpare no pains to compleat his ſon in the moſt uſeful branches of literature. Urbanus in his childhood always ſhewed an impatience under contradiction, and at the ſame time a degree of pride, which made him rather ſuppreſs his feelings than demean himſelf by making any complaint. He remained with his parents until he was ſeven years old, during which time he diſcovered a propenſity for learning; the moſt minute things always engaged his curioſity, and he liſtened eagerly to every thing that bordered on the marvellous. This the ſervants ſaw and indulged: he was delighted in taking every opportunity of hearing their fictitious tales, which, at length, made ſuch an impreſſion on his imagination, that thoſe things which exiſted only in idea he brought himſelf to believe were real: this occaſioned ſuch a terror in his mind, that he was under the continual dread of ſome ſupernatural agency, which ſoon diſturbed that quiet which ſhould ever attend privacy and repoſe.

He was now ſent to a boarding-ſchool, the maſter of which, though every way qualified to acquire both the love and eſteem of his pupils, rather choſe to rule with a rod of iron than with the pleaſing ſceptre of love; thinking that it was abſolutely neceſſary to make his ſcholars fear him, without remembering that it was as well his duty to gain their friendſhip and regard. Urbanus was now under continual reſtraint; the natural impatience of his temper ſeemed, as it were, to be entirely dormant; the faults which he committed were treated with harſhneſs and ſeverity; he was continually met with a frown; he ever looked up to his maſter with the eye of fear, and the dread of doing wrong frequently prevented him from acting right: but that pride which was a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of his mind hindered him from making any complaint: nay, he would even meet his friends with the eye of ſatisfaction, when his mind was actually diſquieted with chagrin and diſappointment.

In this manner was he educated. When he entered upon the world, his conduct was ever marked with diffidence, and his talents, which otherwiſe upon many occaſions would have been employed, have frequently been laid aſide, becauſe of his not having ſpirit enough to exert them. His mind was ever open to the impreſſions of friendſhip; he loved with ardour, yet frequently let ſlip many opportunities of ſerving his friends for want of courage in ſtepping forward in their behalf. His heart was replete with benevolence, which was ſeldom exerted; his mind was ſtored with uſeful learning, which his diffidence prevented him from employing. The inward terror of his mind, the diſdain of making any complaint, ſtill accompanies all his actions; he ſits patient under many inſults, and loſes many advantages for the ſake of remaining quiet and unnoticed. The remains of an ambitious mind will even now ſometimes exert itſelf, yet it is immediately checked by a conſciouſneſs of his inferiority, or rather by an opinion that his abilities are not equal to the object which he has in purſuit. Thus he permits thoſe to gain the preeminence over him who are only his ſuperiors in ſpirit and reſolution, while their abilities are by no means equal to his, over whom they always triumph, and before whom they ever ſucceed. It has been the united labour of all his friends to rouſe him into confidence, but without effect; for thoſe principles which he unfortunately imbibed when young, mark his progreſs through life, and will probably render thoſe talents abortive which might have been exerted effectually for the good of the community.

W. H.

For

An INQUIRY into the PERSON and AGE of the long-lived COUNTESS of DESMOND.

By the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

HAVING a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprized to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition. At last I was informed, that she was buried at Sligo in Ireland; and a gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which, however, soon convinced me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter in consequence of this which contained the epitaph.

To C. O. Esq.

Dear Sir, *Nymphsfield, Aug.* 23, 1757.

I HAVE made, I think, as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost me much time to clear the letters. The lowest inscription is this; but you are to observe, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compass to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

" *Hic jacet famosissimus milet Donatus* *
" *Cornelianus Comitatus Sligiæ Dominus cum*
" *sua uxore illustrissima Dna Elinora Butler,*
" *Comitissa Desmoniæ, quæ me fieri fecit, An.*
" 1624, *post mortem sui mariti, qui obiit* 11
" *Aug. An.* 1609. *Item ejus filia & primi*
" *mariti, vizt. Comitis Desmoniæ nota* † *Eli-*
" *zabetha valde virtuosissima Dna sepulta*
" *fuit hoc in tumulo,* 31 *Novem. anno Domini*
" 1623.

Just above this is O'Connor in armour, kneeling, and his hands raised up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him: a tree in an escutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side, and over his head this inscription:

" *Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile fistit.*
" *Luccat* ‡ *ambobus lux diuturna Dei.*
" *Donato Connor Desmond Elinora Marito—*

On the west side is the countess, with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines,

" *Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.*
" *Cum Domino saxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,*
" *Et Comitis Desmond Elizabetha virent.*

Between the two tablets, which contain the inscriptions, is a boar and a coronet over it of five balls, which I suppose belonged to Desmond.

On the side of the countess is an escutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open, and a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeaux, and an urn at bottom.

Above, there is a table with this inscription, that runs from each end, and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive:

" *Siccinæ Conatiæ per quod florebat thurna*
" *Urna tegit vivax corpora bina decus!*
" *Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto*
" *Ossa quæ momoniæ siccine cura jacet!*
" *Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,*
" *Versa est in cineres siccine vestra manus!*
" *Siccine Penelope saxis Elinora sepulta est,*
" *Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith!*
" *Mater Iernegenis humidis quæ brachia*
" *tenda* ||.
" *Mortis ero vestris, luctibus aucta, memor,*

Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. a tree and creft, a lion crowned. The motto is, *Quo vinci, vincor.* On one side of these is a figure with a key lying on the breast, and a sword in the left. On the other is a figure, with a sword in the right, and a book in the left, lying on the breast; and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

This letter, having been communicated to me by the gentleman who was so obliging as to make the inquiry, occasioned my sending him the following:

To C. O. Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

SIR,

I SHOULD have thanked you the instant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was setting out for Ireland: I am in pain lest this should not come to your hands, as you gave

* Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, which in Irish is Conagher, or in the shorter way, Connor.

† This word I can make no sense of, but sic originale. I take it to be a redundancy of the carver: it seems to be a repetition of the three last syllables of Desmoniæ.

‡ Luceat. || Tenlo.

me

me no direction, and I ſhould be extremely ſorry that you ſhould think me capable, Sir, of neglecting to ſhew my gratitude for the trouble you have been ſo good as to give yourſelf. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inſcriptions you have ſent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the Counteſs of Deſmond.——On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the lady interred at Sligo was the perſon reported to have lived to ſuch an immenſe age. If you will excuſe me, I will ſtate my objections.

I have often heard that the aged lady Deſmond lived to one hundred and ſixty-two or ſixty-three years. In the * account of her picture at Windſor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple †, from the relation of lord Leiceſter, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, "That ſhe had been married out of En-"gland in the reign of Edward the Fourth, "and being reduced to great poverty by the "ruin of the Iriſh family into which ſhe had "married, came from Briſtol to London, "towards the end of the reign of James the "Firſt, to beg relief from court."

This account by no means correſponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the New Iriſh Peerage by Lodge. The great particular (beſides that of her wonderful age) which intereſted me in this inquiry, was the tradition which ſays, that the long-lived Lady Deſmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that he was a very well made man. It is ſuppoſed that this was the ſame lady with whom the old lady Ducre had converſed, and from whoſe teſtimony ſhe gave the ſame account.

In the catalogue of the ancient earls of Deſmond, inſerted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Engliſh woman near the period in queſtion: but that we will wave; it might have been a miſtake of Sir William, or his authority the earl of Leiceſter. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account be true ‡, that ſhe left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, in which was the tomb, as the inſcription ſays, ſhe erected in 1624. But here is the greateſt difficulty: if ſhe was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge, the æra of her death, (which by the way was in king Charles's, and not in king James's reign) ſhe was born in 1496. Gerald earl of Deſmond, her firſt huſband, died according to the Peerage, in 1583. She was therefore eighty ſeven when ſhe married O'Connor of Sligo—that is poſſible—if ſhe lived to one hundred and forty, ſhe might be in the vigour of her age (at leaſt not diſlike the vigour of his) at eighty-ſeven. The earl of Deſmond's firſt wife, ſays Lodge, (for our lady Eleanor was his ſecond) died in 1564: if he remarried the next day, his bride muſt have been ſixty-eight, and yet ſhe had a ſon and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, ſhe muſt have been paſt breeding at ſixty-eight.

Theſe accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the Third; he died in 1485, and by my computation ſhe was not born till 1496. If we ſuppoſe that ſhe died twelve years ſooner, viz. in 1624, at which time the tomb was erected, and which would coincide with Sir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James, and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windſor account, ſhe would then have been born in 1474, and conſequently was eleven years old at the death of king Richard: but this ſuppoſition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the Fourth, ſcarcely have danced with his brother; and it is as little probable that ſhe had much remembrance of his perſon, the point, I own, in which I am moſt intereſted, not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has ſo well defended him, both by the ſilence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of king Edward, and was too ſincere to have paſſed over ſuch remarkable uglineſs in a foreigner, and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his highneſs was not a comely prince, and the exact image of his father. The power that could enſlave them, could not have kept them from laughing at ſuch an apoſtrophe, had the Protector been as ill ſhapen as the Lancaſtrian hiſtorians repreſent him. Lady Deſmond's teſtimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the Third, the leſs it will ſuit with that of her firſt huſband. If ſhe

* See Pote's Account of Windſor Caſtle, p. 418.

Having, by permiſſion of his Grace the Lord Chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windſor, called The Counteſs of Deſmond, I diſcovered that it is NOT her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr.* In the catalogue of King Charles's collection of pictures, p. 150, No. 101, is deſcribed the portrait of the old woman, with a great ſcarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame, given to the king by Lord Ancram. This was the very Sir Robert Carr, Earl of Ancram, mentioned as above, and the meaſures anſwer exactly.

† See his eſſay on health and long life. ‡ Vol. I. p. 19.

was

was born in 1474, her having children by him, (Gerald earl of Deſmond) becomes vaſtly more improbable.

It is very remarkable, Sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, ſhould take notice of this extraordinary perſon's age; and I own, if I knew how to conſult him without treſpaſſing on your good-nature and civility, I ſhould be very glad to ſtate the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, &c. H. W.

P. S. Since I finiſhed my letter, a new idea has ſtarted, for diſcovering who this very old lady Deſmond was, at leaſt whoſe wife ſhe was, ſuppoſing the perſon buried at Sligo not to be her. Thomas, the ſixth earl of Deſmond, was forced to give up the earldom; but it is not improbable that his deſcendants might uſe the title, as he certainly left iſſue. His ſon died, ſays * Lodge, in 1452, leaving two ſons, John and Maurice. John being born at leaſt in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the Fourth's reign. If his wife was ſeventeen in the laſt year of that king, ſhe would have been born in 1466. If therefore ſhe died about 1625, ſhe would be one hundred and fifty-nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which ſhe married, does to Sir William Temple's. A few years more or leſs in certain parts of this hypotheſis, would but adjuſt it ſtill better to the accounts of her. Her huſband being only a titular earl, ſolves the difficulty of the ſilence of genealogiſts on ſo extraordinary a perſon.

Still we ſhould be to learn of what family ſhe herſelf was; and I find a new evidence, which agreeing with Sir William Temple's account, ſeems to claſh a little with my laſt ſuppoſition. This authority is no leſs than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of the firſt book of his Hiſtory of the World, ſays expreſsly, that he himſelf "knew "the old Counteſs of Deſmond of Inchiquin, "who lived in the year 1589, and many "years ſince, who was married in Edward "the Fourth's time, and held her jointure "from all the Earls of Deſmond ſince then; "and that this is true, all the noblemen and "gentlemen of Munſter can witneſs." Her holding a jointure from all the Earls of Deſmond would imply, that her huſband was not of the titular line, but of that in poſſeſſion: yet that difficulty is not ſo great, as no ſuch lady being mentioned in the pedigree. By Sir Walter's words, it is probable that ſhe was dead when he wrote that account of her. His Hiſtory was firſt printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had ſuppoſed; but having allowed her near one hundred and ſixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypotheſis agree better with Sir William Temple's account, and does not at all deſtroy the aſſumption of her being the wife of only a titular earl. However, all theſe are conjectures, which I ſhould be glad to have aſcertained or confuted by any curious perſon, who could produce authentic teſtimonies of the birth, death, and family, of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or aſſiſt which was the only purpoſe of this diſquiſition.

Having communicated theſe obſervations to the Reverend Dr. Charles Lyttelton, dean of Exeter, he ſoon afterwards found, and gave me the following extract from page 36 of Smith's Natural and Civil Hiſtory of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin, 1750, Octavo.

"Thomas, † the Thirteenth Earl of Deſ-"mond, brother to Maurice the Eleventh "Earl, died this year (1534) at Rathkeile, "being of a very great age, and was buried "at Youghall. He married, firſt, ‡ Ellin, "daughter of M'Carty of Muſkerry, by "whom he had a ſon, Maurice, who died "vita patris. The Earl's ſecond wife was "Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitz-"geralds of the houſe of Drumana, in the "county of Waterford. This Catherine was "the Counteſs that lived ſo long, of whom "Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his "Hiſtory of the World, and was reputed to "live to one hundred and forty years of "age."

This is the moſt poſitive evidence we have; the author quotes Ruſſell's MSS. If ſhe was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not in ſtrictneſs agree with Sir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we ſhould naturally ſuppoſe that ſhe was born of Engliſh blood: yet his account is ſo vague, that it ought not to be ſet againſt abſolute aſſertion, ſuppoſing the Ruſſell MSS to be of good authority enough to ſupport what it is quoted to ſupport in 1750.

Upon the whole, and to reduce this lady's age as low as poſſible, making it at the ſame time coincide with the moſt probable accounts, we will ſuppoſe that ſhe was married at fifteen in 1483, the laſt year of Edward the Fourth, and that ſhe died in 1612, two years before the publication of Sir Walter Raleigh's hiſtory; ſhe will then have been

* Vol. I. p. 14. † His name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl.
‡ See Lodge's Peerage, Vol. I. p. 16.

no

no leſs than * one hundred and forty-five years of age, a particularity ſingular enough to excite, and I hope, to excuſe this inquiry.

SKETCH of the PERSON and CHARACTER of Dr. JOHNSON,

From Mr. BOSWELL's "Tour to the Hebrides," juſt publiſhed.

DR. Samuel Johnſon's character, religious, moral, political, and literary, nay his figure and manner, are, I believe, more generally known than thoſe of almoſt any man; yet it may not be ſuperfluous here to attempt a ſketch of him. Let my readers then remember that he was a ſincere and zealous Chriſtian, of High Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely ſuffer to be queſtioned; ſteady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of ſociety, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay ſtern in his taſte; hard to pleaſe, and eaſily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper; but of a moſt humane and benevolent heart: having a mind ſtored with a vaſt and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perſpicuity and force, in rich and choice expreſſion. He united a moſt logical head with a moſt fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reaſon cloſe or wide, as he ſaw beſt for the moment. He could, when he choſe it, be the greateſt ſophiſt that ever wielded a weapon in the ſchools of Declamation; but he indulged this only in converſation, for he owned he ſometimes talked for victory. He was too conſcientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it. He was conſcious of his ſuperiority. He loved praiſe when it was brought to him; but was too proud to ſeek for it. He was ſomewhat ſuſceptible of flattery. His mind was ſo full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has been often remarked, that in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are ſo few, becauſe ſo excellent, his ſtyle is eaſier than in his proſe. There is deception in this: It is not eaſier, but better ſuited to the dignity of verſe; as one may dance with grace, whoſe motions, in ordinary walking—in the common ſtep—are awkward. He had a conſtitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightneſs of his fancy, and gave a gloomy caſt to his whole courſe of thinking: Yet, though grave and aweful in his deportment, when he thought it neceſſary or proper, he frequently indulged himſelf in pleaſantry and ſportive ſallies. He was prone to ſuperſtition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous, and the myſterious, his vigorous reaſon examined the evidence with jealouſy. He had a loud voice, and a ſlow deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave ſome additional weight to the ſterling merit of his converſation. Lord Pembroke ſaid once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleaſantry, and ſome truth, that, "Dr. Johnſon's ſayings would not appear ſo extraordinary, were it not for his bow-wow way:" But I admit the truth of this only on ſome occaſions. The Meſſiah, played upon the Canterbury organ, is more ſublime than when played upon an inferior inſtrument. But very ſlight muſic will ſeem grand, when conveyed to the ear through that majeſtic medium. While therefore Dr. Johnſon's ſayings are read, let his manner be taken along. Let it however be obſerved, that the ſayings themſelves are generally great; that though he might be an ordinary compoſer at times, he was for the moſt part a Handel. His perſon was large, robuſt, I may ſay approaching to the gigantick, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the caſt of an ancient ſtatue, but ſomewhat diſfigured by the ſcars of that evil, which, it was formerly imagined, the Royal-Touch could cure. He was now in his ſixty-fourth year: He was become a little dull of hearing. His ſight had always been ſomewhat weak; yet, ſo much does mind govern, and even ſupply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and ſometimes alſo his body, ſhook with a kind of motion like the effects of a palſy: He was frequently diſturbed by cramps, convulſive contractions, of the nature of that diſtemper called St. Vitus's Dance. He wore a full ſuit of plain brown clothes, with twiſted hair buttons of the ſame colour, a large buſhy greyiſh wig, a plain ſhirt, black worſted ſtockings, and ſilver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almoſt held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large Engliſh oak ſtick. Let me not be cenſured for mentioning ſuch minute particulars. Every thing relative to ſo great a man is worth obſerving. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glaſgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore latches in his ſhoes, inſtead of buckles.—When I mention the oak ſtick, it is but letting Hercules have his club.

* Lord Bacon, ſays Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at leaſt; and added, that ſhe three times had a new ſet of teeth, for ſo I underſtand, ter vices dentiſſe; not that ſhe recovered them three times after caſting them, as Fuller tranſlates it, which is giving her four ſet of teeth. Worthies in Northumb. p. 310.

OBSERVATIONS on the PRACTICE of ARCHERY in ENGLAND.

In a LETTER to the Rev. Mr. NORRIS, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, London.

By the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON.

[From Vol. VII. of the ARCHAEOLOGIA, lately publiſhed.]

(Concluded from page 181.)

CHARLES I. ſeems, from the dedication of a treatiſe, entitled, "The Bowman's Glory," to have been himſelf an archer (*m*), and in the eighth year of his reign he iſſued a commiſſion to the Chancellor, Lord Mayor, and ſeveral of the Privy Council, to prevent the fields near London being ſo incloſed (*n*) as "to interrupt the neceſſary and profitable exerciſe of ſhooting," as alſo to lower the mounds where they prevented the view from one mark to another.

The ſame commiſſion directs that bridges ſhould be thrown over the dikes, and that all ſhooting marks which had been removed ſhould be reſtored (*o*).

Charles I. likewiſe iſſued two proclamations for the promotion of archery, the laſt of which recommends the uſe of the bow and pike together (*p*).

Catherine of Portugal (Queen to Charles II.) ſeems to have been much pleaſed with the ſight at leaſt of this exerciſe; for in 1676, by the contributions of Sir Edward Hungerford and others, a ſilver badge for the marſhal of the fraternity was made, weighing twenty-five ounces, and repreſenting an archer drawing the long-bow (in the proper manner) to his ear, with the following inſcription: *Reginæ Catherinæ Sagittarii.* The ſupporters are two bowmen with the arms of England and Portugal.

In 1682 there was a moſt magnificent cavalcade and entertainment given by the Finſbury archers (*q*), when they beſtowed the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Iſlington, &c. upon the moſt deſerving. Charles II. was preſent upon this occaſion, but the day being rainy, he was obliged ſoon to leave the field.

I do not find any thing relative to the ſtate of archery during the ſhort reign of James II. but it continued after this to be uſed for a manly exerciſe, as appears by the following epitaph on the ſouth ſide of Clerkenwell church, which is ſtill very legible.

Sir William Wood lies very near this ſtone,
In 's time of archery excell'd by none;
Few were his equals, and this noble art
Hath ſuffer'd now in the moſt tender part.
Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe:
But how can art ſecure, or what can ſave,
Extreme old age from an appointed grave?
Surviving archers much his loſs lament,
And in reſpect beſtow'd this monument,
Where *whiſtling-arrows* (*r*) did his worth proclaim,
And eternize his memory and name.
Obiit Sept. 4. A. D. 1691. æt. 82.

There is a very good portrait of this famous archer, belonging to the Artillery Company, at a public houſe which looks into the Artillery Ground (*s*).

Archery, however, did not entirely die with Sir William Wood; for in 1696, a widow named Mrs. Elizabeth Shakerley (*t*) left by her will thirty-five pounds to be diſtributed in prizes to this fraternity. Poſſibly ſhe had attended the Finſbury archers, from

(*m*) It hath been before obſerved that his elder brother Prince Henry was ſo. See alſo Baker's Chronicle.

(*n*) In the fifth year of Henry VIII. ſuch incloſures were levelled by an inſurrection of the archers. See Grafton's Chronicle.

(*o*) Under theſe laſt clauſes, a cowkeeper named Pitfield was ſo late as 1746 obliged to renew one of theſe marks, on which the Artillery Company cut the following inſcription, viz. *Pitfield's Repentance.* I am informed alſo that Mr. Scott (the great brick-maker) hath been under the neceſſity of making his ſubmiſſion.

(*p*) See Rymer's Fœdera in the years 1631 and 1633.—In the latter, Charles grants the office of bow-bearer in Sherwood Foreſt.

(*q*) See the Art of Archery, by Gervas Markham, 1634, 12mo.

(*r*) Theſe arrows are ſtill ſometimes uſed, the horn work being hollow, as alſo filled with holes. The air paſſing through theſe arrows makes a whiſtling both in the aſcent and deſcent.—They are ſuppoſed to have been uſed by the piquet guards, to give notice to the camp of the enemy's approach during the night.

(*s*) The Blue Anchor, Bunhill-row.

(*t*) See MS. penes the Artillery Company.

the ſame curioſity which Ovid aſcribes to Penelope (*u*).

In the ſucceeding reign of Queen Anne, I have been informed by General Oglethorpe, that together with the Duke of Rutland, and ſeveral others of conſiderable rank, he uſed frequently to ſhoot in the neighbourhood of London. I do not preſume to gueſs the General's age, but he muſt be advanced in years, as he was Aid-de-camp to Prince Eugene of Savoy, and ſtill continues to handle his bow in ſuch a manner, that there is little doubt but that he would diſtinguiſh himſelf in this manly exerciſe.

I do not find in the archives of the Company any memoranda of conſequence during the reign of George I. but till the year 1753 targets were erected in the Finſbury Fields, during the Eaſter and Whitſun holidays, when the beſt ſhooter was ſtiled captain for the enſuing year, and the ſecond lieutenant. Of theſe there are only two now ſurviving, viz. Mr. Benjamin Poole and Mr. Philip Conſtable, who have frequently obtained theſe titles. The former of theſe is now rather aged and infirm, but the latter hath been ſo obliging as to ſhew me moſt of their marks in the Finſbury Fields, as well as to communicate ſeveral anecdotes and obſervations relative to archery.

Having now deduced the hiſtory of the long-bow even to the preſent times, when it ceaſes to be uſed by the chartered Company (*w*), I ſhall now endeavour to ſuggeſt the reaſons why this military weapon was ſo deciſive in the battles of preceding centuries.

Before the introduction of fire-arms the enemy could only be ſtruck at a diſtance by ſlings, the bow uſed by the ancients, or the croſs-bow; to all which the Engliſh long-bow was infinitely ſuperior.

As for ſlings, they never have been uſed in the more northern parts of Europe by armies in the field (*x*): for which as there muſt have been ſome fundamental reaſons, I will venture to ſuggeſt two, though poſſibly there may be many others.

It ſhould ſeem, in the firſt place, that ſlingers cannot advance in a compact body, on account of the ſpace to be occupied by this weapon in its rotatory motion; and in the ſecond place, that the weight of the ſtones to be carried muſt neceſſarily impede the ſlingers greatly in their movements.

The bow of the ancients, as repreſented in all their reliefs, was a mere toy compared with that of our anceſtors (*y*); it was therefore chiefly uſed by the Parthians, whoſe attacks (like thoſe of the preſent Arabs) were deſultory.

As for the croſs-bow, it is of a moſt inconvenient form for carriage, even with the modern improvements; and, in caſe of rain, could not be eaſily ſecured from the weather. After the firſt ſhot, moreover, it could not be recharged under a conſiderable time, whilſt the bolts were alſo heavy and cumberſome.

The Engliſh long-bow, on the other hand, together with the quiver of arrows, was eaſily carried by the archer, as eaſily ſecured from rain, and recharged almoſt inſtantaneouſly. It is not therefore extraordinary, that troops who ſolely uſed this moſt effectual weapon, ſhould generally obtain the victory, even when oppoſed to much more numerous armies.

But it may be urged, that theſe loſſes having been experienced by our enemies, muſt have induced them to practiſe the ſame mode of warfare, which was actually attempted both by the French (*z*) and Scots (*a*), though too late in the day.

I have endeavoured already to prove, that the long-bow was not commonly uſed even in England till the time of Edward III. when the victory at Creſſy ſufficiently proclaimed the ſuperiority of that weapon.

It required, however, ſo much training before the archer could be expert, that we

(*u*) Penelope juvenum vires tentabat in arcu,
Quo latus argueret corneus arcus erat.

(*w*) It revives, however, under the auſpices of our worthy member Sir Aſhton Lever. A ſilver arrow uſed till within theſe few years to be ſhot for by the young gentlemen of Harrow School. Annual prizes are alſo ſtill given at Edinburgh to thoſe who excel in this exerciſe.

(*x*) Sometimes perhaps in ſieges.

(*y*) The bow uſed by the natives of George's Sound, N. Lat. 50, on the N. W. coaſt of America, is in form very ſimilar to the Roman bow. See a ſpecimen at Sir A. Lever's Muſeum.

(*z*) In 1444 an eſtabliſhment in France was at leaſt intended, of no leſs than four thouſand archers, and every pariſh was obliged to furniſh one. See Paſquier's Recherches de la France, p. 133.

(*a*) See the ſtatute of James I. of Scotland, A. D. 1424. the title of which is, "That ilk man buſk them to be archeres." They are therefore to begin this exerciſe at twelve years old. See likewiſe other Scotch acts, viz. in 1457, 1474, and 1491.

muſt

muſt not be ſurpriſed if ſoon afterwards this military exerciſe was much neglected, as appears by the preambles of ſeveral ancient ſtatutes which I have already cited.

Whilſt the military tenures ſubſiſted, the ſovereign could only call upon his tenants during war, who therefore attended with the weapons they had been uſed to, and which required no previous practice.

On the other hand, the Engliſh archers were obliged by acts of parliament, even in time of peace, to erect butts in every pariſh, and to ſhoot on every Sunday and holiday, after repairing perhaps to theſe butts from a conſiderable diſtance, whilſt the expence of at leaſt a yew bow is repreſented as being a charge, which they were ſcarcely equal to (*b*).

The King and Parliaments of this country having thus compelled the inhabitants to ſuch training, the Engliſh armies had (it ſhould ſeem) the ſame advantage over our enemies, as the excluſive uſe of fire-arms would give us at preſent.

It appears alſo by what hath been already ſtated, that the long-bow continued to be in eſtimation for more than two centuries after gunpowder was introduced, which probably aroſe from muſquets being very cumberſome and unwieldy. It is well known that rapid movements are generally deciſive of the campaign, and for ſuch the archers were particularly adapted, becauſe, as they could not be annoyed at the ſame diſtance by the weapons of the enemy, they had ſcarcely any occaſion for armour. The flower of ancient armies likewiſe was the cavalry, againſt which the long-bow never failed to prevail, as man and horſe were too large objects to be miſſed; and hence the great number of French nobility who were priſoners at Creſſy, Poictiers, and Agincourt; for being diſmounted (if not wounded) whilſt they were alſo clad in heavy armour, they could not make their eſcape.

The ſame reaſon accounts for our obtaining theſe ſignal victories with ſo inferior numbers, for the nobility and gentry thus becoming priſoners, the other parts of the French army made little or no reſiſtance.

Having mentioned ſo many advantages on the ſide of the Engliſh archers, I cannot but obſerve, that if the enemy gained the wind againſt them, it muſt have been almoſt as deciſive in favour of our opponents, as when it is obtained in a ſea-fight: I conclude, however, that our Generals avoided engagements if poſſible, when the wind was not favourable.

I ſhall now conclude this eſſay by a few anecdotes and general obſervations relative to the ſubject.

Though we hear of arrows at Cheviot Chaſe which were a yard long, yet it is by no means to be ſuppoſed that the whole band made uſe of ſuch, or could draw them to the head.

The regulation of the Iriſh ſtatute of Edward IV. viz. *that the bow ſhall not exceed the height of the man*, is allowed by archers to have been well conſidered; and as the arrow ſhould be half the length of the bow, this would give an arrow of a yard in length to thoſe only who were ſix feet high. A ſtrong man of this ſize in the preſent times cannot eaſily draw above twenty-four inches, if the bow is of a proper ſtrength to do execution at a conſiderable diſtance. At the ſame time it muſt be admitted, that as our anceſtors were obliged by ſome of the old ſtatutes to begin ſhooting with the long-bow at the age of ſeven, they might have acquired a greater ſleight in this exerciſe than their deſcendants, though the latter ſhould be allowed to be of equal ſtrength.

As the ſhooting with the long-bow was firſt introduced in England, and practiſed almoſt excluſively for nearly two centuries, ſo it hath occaſioned a peculiar method of drawing the arrow to the *ear*, and not to the breaſt.

That this is contrary to the uſage of the ancients (*c*) is very clear from their *reliefs*, and from the tradition of the Amazons cutting off one of their paps, as it occaſioned an impediment to their ſhooting (*d*).

As for Diana's not having ſuffered the ſame amputation, it muſt be remembered that ſhe was not only a goddeſs, but moſt active huntreſs, and profeſſed the moſt perfect chaſtity; ſhe therefore could not be ſuppoſed to have been impeded by ſuch an obſtacle to archery, as Juno or Ceres.

The Finſbury archer is therefore repreſented in this attitude of drawing to the ear, both in the Bowman's Glory, as alſo in the ſilver badge given by Catherine (Queen of Charles II.) to the Artillery Company.

Several years ago there was a man named Topham who exhibited moſt ſurprizing feats of ſtrength, and who happened to be at a public-houſe near Iſlington, to which the Finſbury archers reſorted after their exerciſe.

(*b*) By one of the ancient ſtatutes a bow of foreign yew may be ſold for no more than ſix ſhillings.

(*c*) Νευρην μεν μαζω τιθεασιν, τοξον δε σιδηρον. HOMER.

(*d*) Unum execta latus pugnæ, pharetrata Camilla. VIRGIL.

(*e*) Viz. from the mark of Lambeth to that of Weſtminſter-hall.

Topham conſidered the long-bow as a play-thing, only fit for a child; upon which one of the archers laid him a bowl of punch, that he could not draw the arrow two-thirds of its length. Topham accepted this bet with the greateſt confidence of winning; but bringing the arrow to his breaſt, inſtead of his ear, he was greatly mortified by paying the wager, after many fruitleſs efforts.

As to the diſtance to which an arrow can be ſhot from a long-bow with the beſt elevation of forty-five degrees, that muſt neceſſarily depend much both upon the ſtrength and ſleight of the archer; but as the longeſt diſtance I can find is eleven ſcore and ſeven yards (*e*), I conclude that ſuch length is not often exceeded (*f*).

There is indeed a tradition that an attorney of Wigan in Lancaſhire (named Leigh) ſhot a mile in three flights; but the ſame tradition ſtates, that he placed himſelf in a very particular attitude, which cannot be uſed commonly in this exerciſe (*g*).

The archers conſider an arrow of an ounce weight (*h*) to be the beſt for flight or hitting a mark at a conſiderable diſtance, and that aſp alſo is the beſt material of which they can be made.

As to the feathers, that of a gooſe is preferred; it is alſo wiſhed that the bird ſhould be two or three years old, and that the feather may drop of itſelf (*i*)

And here it may not perhaps be improper to explain the *grey gooſe* wing in the ballad of Cheviot Chaſe.

Two out of the three feathers in an arrow are commonly white, being plucked from the gander, but the third is generally brown or grey, being taken from the gooſe; and from this difference in point of colour, informs the archer when the arrow is properly placed. From this moſt diſtinguiſhed part, therefore, the whole arrow ſometimes receives its name.

Though archery continued to be encouraged by the king and legiſlature for more than two centuries, after the firſt knowledge of the effects of gunpowder, yet by the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. it ſeems to have been partly conſidered as a paſtime (*k*).

Arthur, the elder brother of Henry, is ſaid to have been fond of this exerciſe, inſomuch that a good ſhooter was ſtyled Prince Arthur (*l*).

We are alſo informed (*m*), that he pitched his tent at Mile-End, in order to be preſent at this recreation, and that Henry his brother alſo attended.

When the latter afterwards became King, he gave a prize at Windſor to thoſe who ſhould excel in this exerciſe (*n*); and a capital ſhot having been made, Henry ſaid to Barlow (one of his guards), "If you ſtill win, you ſhall be Duke over all archers." Barlow

(*f*) "He'll clap you in the clout at *twelve* ſcore." Shakeſpear. This, however, ſeems to be mentioned as an extraordinary feat.

It muſt be admitted, however, that by 33 Henry VIII. no one aged twenty-four is to ſhoot at any mark under eleven ſcore.

(*g*) He is ſuppoſed to have ſat on a ſtool, the middle of his bow being faſtened to one of his feet, to have elevated that foot forty-five degrees, and drawn the ſtring of a ſtrong bow with both his hands.

(*h*) They generally ſpeak indeed of an arrow's weighing ſo many ſhillings.

(*i*) Edward III. indeed, directed the ſherives to pluck the proper feathers from the geeſe in every county. His Majeſty however wanted theſe upon the *ſpur* of an occaſion, and could not wait till the feathers dropped.

Aſcham in his Toxophilus breaks out into the following panegyric on a gooſe, becauſe this bird ſupplies feathers for arrows.

"How well does ſhe make a man fare at his table, how eaſily does ſhe make a man lye down in his bed, how fit even as her feathers be for ſhooting, ſo be her quills only fit for writing."

Julius Scaliger hath alſo given us "Laudes Anſeris."

(*k*) Lord Herbert obſerves, that in 1544 Henry VIII. had himſelf invented ſmall pieces of artillery to defend his waggons; as alſo that he took an account of all the ordnance then in the Tower, and ſent much of it to Tilbury, Graveſend, Dover, and Portſmouth. That he availed himſelf of the artillery deſtined for the laſt of theſe places, appears by an engraving lately publiſhed by the Society.

(*l*) See Stowe.

(*m*) Bowman's Glory.

(*n*) In the time of Charles I. the gunners ſtyled thoſe who contended for the uſe of archery, *King Harry's Captains*. See the Liſt of Archery by Gervas Markham, 1634, 12mo.

therefore

therefore having ſucceeded, and living in Shoreditch, was created Duke thereof (*o*).

Upon another occaſion Henry and the Queen were met by two hundred archers on Shooter's Hill, which probably took its name from their aſſembling near it to ſhoot at marks.

This King likewiſe gave the firſt charter to the Artillery Company in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, by which they are permitted to wear dreſſes of any colour except purple and ſcarlet (*p*), to ſhoot not only at marks but birds (*q*), if not pheaſants or herons, and within two miles of the royal palaces. They are alſo injoined by the ſame charter not to wear furs of a greater price than thoſe of the marten. The moſt material privilege however is that of indemnification from murder, if any perſon paſſing between the ſhooter and the mark is killed, provided the archers have firſt called out *faſt* (*r*).

As it appears by what hath been ſtated, that both Henry VIII. and his Queen ſometimes attended the archers when they were ſhooting at marks, it is not at all extraordinary that their dreſſes began to be expenſive, and that they ſtudied much the gracefulneſs of the attitude.

Aſcham therefore, who wrote his Toxophilus at the end of this reign, hath ſeveral chapters on this head, in which he begins by ridiculing the aukwardneſs of ſome archers in this reſpect, as in the following citation:

"Another coureth downe, and layeth out his buttocks, as though he ſhould *ſhoot at crowes* (*s*)."

Which laſt part moreover explains a paſſage in Shakeſpeare's King Lear, Act IV. Sc. VI.

"That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper."

From the words above quoted it is to be inferred, that when gunpowder was yet very dear, fields were kept from crows by unſkilful archers, who had no grace in their attitudes, and were therefore ſpoken of by the expert with the greateſt contempt, ſo that *to ſhoot like a crowkeeper* had become proverbial.

Aſcham mentions another particular with regard to archery in his time, which is, that (as it commonly happens in other paſtimes) the bets at theſe ſhooting matches began to be conſiderable.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay by mentioning, that the long-bow continues to be uſed as a manly exerciſe by the inhabitants of Geneva, and in many parts of Flanders; nor is it totally neglected in Great Britain, particularly Lancaſhire (*t*), and London, where a ſociety (of which our worthy Member Sir Aſhton Lever is the Preſident) frequently uſe this manly recreation.

I take the liberty alſo of preſenting for the peruſal of the Society a MS. treatiſe on the ſame ſubject addreſſed to Sir Aſhton Lever, which, though compiled by a fadler at Manchester, contains ſome particulars which may deſerve attention, as likewiſe drawings of the different ſorts of arrows, which muſt always exceed mere verbal deſcriptions.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

DAINES BARRINGTON.

P. S. Upon looking over more carefully the plan of the archers marks, I find a greater diſtance than from Lambeth to Weſtminſter-hall (ſee a former note) viz. from Turks Whale to Abſoly, being thirteen ſcore and five yards.

(*o*) This title, together with that of Marquis of Iſlington, Earl of Pancridge, &c. were kept up even ſo late as 1683, theſe being all villages in the neighbourhood of the Finſbury Fields.

(*p*) Many ſtatutes of this reign reſtrain expence and colours of the dreſs.

(*q*) Though we hear that Indians ſhoot both birds and beaſts, it is believed that this is effected by the archers ſtealing very near to them. Nor are animals ſo ſhy of man in an American wilderneſs, as they are in countries better inhabited. In the Falkland Iſlands, therefore, when firſt ſettled by the Engliſh, the birds ſuffered themſelves to be knocked down with ſticks. De Pages alſo informs us, that the birds between Surat and Bombay do not avoid man, becauſe the country is peopled by Hindoos, who never moleſt them. A horſe or cow is larger, and therefore would probably be more formidable to the feathered creation, did not they ſoon experience that they are liable to more attacks from man.

(*r*) Poſſibly an abbreviation of *ſtand faſt*. It appears that Dr. John Rainolds was nearly killed by ſuch an accident. See Holland's Herologia, Part XI. p. 229.

(*s*) Toxophilus 29. B.

(*t*) This county hath long been famous for this exerciſe, as appears from the following line, to be found ſomewhere in Leland's Collectanea:

"Lancaſheere *faire archers.*"

DEC

DEO and BETTINA: A VENETIAN STORY.

[From the Countefs of ROSENBURG's MORAL and SENTIMENTAL ESSAYS, lately publifhed.]

(*Continued from page* 206.)

NANE DEO, a young gondolier, aged about twenty-two, of a moft advantageous figure and agreeable countenance, very able in his profeffion, inured to fatigue, full of honour and fentiment, was in love with a young girl of his own ftation in life; an orphan, who had lived from her infancy with her mother, a brother and his wife. This brother, called Momolo Vendetta, is defcended from one of the moft diftinguifhed families among this clafs of people. His anceftors are celebrated for the number of glorious prizes they have gained at the great *regattas*; and the humble roof of his houfe is decorated with the flags carried off by their victorious hands. Momolo alfo, to fhew himfelf worthy of being the heir, and to imitate the valour of his father, had added three to the family acquifitions. A good father, a good hufband, an excellent fervant, he was the confidant and friend of his mafter, and an honour to the race of faithful gondoliers.

A little trait of refemblance to ancient Greece is found in a cuftom among the Venetian people, and efpecially among the gondoliers, of finging Taffo and Arioftо. The Greeks knew Homer by heart, and the rhapfodifts ran about the Grecian cities declaiming his poems. In the fame manner the Venetian gondolier, feated at the poop of his boat, or gently puffhing along his bark, makes the palace-walls refound with his manly and fonorous voice, whilft he fings the beautiful octaves of the Italian Homer. The Venetians have an ancient mufical rythm for that purpofe, which expreffes all the fine cadences of thefe majeftic and harmonious verfes.

Momolo poffeffed this talent in a fuperior degree; and, as every gondolier is ambitious of fome advantage on which to challenge his brethren, he would provoke the ableft among them to give proof of the beft voice and the happieft memory. He knew by heart all the Jerufalem Delivered, a great part of Rolando, fome chapters of the Reaux de France, feveral fcenes of Goldoni, without mentioning a number of hiftories in the ftile of romances, and many miracles, which the Venetian people learn by heart, and declaim, or fing with their families. Loved and efteemed by his neighbours and his comrades, Momolo has often been created a judge in the difputes which happen among the gondoliers: and they would fooner be determined by his judgment, than that of a higher tribunal. His houfe was generally the place of reconciliation, the temple of peace. A glafs of wine at his houfe often put an end to all rivalry and difpute; but wine was never given in his dwelling but as a fign of peace. It is an inviolable feal, which the Venetian people fet to all acts of peace and reconciliation. When it is known that two enemies have finifhed an eclairciffement by drinking together, one may be certain that all is quiet.

It was at one of thefe reconciliations between two rivals, that the young Deo firft faw the beautiful Bettina. It was his duty to be of the party, in quality of fponfor, or fworn brother. It is ftill a cuftom with thefe people to form, one amongft another, in confequence of fome ftrict friendfhip, or fome relation as to age, or fervice, a facred tie, which conftits, according to their expreffion, in being fworn brothers. From that moment they make a common caufe in all affairs of honour or pleafure: one embraces all the quarrels of the other, and would facrifice his life in his defence for what would be efteemed fufficient caufe. This cuftom is derived from the ancient Freres d'Armes in the times of chivalry.

Bettina had that day the office of helping round the wine. A napkin as white as fnow hung upon her arm, not lefs white. She approached Nane, and prefented him the cup of peace. He could not without emotion behold the prettieft figure, the moft lively and modeft countenante, the graces of her fmile, the fire of her large black eyes, the beauty of her hair, the freflinefs and brilliancy of her complexion, and all the charms diffufed about her perfon. The young Deo looked upon her with an air of furprize and affection: his imagination took fire, which communicated itfelf to his heart as every moment he obferved her, whether near, or at a diftance. He would often feign fome pretext or other to ftop her as fhe paffed near him on this occafion: fhe blufhed, and hung down her head: he fcarcely knew how to contain himfelf, yet dared not to come to an explicit declaration of his paffion. With the glafs in his hand, he had recourfe to his Taffo, and gallantly fung an octave; the application of which was underftood by Bettina: fhe anfwered in finging the verfe which followed. This put the company in train: each in his turn fung a ftanza, until the impatient youths joined all at once in chorus, and thus joyfully ended the feaft of friendfhip.

Deo

Deo alone, at parting, found himſelf melancholy and thoughtful: the flame which he felt lighted up in his heart, deprived him of repoſe; and from that time he was continually meditating means by which he might again ſee his fair Bettina, whoſe firſt reception had not diſcouraged him. But how put them into execution? The Venetian girls who are educated in good moral principles, are ſhut up in their houſes, always occupied at their work; having at the moſt no greater liberty than to run now and then for an inſtant to their windows. They never go out but to hear maſs upon holidays, preceding their mothers, or ſome old relation.

A cuſtom of ſo much conſtraint, ſo auſtere a ſyſtem, with regard to daughters and young girls, in the greateſt part of Italy, at firſt ſight appears to be very wrong, and is generally much condemned by ſtrangers. One cannot deny, that it is attended with inconveniences; but the pretended remedy, of educating young women in a convent, has many more. Every thing well conſidered, I am ſincerely of opinion, that the oppoſite ſyſtem, practiſed in other countries, on the weſt and north of Italy, to the great ſatisfaction of the inhabitants and of ſtrangers, would here have conſequences ſtill more prejudicial to ſociety, than ſuch as may ariſe from that ſevere reſtraint under which the Italian parents keep their children. Till a young woman is committed to the care of a huſband, it would generally be dangerous, among theſe fiery people, to ſhew too eaſily thoſe objects, which are of themſelves of very combuſtible matter. It muſt be allowed, that manners in Italy are much more relaxed than in England, France, or Germany: and it is not to be wondered at, if we conſider its climate, or indeed its legiſlation. Marriage being here little reſpected, what ſhould we not have to fear from enterprizes againſt young perſons without defence, and perhaps without any great deſire to defend themſelves?

Our young lover never experienced a longer week, and never thought a Sunday or a holiday to ſlow in coming. At the very firſt feſtival, he poſted himſelf at the door of his parochial church, for the purpoſe of catching a ſight of his fair miſtreſs as ſhe came thither. At laſt ſhe appeared, with her mother. Deo went before, entered the church, and, with a trembling hand, offered holy water to the mother and daughter, with a reſpect mixed with tenderneſs and devotion. The daughter bluſhed as uſual, and fixed her eyes on the ground: the mother honeſtly thanked him: and the lover kept behind them, at ſome diſtance, all the time of the maſs; and then quitted the church firſt. He did not fail to paſs and repaſs every day under Bettina's window, praying for a glance, which he obtained very ſeldom, and then by ſtealth. Now and then he contrived, with his muſical comrades, to take his evening walks about the environs, where he excited them to ſing, whilſt his own voice predominated over all the reſt. He obſerved on theſe occaſions with the greateſt delight ſome trifling innuendoes; but they were of infinite value to a lover, and flattered him that his paſſion was approved and even returned. He knew not, however, by what means to aſſure himſelf of this important point, nor how to advance his intereſts with the idol of his heart. He could not find any pretext whatever to go to Momolo's houſe: and, provided he could have done it, he very much feared, that when his intention was known, it might be the means of troubling the ſweet domeſtic repoſe that his dear Bettina enjoyed in the boſom of her brother's family. Luckily, the feaſt of the tutelary ſaint of the pariſh was near, and Nane foreſaw that day might produce ſomething favourable to his wiſhes.

On this anniverſary, the young girls of the pariſh are permitted in the afternoon to go out, and aſſemble in certain places to dance together. Here we ſee one with a *tambour de baſque* in her hand, accompanying her voice, and regulating the dance; there another with the caſtanets at her fingers, turning round the finger, and every now and then running about the place in the middle of the dancers. Before the houſe of the moſt conſiderable pariſhioner, which is decorated with feſtoons and tinſel ornaments, a table is ſpread, and ſerved with wine and fruits, where the good parents of the families drink round to each other's health, and to that of their maſters, applauding the mirth of their children, and relating their former exploits. The mothers, aunts, and old grandmothers, diſperſed about in groups, keep a watch upon the young perſons, as much as their own chat and amuſement will allow. Each boaſts the merit of her daughter, or niece; deplores the badneſs of the times, which are ſo changed; talks ſcandal of thoſe who are abſent; and commends the curate's ſermon. Perſons paſſing by, and particularly thoſe of the ſame pariſh, are allowed to ſtop, to throw out a *bon mot*, or ſome aokward compliment to the fair dancers; but it is very rare, that any one of them is ever invited to take part in the diverſion. Sometimes this favour is however granted to ſome young fellow who is diſtinguiſhed for dancing the *furlana*, and can keep it up a long time. This is a charming national dance for two perſons, regularly figured, and confined to a certain air, which is always the ſame. Beſides

ſides the merit of dancing it with grace and agility, the boaſt of the man conſiſts in beginning it again many times, one after another, without repoſe, and with different girls, ſupporting, as well as he can, the exerciſe which each partner in her turn affords him.

Thoſe girls who are promiſed in marriage, or who have avowed lovers approved of by their friends, adorn their hair, upon holidays, with ſome agreeable flower, the preſent of their future huſbands; and it is underſtood by that ſign, that their hearts are no longer at liberty. Deo would have given half his life to have preſented a garland to his fair-one. The evening before the holiday, he placed himſelf again at his old ſtation, the church-door, with a roſe in his hand; and the moment that Bettina entered to aſſiſt at veſpers, he wiſhed to preſent it to her; but his arm, half-ſtretched out, was with-held, partly by that timidity which paſſionate love inſpires, and partly by reſpect to the preſence of her mother, who, according to the Venetian cuſtom, followed her daughter. In the afternoon of the following great day, he was one of the firſt upon the place before Momolo's houſe. He ſaw the joyful aſſembly gathering together by degrees, without once taking his eyes from the door or windows of his miſtreſs's abode. At laſt ſhe appeared. A roſe-coloured corſet, a ſhort white petticoat, roſe-coloured ſlippers, and a muſlin neck-handkerchief, formed, trinkets excepted, all Bettina's dreſs. Her fine black hair was twiſted, and gathered round behind her head, and faſtened by a large gold pin. Some little curls, falling from the fore hair, ſhadowed her forehead, and ſet off the whiteneſs of her complexion: larger ones fell negligently down her cheeks, which were animated by the moſt lively carnation. Bracelets of a ſmall gold twiſt, or ſort of chain-work, about her hands, with the ſame ornament about her neck in ſeveral rounds, from which hung a gold medal—were all her jewels; and theſe every woman and girl among the Venetian people generally poſſeſs, and look upon as a very neceſſary part of their attire. This is a relic of ancient luxury, at the time this city, the depoſitory of all the commerce of Aſia and the money of Europe, ſwam in opulence.

But what was the ſituation of the love-ſick Nane, whilſt running over the charms of his miſtreſs, he perceived in her hair a roſe like that which he meant to have offered her the preceding day! He trembled, turned pale; he dared no longer fix his eyes upon her. Without doubt, ſome more happy rival had engaged her heart.—It muſt be ſo.——Momolo, who was ſitting at a table with his mother and his wife, quietly eating a ſallad, a diſh of freſh pilchards, ſome ham, and a plate of cherries, ſurrounded with cheeſe, having obſerved Nane dejected, abſent, and motionleſs, called him from amongſt the middle of the croud: "Come, my friend, "drink a ſup with us, and partake of our "repaſt. Momolo never ſees his friends "without making them partake of what he "thinks may give them pleaſure." Deo, recovering himſelf, accepted the invitation; but a cruel jealouſy gnawed his heart, and clouded his countenance, generally ſo gay and open. Wholly taken up with his object, he could not refrain from extolling the ardour and activity of his friend's young ſiſter, who had been dancing a long while without ſtopping, and had already tired ſeveral of her partners. "Oh! as to that qualification," ſays Momolo, "my ſiſter has not her equal: "dancing is her predominant paſſion; and I "am happy to ſee the poor girl amuſed; "particularly as ſhe can enjoy this pleaſure "very rarely; only upon this day, and two "or three times in the carnival, throughout "the whole year.—But what is the meaning of that flower which Bettina wears "upon her head?" The good mother fell a-laughing, and ſaid: "Don't be alarmed, my "ſon; it is an artificial flower. Your ſiſter "will never have any other lover but him "who is to be her huſband. I was this "morning almoſt in deſpair of finding her "an artificial roſe, with which ſhe might "dreſs herſelf without giving handle to ſlander: luckily I met with one at her god-"mother's, who lent it me." At theſe words the heart of our young lover beat with pleaſure: the delicate attention of his miſtreſs overwhelmed him with joy: after this he could no more keep his eyes from her. Theſe trifles in love are events in our lives which excite more intereſting ſenſations than the moſt important and ſerious affairs. Bettina in her turn, having perhaps gueſſed, from her lover's countenance, his alarm, and the eclairciſſement which had followed it, looked at him now and then in the tendereſt manner; but ſhe dared not approach the table. At laſt her brother called her, and made her drink a glaſs of wine and water, deſiring her to repoſe a little, by taking the tambour. She took it, and played with great grace, and ſung ſo agreeably a few couplets, modeſtly gallant, that Nane was quite in rapture. He now ſoon perceived, with as much grief as ſurprize, that the day was drawing to its cloſe, and the company beginning to ſeparate: he, too, was obliged to take his leave. He awkwardly thanked his friend; caſt a tender look at his miſtreſs,

paſſing

paſſing as cloſe to her as he poſſibly could; received a glance and a ſigh from her, and ran away.

He felt that his ſituation was no longer ſupportable. "Bettina has no engagement; Bettina ſurely will conſent to make me happy: her eyes, her attentions, have told me as much: I burn, I am conſumed with anxiety: I will continue no longer in this hell; I will go this inſtant and ſeek my godfather, he will make my requeſt: to-morrow, even to-morrow, I will aſk Bettina of her brother."—A lover of this temper ſeldom finds much reſt, and leſs than ever after ſuch a reſolution. Very early in the morning he roſe, and went to Mark Toſcan, his godfather, an old gondolier, reſpectable for the merit of his younger days: he enjoyed his ſalary out of ſervice, a family he had ſerved during forty years contributing generouſly to his ſubſiſtence. This is conſtantly the cuſtom of the Venetian nobles, to ſupport the invalid gondoliers who are grown old in their ſervice. Mark, having heard the propoſition of his godſon, approved it, and did not refuſe to employ his good offices. He acknowledged that the parties were well matched: he knew the reputation of Momolo, and of his family, and doubted not the merit of the young woman brought up under ſuch relations. Beſides, conſiderations of intereſt never cauſe obſtacles among theſe people. A ſtrong pair of arms, and prudent conduct, will always inſure the huſband ſuch a place as will ſupport his family, aſſiſted by the labour and care of an honeſt and good wife.—"But, my ſon," ſaid Mark, "it is yet too early: Momolo is ſtill at council with his maſter: till he returns, let us go together to church and hear maſs." They accordingly went to *Noſtra Dama della Salute*, and Nane gave alms to the prieſt, that he might apply the maſs to his purpoſe. Theſe are refinements of popular devotion, which paſſion inſpires. The piety with which the young man aſſiſted at the ſervice was compoſed of love, fear, and deſire; all which had an equal ſhare in his devotion. I ſhould not have wondered, if, after leaving the church, he had had recourſe to a ſorcereſs.

They made their way, however, towards Momolo's houſe. "I commend thee, my ſon," ſaid Mark, as they were walking along, "for having addreſſed thy prayers to the holy Virgin. Formerly this temple was always full of people: the Venetians then paid a ſingular devotion to their patroneſs. Ah, my ſon! manners are much changed at preſent; they would not then have failed hearing maſs every day: now they are contented if they do not frequently miſs the councils and ſittings of the magiſtrates. They paſs their nights at caſinos, in gaming and in pleaſures. Our wages are augmented, it is true; and, when I was young, I knew nothing of the extraordinary preſents which are now given you, when you are kept waiting with your gondolas till paſt midnight: but, on the other hand, the reputation we had with our maſters coſt them ſome complaiſance; from which we drew more advantage at once, than you do, at preſent, in many months. We were merry and contented: the great canal reſounded every night with our ſongs and ſerenades. Taſſo was in the mouth of all my comrades: they taught his poems to the young gondoliers, who got them by heart. Upon certain days, the moſt expert amongſt us aſſembled the others together, read to them, and explained the moſt difficult paſſages. There were then a much greater number who could read and write than at preſent: I have known ſome, who have even compoſed ſongs, which our maſters have not diſdained to read. Their confidence, familiarity, and goodneſs towards us, gave us importance in our own eyes: we were better ſubjects, and better ſervants. The liberty of modern manners has leſſened the neceſſity they had for our ſervices, and our condition has loſt much of its conſequence: you young people have no idea of all this.

"There happened once an election for the office of major: I then ſerved Madam Belegno. I myſelf preſented, to the procurator Calergi, an old Dalmatian officer, a man of merit, but who had no protector. My miſtreſs, ſaid I, recommends him to your excellency.—It was ſufficient: the procurator took the intereſts of this worthy man to heart; he obtained the place, and did honour to her recommendation and to mine. How much our ladies have been to blame to loſe their ancient reſerve! Their power is deſtroyed: they have no longer any influence in affairs: and what they have gained on the ſide of amuſement, they have loſt in their influence with the chiefs of the republic."

Whilſt the good old man was regretting the times paſt, he arrived at the door of Momolo's houſe, with his godſon, who had been ſilent all the while. He had preſerved the attentive countenance of a liſtener, although his mind was occupied with other ideas. Momolo was himſelf at the threſhold, and, ſeeing his old friend Mark, exclaimed, "What good luck has brought you to me, and what do you in the company of that young man?"—"This, my dear friend, is my godſon: I have ſomething to ſay to you; let us go in, and beg the women to retire a little." They all three went in.

(To be concluded in our next.)

An AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT of the DISTRESSES and ESCAPE of the GRANDSON of KING JAMES II. in the Year 1746.

From the JOURNAL of a TOUR to the HEBRIDES, with SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

PRINCE Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, was conveyed to what is called the Long Iſland, where he lay for ſome time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in queſt of him, it became abſolutely neceſſary for him to quit that country without delay. Miſs Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what ſhe thought the ſacred principle of loyalty, offered, with the magnanimity of a heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coaſt they were to quit was guarded by ſhips. He dreſſed himſelf in women's cloaths, and paſſed as her ſuppoſed maid by the name of Betty Bourke, an Iriſh girl. They got off undiſcovered, though ſeveral ſhots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugſtot, the ſeat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Auguſtus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his poſt upon a hill near the houſe. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, and acquainted her of the enterpriſe in which ſhe was engaged. Her ladyſhip, whoſe active benevolence was ever ſeconded by ſuperior talents, ſhewed a perfect preſence of mind, and readineſs of invention, and at once ſettled that Prince Charles ſhould be conducted to old Raſay, who was himſelf concealed with ſome ſelect friends. The plan was inſtantly communicated to Kingſburgh, who was diſpatched to the hill to inform the Wanderer, and carry him refreſhments. When Kingſburgh approached, he ſtarted up, and advanced, holding a large knotted ſtick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he ſaid, "I am Macdonald of Kingſburgh, come to ſerve your Highneſs." The Wanderer anſwered, "It is well," and was ſatisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whoſe table there ſat an officer of the army, ſtationed here with a party of ſoldiers, to watch for Prince Charles in caſe of his flying to the Iſle of Sky. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having ſo well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horſeback, and her ſuppoſed maid and Kingſburgh, with a ſervant carrying ſome linen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's houſe. Upon the road was a ſmall rivulet which they were obliged to croſs. The Wanderer, forgetting his aſſumed ſex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. Kingſburgh mentioned this to him, obſerving, it might make a diſcovery. He ſaid, he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook they croſſed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dreſs. His ſize was ſo large, and his ſtrides ſo great, that ſome women whom they met reported that they had ſeen a very big woman, who looked like a man in women's clothes, and that perhaps it was (as they expreſſed themſelves) the Prince, after whom ſo much ſearch was making.

At Kingſburgh he met with a moſt cordial reception; ſeemed gay at ſupper, and after it indulged himſelf in a cheerful glaſs with his worthy hoſt. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly reliſhed by him, and he ſlept ſoundly till next day at one o'clock.

The miſtreſs of Corrichatachin told me, that in the forenoon ſhe went into her father's room, who was alſo in bed, and ſuggeſted to him her apprehenſions that a party of the military might come up, and that his gueſt and he had better not remain here too long. Her father ſaid, "Let the poor man repoſe himſelf after his fatigues; and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old grey head ten or eleven years ſooner than I ſhould die in the courſe of nature." He then wrapped himſelf in the bed-cloaths, and again fell faſt aſleep.

On the afternoon of that day, the Wanderer, ſtill in the ſame dreſs, ſet out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a man ſervant. His ſhoes being very bad, Kingſburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, ſaid, "I will faithfully keep them till you are ſafely ſettled at St. James's. I will then introduce myſelf, by ſhaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof."—He ſmiled, and ſaid, "Be as good as your word!"—Kingſburgh kept the ſhoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her gueſt had left the houſe, took the ſheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they ſhould be kept unwaſhed, and that, when ſhe died, her body

ſhould

ſhould be wrapped in them as a winding-ſheet. Her will was religiouſly obſerved.

Upon the road to Portree, Prince Charles changed his dreſs, and put on man's clothes again; a tartan ſhort coat and waiſtcoat, with philibeg and ſhort hoſe, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet.

Mr. Donald M'Donald called Donald Roy, had been ſent expreſs to the preſent Raſay, then the young laird, who was at that time at his ſiſter's houſe, about three miles from Portree, attending his brother, Dr. Macleod, who was recovering of a wound he had received at the battle of Culloden. Mr. M'Donald communicated to young Raſay the plan of conveying the Wanderer to where old Raſay was; but was told that old Raſay had fled to Knoidart, a part of Glengary's eſtate. There was then a dilemma what ſhould be done. Donald Roy propoſed that he ſhould conduct the Wanderer to the main land; but young Raſay thought it too dangerous at that time, and ſaid it would be better to conceal him in the iſland of Raſay, till old Raſay could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was beſt. But the difficulty was, how to get him to Raſay. They could not truſt a Portree crew, and all the Raſay boats had been deſtroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm M'Leod, which he had concealed ſomewhere.

Dr. M'Leod being informed of this difficulty, ſaid he would riſk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a freſh-water-lake in the neighbourhood, the two brothers, with the help of ſome women, brought it to the ſea, by extraordinary exertion, acroſs a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a ſteep precipice.

Theſe gallant brothers, with the aſſiſtance of one little boy, rowed the ſmall boat to Raſay, where they were to endeavour to find Captain Macleod, as Malcolm was then called, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree, and receive the Wanderer; or, in caſe of not finding him, they were to make the ſmall boat ſerve, though the danger was conſiderable.

Fortunately, on their firſt landing, they found their couſin Malcolm, who with the utmoſt alacrity got ready one of his boats, with two ſturdy men, John M'Kenzie and Donald M'Friar. Malcolm, being the oldeſt man, and moſt cautious, ſaid, that as young Raſay had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate buſineſs, he ought not to run any riſk; but that Dr. M'Leod and himſelf, who were already publickly engaged, ſhould go on this expedition. Young Raſay anſwered, with an oath, that he would go at the riſk of his life and fortune.—"In God's name then (ſaid Malcolm) let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now ſtopped ſhort, till they ſhould be informed of their deſtination; and M'Kenzie declared he would not move an oar till he knew where they were going, upon which they were both ſworn to ſecreſy; and the buſineſs being imparted to them, they were keen for putting off to ſea without loſs of time. The boat ſoon landed about half a mile from the inn at Portree.

All this was negotiated before the Wanderer got to Portree. Malcolm M'Leod and M'Friar were diſpatched to look for him. In a ſhort time he appeared, and went into the publick houſe. There Donald Roy, whom he had ſeen at Mugſtot, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. Here he wanted ſilver for a guinea. The landlord had but thirteen ſhillings. He was going to accept of this for his guinea: but Donald Roy very judiciouſly obſerved, that it would diſcover him to be ſome great man; ſo he deſiſted. He ſlipped out of the houſe, leaving his fair protectreſs, whom he never again ſaw; and Malcolm M'Leod was preſented to him by Donald Roy, as a Captain in his army. Young Raſay and Dr. M'Leod had waited, in impatient anxiety, in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the uſual ceremonies of reſpect, but ſaluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy ſtaid in Sky, to be in readineſs to get intelligence, and give an alarm in caſe the troops ſhould diſcover the retreat to Raſay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that iſland in the night. He ſlept a little upon the paſſage, and they landed about day-break. There was ſome difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almoſt all the houſes in the iſland had been burnt by the ſoldiery. They repaired to a little hut, which ſome ſhepherds had lately built, and having prepared it as well as they could, and made a bed of heath for the ſtranger, they kindled a fire, and partook of ſome proviſions which had been ſent with him from Kingſburgh. It was obſerved, that he would not taſte wheat-bread, or brandy, while oat-bread and whiſky laſted; "for theſe, ſaid he, are my own country bread and drink."—This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young Raſay being the only perſon of the company that durſt appear with ſafety, he went in queſt of ſomething freſh for them to eat; but though he was amidſt his own cows, ſheep, and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of a diſcovery, but was obliged to ſupply himſelf by ſtealth. He therefore catched a kid, and brought it to

the hut in his plaid, and it was killed and dreſt, and furniſhed them a meal which they reliſhed much. The diſtreſſed Wanderer, whoſe health was now a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching, ſlept a long time, but ſeemed to be frequently diſturbed. Malcolm told me he would ſtart from broken ſlumbers, and ſpeak to himſelf in different languages, French, Italian, and Engliſh. I muſt however acknowledge, that it is highly probable that my worthy friend Malcolm did not know preciſely the difference between French and Italian. One of his expreſſions in Engliſh was, "O God! poor Scotland!"

While they were in the hut, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, the two boatmen, were placed as ſentinels upon different eminences; and one day an incident happened, which muſt not be omitted. There was a man wandering about the iſland, ſelling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was ſuſpected to be a ſpy. Mackenzie came running to the hut, and told that this ſuſpected perſon was approaching. Upon which the three gentlemen, young Raſay, Dr. M'Leod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimouſly of opinion that he ſhould be inſtantly put to death. Prince Charles, at once aſſuming a grave and even ſevere countenance, ſaid, "God forbid that we ſhould take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preſerve our own." The gentlemen, however, perſiſted in their reſolution, while he as ſtrenuouſly continued to take the merciful ſide. John M'Kenzie, who ſat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, ſaid in Erſe, "Well, well; he muſt be ſhot. You are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we chooſe."—Prince Charles, ſeeing the gentlemen ſmile, aſked what the man had ſaid, and being told it in Engliſh, he obſerved that he was a clever fellow, and notwithſtanding the perilous ſituation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily the unknown perſon did not perceive that there were people in the hut, at leaſt did not come to it, but walked on paſt it, unknowing of his riſk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himſelf in danger. Had he come to them, they were reſolved to diſpatch him; for as Malcolm ſaid to me, "We could not keep him with us, and we durſt not let him go. In ſuch a ſituation, I would have ſhot my brother if I had not been ſure of him."—John M'Kenzie is alive. I ſaw him at Raſay's houſe. About eighteen years ago he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he now was going about with a wooden leg. The ſtory of his being a *Member of Parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the houſe, gave him a ſhilling to drink Raſay's health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have juſt related.—With leſs foundation, ſome writers have traced the idea of a parliament, and of the Britiſh conſtitution, in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or underſtood, any thing of that ſubject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John, ſaid I, did you think the King ſhould be controuled by a Parliament?"—He anſwered, "I thought, Sir, there were many voices againſt one."

The converſation then turning on the times, the Wanderer ſaid, that, to be ſure, the life he had led of late was a very hard one; but he had rather live in the way he now did, for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentlemen aſked him what he thought his enemies would do with him, ſhould he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. He ſaid he did not believe they would dare to take his life publickly, but he dreaded being privately deſtroyed by poiſon or aſſaſſination.—He was very particular in his inquiries about the wound which Dr. M'Leod had received at the battle of Culloden, from a ball which entered at one ſhoulder, and went croſs to the other. The doctor happened ſtill to have on the coat which he wore on that occaſion. He mentioned that he himſelf had his horſe ſhot under him at Culloden; that the ball hit the horſe about two inches from his knee, and made him ſo unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out ſome reflections on the conduct of the diſaſtrous affair at Culloden, ſaying, however, that perhaps it was raſh in him to do ſo.—I am now convinced that his ſuſpicions were groundleſs; and I have had a good deal of converſation on the ſubject with my very worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumiſden, who was Under Secretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards Principal Secretary to his father at Rome, who, he aſſured me, was perfectly ſatisfied both of the abilities and honour of the Generals who commanded the Highland army on that occaſion. Mr. Lumiſden has written an account of the three battles in 1745-6, at once accurate and claſſical.—Talking of the different Highland corps, the gentlemen who were preſent wiſhed to have his opinion which were the beſt ſoldiers. He ſaid, he did not like compariſons among thoſe corps: they were all beſt.

He told his conductors, he did not think it adviſable to remain long in any one place; and that

that he expected a French ſhip to come for him to Lochbroom, among the M'Kenzies. It then was propoſed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the diſtance was fifteen leagues coaſtwiſe. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and deſired that at any rate they might firſt endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which young Raſay wrote to his friend, Mr. Mackenzie of Applecroſs, but received an anſwer, that there was no appearance of any French ſhip.

It was therefore reſolved that they ſhould return to Sky, which they did, and landed in Strath, where they repoſed in a cow-houſe belonging to Mr. Niccolſon of Scorbreck. The ſea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The Wanderer aſked if there was danger, as he was not uſed to ſuch a veſſel. Upon being told there was not, he ſung an Erſe ſong with much vivacity. He had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erſe language.

Young Raſay was now diſpatched to where Donald Roy was, that they might get all the intelligence they could; and the Wanderer with much earneſtneſs charged Dr. M'Leod to have a boat ready, at a certain place about ſeven miles off, as he ſaid he intended it ſhould carry him upon a matter of great conſequence; and gave the doctor a caſe, containing a ſilver ſpoon, knife, and fork, ſaying, "Keep you that till I ſee you," which the doctor underſtood to be two days from that time. But all theſe orders were only blinds; for he had another plan in his head, but wiſely thought it ſafeſt to truſt his ſecrets to no more perſons than was abſolutely neceſſary. Having then deſired Malcolm to walk with him a little way from the houſe, he ſoon opened his mind, ſaying, "I deliver myſelf to you. Conduct me to the Laird of M'Kinnon's country."—Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as ſo many parties of ſoldiers were in motion. He anſwered, "There is nothing now to be done without danger."—He then ſaid, that Malcolm muſt be the maſter, and he the ſervant: ſo he took the bag, in which his linen was put up, and carried it on his ſhoulder; and obſerving that his waiſtcoat, which was of ſcarlet tartan, with a gold twiſt button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waiſtcoat, and gave him his; remarking at the ſame time, that it did not look well that the ſervant ſhould be better dreſſed than the maſter.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himſelf excelled by Prince Charles, who told him, he ſhould not much mind the parties that were looking for him, were he once but a muſket-ſhot from them; but that he was ſomewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were againſt him. He was well uſed to walking in Italy in purſuit of game; and he was even now ſo keen a ſportſman, that, having obſerved ſome partridges, he was going to take a ſhot; but Malcolm cautioned him againſt it, obſerving that the firing might be heard by the tenders who were hovering upon the coaſt.

As they proceeded through the mountains, taking many a circuit to avoid any houſes, Malcolm, to try his reſolution, aſked him what they ſhould do, ſhould they fall in with a party of ſoldiers? He anſwered, "Fight, to be ſure!"—Having aſked Malcolm if he ſhould be known in his preſent dreſs, and Malcolm having replied he would, he ſaid, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder."—"That, ſaid Malcolm, would diſcover you at once."—"Then, ſaid he, I muſt be put in the greateſt deſhabille poſſible." So he pulled off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his night-cap over it, tore the ruffles from his ſhirt, took the buckles out of his ſhoes, and made Malcolm faſten them with ſtrings: but ſtill Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have ſo odd a face, ſaid he, that no man ever ſaw me but he would know me again."

He ſeemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative of men being maſſacred in cold blood, after victory had declared for the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. He could not allow himſelf to think that a General could be ſo barbarous.

When they came within two miles of M'Kinnon's houſe, Malcolm aſked if he choſe to ſee the laird. "No, ſaid he, by no means. I know M'Kinnon to be as good and as honeſt a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpoſe at preſent. You muſt conduct me to ſome other houſe; but let it be a gentleman's houſe."—Malcolm then determined that they ſhould go to the houſe of his brother-in-law, Mr. John M'Kinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main land of Scotland, and claim the aſſiſtance of Macdonald of Scothouſe. The Wanderer at firſt objected to this, becauſe Scothouſe was couſin to a perſon of whom he had ſuſpicions. But he acquieſced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John M'Kinnon's houſe, they met a man of the name of Roſs, who had been a private ſoldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes ſteadily on the Wanderer in his diſguiſe, and having at once recognized him, he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the caſe?" Finding that there was now a diſcovery, Malcolm aſked, "What's to be done?" "Swear him

him to ſecreſy," anſwered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his dirk, and on the naked blade made him take a ſolemn oath, that he would ſay nothing of his having ſeen the Wanderer, till his eſcape ſhould be made public.

Malcolm's ſiſter, whoſe houſe they reached pretty early in the morning, aſked him who the perſon was that was along with him. He ſaid, it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who being a fugitive like himſelf for the ſame reaſon, he had engaged him as his ſervant, but that he had fallen ſick. "Poor man! ſaid ſhe, I pity him. At the ſame time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Her huſband was gone a little way from home; but was expected every minute to return. She ſet down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfaſt. Prince Charles acted the ſervant very well, ſitting at a reſpectful diſtance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then ſaid to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have; there is enough for us both; you had better draw nearer and ſhare with me."—Upon which he roſe, made a profound bow, ſat down at table with his ſuppoſed maſter, and eat very heartily. After this there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hoſpitality, brought warm water, and waſhed Malcolm's feet. He deſired her to waſh the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at firſt ſeemed averſe to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphraſtic language of the Highlanders and the Iriſh, ſaid warmly, "Though I waſh your father's ſon's feet, why ſhould I waſh his father's ſon's feet?"—She was however perſuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and ſlept for ſome time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John M'Kinnon, his brother-in-law, was in ſight. He ſprung out to talk to him before he ſhould ſee Prince Charles. After ſaluting him, Malcolm, pointing to the ſea, ſaid, "What, John, if the Prince ſhould be priſoner on board one of thoſe tenders?" —"God forbid!" replied John—"What if we had him here?" ſaid Malcolm.—"I wiſh we had, anſwered John; we ſhould take care of him."—Well, John, ſaid Malcolm, he is in your houſe."—John, in a tranſport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeiſance; but Malcolm ſtopped him, ſaying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can diſcover him."—John compoſed himſelf, and having ſent away all his ſervants upon different errands, he was introduced into the preſence of his gueſt, and was then deſired to go and get ready a boat lying near his houſe, which, though but a ſmall leaky one, they reſolved to take, rather than go to the Laird of M'Kinnon. John M'Kinnon, however, thought otherwiſe; and upon his return told them, that his Chief and Lady M'Kinnon were coming in the Laird's boat. Prince Charles ſaid to his truſty Malcolm, "I am ſorry for this, but muſt make the beſt of it."—M'Kinnon then walked up from the ſhore, and did homage to the Wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with cold meat and wine.—Mr. Malcolm M'Leod being now ſuperſeded by the Laird of M'Kinnon, deſired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a ſhort note, which he ſubſcribed *James Thompſon*, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindneſs; and he deſired this might be ſpeedily conveyed to young Raſay and Dr. M'Leod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of ſeeing him again. He bid a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and inſiſted on his accepting of a ſilver ſtock-buckle, and ten guineas from his purſe, though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain above forty. Malcolm at firſt begged to be excuſed, ſaying, that he had a few guineas at his ſervice; but Prince Charles anſwered, "You will have need of money. I ſhall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of M'Kinnon then conveyed him to the oppoſite coaſt of Knoidart. Old Raſay, to whom intelligence had been ſent, was croſſing at the ſame time to Sky; but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehenſions, the two boats kept aloof.

Theſe are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and eſcapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Iſland, acroſs Sky, to Portree, but there loſt him.

Here I ſtop,—having received no farther authentic information of his fatigues and perils before he eſcaped to France.—Kings and ſubjects may both take a leſſon of moderation from the melancholy fate of the Houſe of Stuart; that Kings may not ſuffer degradation and exile, and ſubjects may not be harraſſed by the evils of a diſputed ſucceſſion.

Let me cloſe the ſcene on that unfortunate Houſe with the elegant and pathetic reflections of *Voltaire*, in his *Hiſtoire Generale*.—"Que les hommes privés (ſays that brilliant writer, ſpeaking of Prince Charles) qui ſe croyent malheureux jettent les yeux ſur ce prince et ſes ancêtres"

In another place he thus ſums up the ſad ſtory of the family in general:—"Il n'y a aucun example dans l'hiſtoire d'une maiſon ſi longtems infortunée. Le premier des Rois d'Ecoſſe, qui eut le nom de *Jacques*, apres avoir été dix-huit ans priſonnier en Angleterre,

terre, mourut aſſaſſiné, avec ſa femme, pour la main de ſes ſujets. *Jacques* II. ſon fils, fut tué à vingt-neuf ans en combatant contre les Anglois. *Jacques* III. mis en priſon par ſon peuple, fut tué enſuite par les revoltés, dans une battaille. *Jacques* IV. perit dans un combat qu'il perdit. *Marie Stuart*, ſa petite fille, chaſſée de ſon trone, fugitivé en Angleterre, ayant langui dix-huit ans en priſon, ſe vit condamné à mort par des juges Anglais, et eut la tête tranchée. *Charles* I. petit fils de *Marie*, Roi d'Ecoſſe et d'Angleterre, vendu par Ecoſſois, et juge à mort par les Anglois, mourut ſur un échaffaut dans la place publique. *Jacques*, ſon fils, ſeptiéme du nom, et deuxieme en Angleterre, fut chaſſé de ſes trois royaumes; et pour comble de malheur on conteſta à ſon fils ſa naiſſance; le fils ne tenta de remonter ſur le trone de ſes peres, que pour faire périr ſes amis par des bourreaux; et nous avons vu le Prince *Charles Edouard*, reuniſſant en vain les vertus de ſes peres, et le courage du Roi *Jean Sobieſki*, ſon ayeul maternel, executer les exploits et eſſuyer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque choſe juſtifie ceux qui croyent une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut ſe ſouſtraire, c'eſt cette ſuite continuelle de malheurs qui a perſecuté la maiſon de *Stuart* pendant plus de trois-cent années."

The gallant Malcolm was apprehended in about ten days after they ſeparated, put aboard a ſhip, and carried priſoner to London. He ſaid, the priſoners in general were very ill treated in their paſſage; but there were ſoldiers on board who lived well, and ſometimes invited him to ſhare with them: that he had the good fortune not to be thrown into jail, but was confined in the houſe of a meſſenger of the name of Dick. To his aſtoniſhment, only one witneſs could be found againſt him, though he had been ſo openly engaged; and therefore, for want of ſufficient evidence, he was ſet at liberty. He added, that he thought himſelf in ſuch danger, that he would gladly have compounded for baniſhment. Yet, he ſaid, "he ſhould never be ſo ready for death as he then was."—There is philoſophical truth in this. A man will meet death much more firmly at one time than another. The enthuſiaſm even of a miſtaken principle warms the mind, and ſets it above the fear of death; which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, cannot but be terrible, or at leaſt very awful.

Miſs Flora Macdonald being then alſo in London, under the protection of Lady Primroſe, that lady provided a poſt-chaiſe to convey her to Scotland, and deſired ſhe might chooſe any friend ſhe pleaſed to accompany her. She choſe Malcolm. "So (ſaid he, with a triumphant air) I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a poſt-chaiſe with Miſs Flora Macdonald."

Mr. M'Leod of Muiravenſide, whom we ſaw at Raſay, aſſured us that Prince Charles was in London in 1759, and that there was then a plan in agitation for reſtoring his family. Dr. Johnſon could ſcarcely credit this ſtory, and ſaid, "There could be no probable plan at that time. Such an attempt could not have ſucceeded, unleſs the King of Pruſſia had ſtopped the army in Germany; for both the army and the fleet would, even without orders, have fought for the King, to whom they had engaged themſelves."

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENTS by LEO.

NUMBER V.

On SIMPLICITY of WRITING.

TO pleaſe every taſte is impoſſible; nay, there are many taſtes which it is an honour to diſpleaſe. Shafteſbury imagines that he has ſaid a great deal againſt Milton when he tells us, that he wants *conceit* and the *faſhionable turn of modern wit*. A higher compliment, however, cannot be paid to the genuine Attic ſimplicity of the diction of the Paradiſe Loſt, than the ſnarls of a critic, who had, in this caſe, ſuch abſurd ideas of poetical excellence.

Mr. Pope has ſaid,

"While expletives their feeble aid do join,
"And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;"

from whence the whole race of petits-maitres in criticiſm have imagined, whenever they found the auxiliar verb *do* or ten monoſyllables in one line, that they had diſcovered an egregious blunder. But a true critic will enquire into the reaſon of Mr. Pope's rule; which he will find is, that the verb *do* is for the moſt part inelegant and feeble, and that ten monoſyllables are for the moſt part harſh and unmuſical; but when theſe reaſons do not remain, the rule is by no means applicable. Ten monoſyllables, properly diſpoſed, may make a very harmonious line, and accordingly we find many ſuch lines in the writings of Mr. Pope himſelf. The verb *do* has fallen almoſt into diſuſe, (tho' other expletives have not)

not); but one may venture to ſay, it is from not underſtanding the rule that would exclude it. Maſon has given us ſeveral fine inſtances of its retention; and that beautiful line of Gray,

The moping owl *does* to the moon complain,

can never be too much admired for its true ſimplicity, tho', with ſome critics, the *does* were enough to damn his whole Elegy; for it will always be found, that there are no parts of writing which a falſe and finical taſte is ſo apt to blunder on, as thoſe which have the beſt title to the character of true ſimplicity.

Dr. Young, tho' poſſeſſed of great genius, is often very far from this ſimplicity; his character is happily touched by Brown—"the briſk ſally ng fire of Young;"—and in this he claims the higheſt palm, and is truly an original; his other parts are often unequal, puerile, and ſtrangely affected, and his expreſſion is ſometimes a ſtrange mixture of the turgid and low. As the idea of a thing is ſometimes very properly conveyed by pointing out what it is not, ſo the true ſimplicity in writing may be exemplified by a citation or two of its reverſe. Dr. Young ſhall ſupply the firſt:

How *various nature!* Turgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There worms weave ſilken webs; here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun,
Beneath the ſoil *there* harveſts run,
And Kings revenues ripen in the *mines.*

How affected is the above picture of Nature!

Cowley, who wrote in much the ſame brilliant ſpirit as Young, is ſtill more diſtant from ſimplicity in his deſcriptions, &c. He was a great admirer and a careful reader of the antients; but tho' he had the fineſt reliſh of their wit, delicacy, and glow of thoughts, their grand ſimplicity ſeems to have been either miſunderſtood or overlooked by him. A fuller proof of this cannot be given than ſome parts of his works which he profeſſes to be imitations of Virgil, and in which he has given us the very reverſe of that Simplicity ſo beautiful in his author. Virgil ſays,

Audit, et voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres diſperſit in auras.

Backward the winds his *active curſes* blew,
And fatally round his own head they flew.

The idea contained in *active curſes*, and their fatally returning to fly round the head of the perſon that ſpoke them, has an evident alluſion to a flight of winged vermin attacking a man in a hot climate, and contains a ſort of wit or punning entirely different from the elegant Simplicity of Virgil, who only ſays, "Part of his prayer was granted, and part of it diſperſed by the ſwift winds."

An EXTRAORDINARY CHIRURGICAL CASE.

A POOR labouring man's wife, in the pariſh of Dalinghoe, near Wickham Market, in Suffolk, whoſe name is MARY BRADCOCK, in the ſevere winter of 1783, was ſeized with a pain in moſt of her limbs, which ſhe attributed to cold and the rheumatiſm; when one day walking acroſs the houſe, ſhe tripped her foot ſlightly againſt a brick, and was ſurpriſed to find her leg broken near the ancle.—Before ſhe was perfectly recovered from this accident, ſhe became pregnant; and, growing weak and infirm, was aſſiſted by her huſband in getting out of bed, when her left thigh bone ſnapped in pieces, without any other force than its own weight falling againſt his back; ſhe was ſafely delivered by an experienced gentleman of the faculty; after which her left arm was fractured near the ſhoulder, by putting it over an aſſiſtant's neck to get out of bed.—This likewiſe formed a callus, and grew well. She then found her right thigh bone broken as ſhe lay in bed, very high up near the hip; as it was alſo, ſome time after, lower down towards the knee—Her collar-bone has likewiſe ſeparated, without any accident or violence. Her right arm has met with the ſame misfortune, by only lifting a pint baſon off a table. She now lies with the third fracture of her right thigh, which happened lately, from being gently raiſed in her bed, at or near the part by her knee, before broken and calluſed. The bones are permitted to grow together in an irregular manner, with the aſſiſtance of bathing and bandage only, as an extenſion of her limbs would endanger breaking them into twenty pieces. So deplorable is this unhappy woman's ſituation, that they dare not move her to make the bed, for fear of breaking her bones. She is thirty-two years old, of a delicate make, lax fibre, fair complexion, and pale brown hair; has had eight children, and always lived a ſober temperate life, and never took medicines of the mercurial or any kind; but has generally enjoyed a fair ſhare of health. There does not appear any evident cauſe of this ſingular phœnomenon—Before the bones break, ſhe always complains of pain on the very ſpot ſeveral weeks, which keeps increaſing till they ſnap, and then goes off in a few days, and the bones unite in five, ſix, or ſeven weeks. She has now a freſh pain ſeized one arm, that ſhe expects will terminate in a broken bone. This poor woman has had eight fractures within a year and half, ſeven of which befel her in the laſt twelve months; and all without any external cauſe to attribute them to.

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid fit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Travels in the two Sicilies, by Henry Swinburne, Esq. in the Years 1777, 1778, 1779 and 1780. Vol. II. London. P. Elmsly, 1785.

THE former Volume of this inſtructing and entertaining Work, which was publiſhed in 1783, having by ſome means eſcaped our notice, we flatter ourſelves, that a ſhort account of the contents of it will not be diſagreeable to the generality of our readers, previous to our review of the preſent one.

Mr. Swinburne in his Preface, after apologizing for offering to the public a deſcription of a country, which not only our earlieſt education has made us acquainted with; the topography of which Poetry and Hiſtory have rendered ſo familiar to us; but which has ſo often already been deſcribed by travellers, juſtifies himſelf upon this principle, That part of his route is freſh land; and that, even where he has been under the neceſſity of treading in the footſteps of his predeceſſors, he has thrown ſome new light upon the ſubject, or hit on ſomething that has eſcaped their penetration.

With a modeſty that does him honour as an author and a gentleman, he diſclaims impugning their authority, or detracting from their merits: "I only wiſh to inſinuate, he ſays, that two perſons ſeldom conſider any object in the ſame point of view, and are ſtill more rarely led to a combination of ideas exactly ſimilar, and that therefore many openings may be left for the remarks of ſubſequent obſervers."

Tho' our author, whenever his opinions differ from thoſe of his predeceſſors, has ſtudied to convey his diſſent in the moſt diffident terms, he has preſerved his undoubted right of judging for himſelf, and has preferred purſuing the dull plain track of truth, to condeſcending to keep the attention of his readers alive with fiction, however agreeable. He has, to uſe his own words, "choſe rather to imitate the ſatisfactory dryneſs of an *authentic Gazette*, than like a *ſprightly Morning Paper* amuſe and miſlead, by interweaving a *thouſand* pleaſing impoſtures with *half a dozen* real facts!"

It has been objected to our author, and perhaps not altogether without reaſon, that he has fallen too much into hiſtoric digreſſion: we cannot, however, ſuppoſe him to have been actuated by the ſordid motives aſſigned to "the herd of modern travellers, that they generally ſell their travels to bookſellers at ſo much per printed ſheet." It has been farther remarked, "that a book of travels into any country is not the place where we are prepared to look for its hiſtory."—Admitted; yet Mr. Swinburne has, by the ſame parties, been cenſured for introducing too many deſcriptions of churches, abbeys, convents, and other edifices; tho' they acknowledge, that "a deſcription of cities, kingdoms, and towns, is all we are to expect in books of this kind." For our own parts, tho' in this work we have been able to diſcover ſome blemiſhes, we readily join the poet in declaring,

"——Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis."

Upon the whole, we think theſe volumes poſſeſſed of conſiderable merit, abounding in picturesque deſcriptions of a variety of views that preſented themſelves to our traveller, happily blended with judicious remarks political as well as hiſtorical, and highly deſerving the peruſal of the curious reader. We ſhall therefore now give a general account of the firſt volume, and make ſuch extracts from it as may tend to confirm the opinion we have given.

After giving a chronological table of the Sovereigns of the Two Sicilies, tables of coins, weights and meaſures, neceſſary to elucidate the work, and a geographical view of the kingdom of Naples, our author preſents his readers with a ſketch of its hiſtory, from the fabulous times down to the preſent. On the 17th of December, 1776, he embarked at Marſeilles for Naples, not chuſing to croſs the Alps. Being becalmed the ſecond day, he was obliged to be towed into the harbour of Porto Ferraio, in the Iſland of Elba. Of this place he gives the following account. "It is a pretty town, built on a ſhelving rock, that cloſes in a large circular bay; the land

all around is high and woody; the entrance of the bay wide and eaſy to hit; but ſo open to the N. E. winds, that, when they blow with violence, there are few anchoring-places where a ſhip can ride ſecurely. The ſtreets and fortifications riſe one above another, like rows of ſeats in an ancient amphitheatre, and preſent a moſt beautiful view from the water. In the centre of the ſemi-circle is a ſmaller port, or *darſena*, for boats and gallies, defended by a couple of baſtions, and ſhut up every evening with a boom. A commodious quay communicates with all the ſtreets, by means of large flights of ſteps."

The inhabitants of this iſland amount to about 7000, but the corn produced on it is not more than ſufficient for their maintenance ſix months. The property of it is divided between the Prince of Piombino, the King of Naples, and the Great Duke of Tuſcany. The climate is rather milder than that of the adjacent continent. The gates of Porto Ferraio are decorated with ſculpture, and the rings for faſtening cables to are of carved bronze.

Being detained here by contrary winds, Mr. Swinburne viſited the iron mines at Rio, which produce annually upward of 17,000 ton weight.

On the 22d, he ſailed from Porto Ferraio, and arrived at Porto Longone. In the afternoon of the 24th, they deſcried the little iſland of Pianoſa, the ancient Planaſia, remarkable for the exile and death of Agrippa Cæſar, the poſthumous ſon of Marcus Agrippa and Julia, who, together with his ſuperannuated grandfather Auguſtus, fell a ſacrifice to the intrigues of Livia in favour of Tiberius. They ſoon after paſſed between the main land and the iſlands of Giglio and Giannuti, and, after ſome danger, arrived on the 28th at Naples.

So many deſcriptions having been given of Mount Veſuvius and its eruptions, we paſs over our author's account of it, and proceed to what he ſays of the cuſtoms, characters, and mode of life of the Neapolitans. "In Chriſtmas time, he informs us, all quarters of Naples reſound with *Paſtorali* or *Sicilians*, a kind of ſimple rural muſic, executed by Abruzzeſe or Calabrian ſhepherds, upon a ſpecies of bag-pipes, called in Abruzzo, Zampagna, and in Calabria, Ciaramelli. The tunes vary according to the provinces: in the ſouth, they have three different airs; the northern ſhepherds know only two, to which they add what variations the boldneſs of their own genius inſpires. The boys learn of their fathers to play upon this inſtrument as the means of ſubſiſtence. At other ſeaſons it is rare to hear any agreeable ſounds in the ſtreets of Naples, tho' it is the nurſery of muſical profeſſors; a ſchool where the greateſt maſters have imbibed their principles, and acquired that knowledge of compoſition which has enchanted the ears of all Europe. There is no ſuch thing as a national muſic, unleſs we give that name to a monotonous drawling ſeguidilla, that ſerves the nurſes * as a lullaby to put their children to reſt, and ſeems borrowed from the Spaniards, who, I believe, learnt it of the Moors. I never reſided in any Italian town where there was a leſs muſical turn in the populace: few ſongs, guittars, vielles, or organs, enliven the evenings, as in the northern States of Italy, unleſs they be ſent for to entertain the parties that in ſummer ſup on the ſhore of Poſilipo. †

"They do not even dance to muſic; but perform the Tarantella to the beating of a kind of tambourine, which was in uſe among their anceſtors, as appears by the pictures of Herculaneum. The Tarantella is a low dance, conſiſting of turns on the heel, much footing and ſnapping of the fingers ‡. It ſeems the delight of their ſoul, and a conſtant holiday diverſion among the young women, who are in general far from handſome, altho' they have fine eyes and ſtriking features. Their hands and feet are clumſy, their ſhapes neglected, their necks flabby, and their ſkins diſcoloured by living ſo much in the ſun without bonnets. Amongſt them we may find almoſt every kind of hair-dreſſing ſeen on the Greek and Roman coins. ‖

* "To ſecond its narcotic influence, they adminiſter to them copious doſes of Venice treacle, of which ſuch quantities are uſed, as to render it a material article of importation. The Neapolitans have tears at command, and are very eaſily moved to ſhed them. Neither blows nor careſſes can ſtop their children, when once they begin to cry: they muſt roar till they are tired."

† "I have been told, that before the famine and calamities of 1764, the populace of Naples was more chearful and muſically inclined than at preſent."

‡ "Perſons of all ranks here dance very low, but mark the time as perfectly with their ſteps, as other nations do by ſpringing from the ground."

‖ "The coëffure of the younger Fauſtina, with the coil of plaited hair on the crown of the head, occurs frequently in the old town: that with the coil lower down, which may more properly be ſtiled Lucilla's head dreſs, is common among the younger part of the ſex in the ſuburbs of Chiala, and Plotina's among the women more advanced in years. I do not recollect to have ſeen any with the roll or treſſes ſo high up as it appears on the head of Fauſtina the elder."

"The

"The women are always fighting and ſcolding; but never reſiſt their huſband's authority, when he comes to ſeparate the combatants and carry home his diſhevelled ſpouſe, who ſeems to ſtand as much in awe of her conſort as the Ruſſian wives do of theirs, and ſuffers herſelf to be beaten by him with as little murmuring. I was ſhewn a woman here, who, during the life of her firſt huſband, was a pattern of modeſty and evenneſs of temper to the whole pariſh; but, upon contracting a ſecond marriage, ſurpriſed and ſcandaliſed the neighbourhood with her perpetual riots and obſtreperouſneſs. On being reprimanded for her behaviour by the curate, ſhe very frankly acknowledged, that her former huſband underſtood the management of a wife, and uſed to check her intemperate burſts of paſſion by timely correction; but that her preſent help-mate was too mild to apply the proper chaſtiſement which every (Neapolitan) wife requires. Men ſeldom interfere in feminine brawls; and if they do, generally content themſelves with abuſing, threatening, or ſhaking a cudgel or pitchfork at their antagoniſt, till the crowd comes in to part them. Sometimes a man is ſtabbed; but this is a rare event among the fiſhermen, the claſs of inhabitants I have had moſt conſtantly under my eye.

"Manners vary with the diſtricts: in ſome they engage with bludgeons, and thoſe are the true Lazaroni of Maſſaniello; in others, the attack is made with knives and other deadly weapons; but the Neapolitans are by no means ſo bloody and revengeful a people as they are repreſented by many travellers. It requires more than a ſlight provocation to drive them to extremities. During the prodigious hurry and confuſion of the races in carnival, not the leaſt tumult or quarrel was heard of; and even in the cruel famine in 1764, the only act of violence committed by a hungry populace, increaſed to double its number by the concourſe of peaſants from the provinces where all crops had failed, was to break open and pillage a ſingle baker's ſhop. Can as much be ſaid for the temper of the mobs at London and Edinburgh?"

Drunkenneſs does not, from our author's account, appear to be a common vice in Naples; and tho' there be nothing but a mere nominal police, and the forms of a criminal proceſs are ſo ſlow, that, upon a final determination of a trial, the gaoler, being ordered to bring the culprit into court to receive ſentence, made affidavit, that the priſoner had died, after a long fit of ſickneſs, the Chriſtmas twelvemonth before; yet burglaries and riots are unknown, and aſſaſſinations rare.

The quantity of rain at Naples is much more conſiderable than that which falls on the ſame ſpace of ground in England; whole months of drought being compenſated by the deluge of a day: and the ſouth winds are frequently in winter ſo boiſterous as to burſt open the bolts both of doors and windows. So great and general is the paſſion for iced water, that none but mere beggars will drink it in its natural ſtate; and a failure of ſnow would almoſt be as ſeverely felt as a ſcarcity of bread. The Jeſuits, with their uſual ſpirit of enterpriſe, had purchaſed the excluſive privilege of ſupplying the city with it.

"Expence and extravagance," Mr. Swinburne obſerves, are here in the extreme. The great families are oppreſſed with a load of debt; the working part of the community ſpend the price of their labour before they receive it; and the citizen is almoſt reduced to penury in his houſekeeping, in order to anſwer the demands of external ſhow: ſhort commons at home whet his appetite when invited out to dinner; and it is ſcarce credible what a quantity of victuals he will devour.

"The eſtabliſhment of a Neapolitan grandee's houſehold is upon a very extenſive plan; the number of their ſervants, carriages, &c. would ſuffice for a ſovereign prince; nor is the wardrobe of their wives upon a leſs magnificent ſcale; yet it is a fixed rule, that all ladies, whatever be the circumſtances of their huſbands, have an hundred ducats (18l. 15s) a month, and no more, allowed them for pin-money."

The quantity of corn conſumed in the city of Naples annually, is ſaid to amount to 2,830,000 tomoli, about 514,540 quarters; their number of horned cattle to 25,000; Sorrento calves 3,00, hogs 45,000, and 60,000 eggs per diem, excluſive of what are produced in the city. The conſumption of oil is calculated at 600,000 ſtars, about 1,500,000 gallons per ann.

Our author has not given any eſtimate of the number of inhabitants in Naples itſelf; but allowing each perſon to conſume 5 tomoli of wheat, which, as he has elſewhere calculated, they nearly do, they ſhould amount to upwards of 500,000. The whole kingdom contains about 4,500,000 ſouls, not above half the population that ſo fertile a country might ſupport. Mr. Swinburne has here given an accurate account of the exports and imports of this kingdom, the former of which in the articles of oil, ſilk, and wine, might be infinitely more conſiderable than they are, were it not for the high duties, and the many vexations and impoſitions of the adminiſtrators of the exciſe, particularly in the article of ſilk.

From Naples our author made an excurſion to Stabia, to be preſent at the opening of

ſome of the lately diſcovered rooms there, of which he gives the following account.

"We traverſed the rich plain that lies between Veſuvius and the Sorrentine branch of the Appennines, and came by a gentle aſcent to the excavations. Stabia was a long ſtring of country houſes, rather than a town; for it had been deſtroyed by Sylla, and before the reign of Titus, all its rebuilt edifices were overturned by an earthquake. In the cataſtrophe of —79 the wind, blowing furiouſly from the north, brought the aſhes of Veſuvius upon it; all the country was covered with cinders and rapilli, or ſmall pumice ſtones, many yards deep. Towns, houſes, and trees were buried, and their ſituations remained marked in the plains by hillocks like barrows. Stabia, though ſix miles from the mountain, was overwhelmed and loſt, till it was caſually diſcovered about twenty-eight years ago. The earthquake had ſo damaged the buildings, that none of them can be preſerved, and therefore, as ſoon as every thing curious is taken out, the pits are filled up again. The aſhes penetrated into all parts, and conſumed every thing that was combuſtible.

"On our arrival, the workmen began to break into the ſubterraneous rooms; and, as the ſoil is all a crumbling cinder, very little labour was requiſite to clear them. When opened, the apartments preſented us with the ſhattered walls, daubed, rather than painted, with gaudy colours in compartments, and ſome birds and animals in the cornices, but in a coarſe ſtyle, as, indeed, are all the paintings of Stabia. In a corner we found the braſs hinges and lock of a trunk; near them part of the contents, viz. ivory flutes in pieces, ſome coins, braſs rings, ſteel-yards, and a very elegant ſilver ſtatue of Bacchus, about two inches high, repreſented with a crown of vine leaves, buſkins, and the horn of plenty."

Our author next gives a relation of a coaſting voyage he took from Stabia, by Sorrento, to Capo de Terra, or Puolo, the point that divides the bay of Sorrento from that of Maſſa, from whence he returned to Naples.

His next excurſion was to Taranto. Among other places which he viſited in this tour, is the city of Avellino, belonging to the family of Caracciolo, whoſe hiſtory he thus relates.

"The foundation of the grandeur of this family was laid by the unſhaken fidelity of John Caracciolo, who, being beſieged by the rebels in the caſtle of Iſchia, of which he had been appointed governor by the Emperor Frederic, choſe rather to periſh in the flames that conſumed the fortreſs, than ſurrender his truſt. His maſter was not inſenſible to ſuch a proof of attachment, but expreſſed the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude for his memory; and conferred ſuch honours and riches on his ſons, as raiſed them to great conſequence in the ſtate. The family has ever been much conſidered by its ſovereigns; and the branches, ſet off from the main ſtock, have become as wealthy and powerful as itſelf, and are, at this day, upon a par with the nobleſt and richeſt houſes in the kingdom. Five of theſe branches are proprietors of a very ſingular bank, called *Il Monte Ciarletto*, which ſecures a noble portion to their daughters, and, of late, to their younger ſons. The ſtory of its foundation is as follows:—Charles Caracciolo had an only daughter, whom he was determined to marry to one of his kinſmen, that his rich inheritance might remain in the family. This match was contrary to the inclinations of the young lady, who poſitively refuſed to acquieſce in it. Her enraged father ſhut her up in a convent, where ſhe took the veil by compulſion; but ſoon after, in a fit of deſpair, put an end to her exiſtence. Charles, diſtracted with remorſe and grief, did not long ſurvive the child he had uſed ſo cruelly; and, by way of atonement, determined, if poſſible, to prevent any Caracciola from becoming a nun, at leaſt from a want of fortune: he therefore eſtabliſhed a fund to accumulate for them. When any daughter of the family marries, ſhe receives the intereſts and ſavings accruing from the bank ſince the laſt perſon was endowed. It never has been more than 100,000 ducats (18,750l.) A change has lately taken place, thro' the addreſs and management of a lady married to one of the Caraccioli. The marriage portion of the women is limited to 70,000 ducats, and the remainder of the produce is to be appropriated to the education and maintenance of the younger ſons. The director of this bank has a houſe, table, and equipage provided for him."

"Avelino is a conſiderable city, extending a mile in length, down the declivity of a hill, with ugly ſtreets, but tolerable houſes. The churches have nothing to recommend them. The cathedral is a poor building, in a wretched ſituation, with little to attract the eye, except ſome uncouth Latin diſtichs, and ſhapeleſs Gothic ſculpture. The only edifice of note is a public granary, of the Compoſite order, adorned with antique ſtatues, and a very elegant bronze one of Charles II. King of Spain, while a boy, caſt by Cavalier Coſimo.

"The number of inhabitants amount to eight, ſome ſay ten thouſand. The biſhop's revenue is about 6,000 ducats (1,125l.) a year. The magiſtracy conſiſts of a Syndic and four Eletti, all annual, which offices are engroſſed by a certain number of families of ſome diſtinc-

diſtinction, that neither intermarry nor aſſociate with the reſt of the burghers.

"The prince has eſtates here to the yearly value of 20,000 ducats, two thouſand of which ariſe from duties on the dye of cloth. The clothing buſineſs is carried on here pretty largely. The ſecond article of trade is *maccaroni* and *paſte* of many kinds, which are in high repute all over the country. Proviſions of every ſort are abundant; each ſtreet is ſupplied with wholeſome water; but the wine is but indifferent."

(To be continued.)

A Voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, towards the Antarctic Polar Circle, and round the World; but chiefly into the Country of the Hottentots and Caffres, from the Year 1772 to 1776. By Andrew Sparrman, M. D. Profeſſor of Phyſic at Stockholm, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Sweden, and Inſpector of its Cabinet of Natural Hiſtory. Tranſlated from the Swediſh Original. 2 vols. 4to. London, G. G. J. and J. Robinſon. 1785.

(*Concluded from page* 187.)

AFTER ſpending his winter at the Cape, Dr. Sparrman, accompanied by a Mr. Immelman, ſet out in the month of July, on an expedition into the interior parts of the country. Their firſt excurſion was to the Warm Baths, in Hottentots' Holland. The accommodations on the road ſeem, from our Author's account, to have been but indifferent; in general the travellers were reduced to the bare ground for a bed, and their ſaddles for pillows; their great-coats were their only covering, and a buſh the only ſhelter from the wind. In caſe of rain, they retired to their waggon, and ſometimes *under* it. When an opportunity offered of lodging in a peaſant's houſe, they were rather worſe off. The houſes conſiſted of two rooms only, the interior of which was occupied by the *boor* and his family. The outer one compoſed the kitchen, in a corner of which a mat was ſpread on the floor for their gueſts. The Hottentot ſervants of the *boor* always ſlept in the chimney, and "an *hoſt of fleas*" compleated the group.

Among the ſhrubs our naturaliſt found, was *a ſuperb protea*, to which, in honour of the King of Sweden, he gave the name of *Guſtavus's Scepter*. This ſhrub, which is from two to four feet in height, ſometimes grows up undivided as a rod, and at others, throws out two or three ſpiral branches, terminating in tufts of flowers of a ſilver colour. What is moſt remarkable in this plant is, its producing two ſorts of leaves, totally different from each other, viz. the upper ones, on the ſtalk, from one to two inches long only, cuneiform and undivided; the lower ones, ſeveral inches long, and divided into many parts, in the form of branches. The roads, we are informed, are generally ſteep; and the rivers, over which there are no bridges, frequently dangerous to paſs, even after a day's rain. In his road, our Author ſaw ſome Oſtriches in their wild ſtate. "I ſometimes," ſays he, (or the tranſlator for him) came within a *couple* of gun-ſhots of ſome of them, *inſomuch* that *I took it into my head* to purſue them, but always without ſucceſs."—We much doubt of the Tranſlator's ſucceſs, where *his head* is concerned.—"*With* their long legs, and huge ſtrides, they ſcoured away as faſt again as an *untutored* horſe and hunter could follow." We are next favoured with a deſcription of the Bath: "In its neighbourhood, a ſtone building, conſiſting of a hall, a kitchen, two large and one ſmall chambers, is *run up* againſt the declivity of a hill, without any kind of ſewer or dyke: *hence it comes to paſs*, that the water making its way into one of the chambers, renders it very damp and unhealthy. At the diſtance of about an hundred paces from this dwelling is the bathing-houſe itſelf. This is a cottage, two ſides of which are for the greater part under ground, into which the light enters only by a few ſmall *peeping-holes*. Its length is from three and a half to four fathoms, and its breadth a fathom and a half.

"The method of bathing is, for the patient to *ſit* or *lay* himſelf down in the ciſtern till the water is up to his chin. The water then feels quite warm without *ſcalding*, and a kind of * SUGILLATION from the *internal* to the *external* parts of the body is obſerved. The velocity of the pulſe is increaſed, *as well* as *that* of the *pulſation* of the heart." The

* We have been at no inconſiderable pains to diſcover our learned tranſlator's meaning (if he has any) in this paſſage; but after the moſt attentive ſearch cannot find the word SUGILLATION. We ſuppoſe it is intended to be a derivative of the verb to ſugillate, which ſignifies to beat black and blue, in which ſenſe it is uſed by Butler, who makes Hudibras ſay,

——There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have ſugill'd.

We almoſt wiſh the tranſlator had been the ſoothſayer's *locum tenens*, for thus miſapplying words.

Doctor

Doctor, from the experiments he had an opportunity of making with a ſolution of ſugar of lead, ſolution of ſilver, oil of tartar per deliquium, &c. concludes, that the water of this bath, contrary to the received opinion on the ſpot, is not impregnated with ſulphur, but vitriol. He here found, he tells us, "two new ſpecies of the genus of *tetrao*, one of which is called *partridge*, and the other *pheaſant*, *either* ſort being nearly of the ſize of our partridges. They live in flocks, and are not hard to come at, eſpecially in the mornings and evenings; at which times chiefly they diſcover their abode by a ſhrill *kurring* noiſe, by no means *pleaſant* yet not *diſagreeable* to hear;"—becauſe—"partly *it* (the *pleaſant*, *diſagreeable ſound*) takes off a little from the wildneſs and deſolateneſs with which the *ſight* of ſo many extenſive and untilled fields (this part of Africa we preſume muſt be incloſed) cannot fail to ſtrike the imagination; and *partly*, as *particularly*, at *break of day*, as well as at the *ruddy opening of the morn*, *it* prognoſticates"—What?—Why no leſs *than*—"the approach of the ſun to *vivify* all nature."—Unfortunate Dr. Sparrman, how art thou *tranſlated!*—what a happy *diſtinction* have we here without a *difference!*

We ſhall only here add our author's deſcription of what he calls the *Secretaries* Bird, the Sagittarius of M. VOSMAER. The Hottentots give it a name more ſuitable to its nature, viz. the *Serpent-Eater*. "This bird is much larger than our Crane; its legs are two and a half feet long, the body is in proportion leſs than the Crane's. Its beak, claws, ſtout thighs covered with long feathers, and its ſhort neck, are like thoſe of the Eagle and Hawk kind. The head, neck, beak, the leſſer *coverts* of the wings, and the greater part of the tail, are of a grey leaden colour; the longer quills of the latter are marked a little way from the tips with a black ſpot; the middle quills are the longeſt, and white at the tips; its breaſt is of a yellowiſh white *(ſordide albidum)*; the vent feathers, wing-quills, *thighs*, claws, pupil, and the retroverted feathers under the eyes, are black; its *thighs* are of a fleſh colour, its eyes large and prominent; the iris of an orange yellow; the *cere*, and the region of the eyes, naked and yellow: a tuft or comb compoſed of about twelve feathers, placed in two rows, with which this bird is adorned, lies down moſtly on the hind part of the neck.

"This bird has a peculiar method of ſeizing upon ſerpents. When it approaches them, it always takes care to hold the point of one of its wings before it, in order to parry off their venomous bites; ſometimes it finds an opportunity of ſpurning and treading upon its antagoniſt, or elſe of taking it up on its pinions and throwing it into the air; and when by this method of proceeding it has at length wearied out its adverſary, and rendered it almoſt ſenſeleſs, it then kills and ſwallows it at leiſure, without danger."

From the Warm Bath Dr. Sparrman continued his journey to Zwellendam. On the road his Hottentot driver got drunk with the brandy the author had brought with him for the purpoſe of preſerving animals in, and the Doctor and his friend were near being murdered by him and his companions in their liquor. In order to prevent this in future, he put a live ſerpent into the liquor. He proceeds to deſcribe the perſons, cloathing, ornaments and arms of the Hottentots, and rectifies ſome vulgar errors relative to the ſuppoſed defect in the organs of generation in one ſex, and the ſuperfluity of thoſe parts in the other. They do not, he ſays, wear the inteſtines of animals, but a number of leathern rings about their arms and legs. Their garments generally conſiſt of ſheep-ſkins with the wooly ſide inwards. The men, in general, go bareheaded; the women ſometimes cover their heads with a cap in the form of a truncated cone, made without any ſeam of a *ſegment* of ſome animal's ſtomach, and as black as ſoot mixed with fat can make it. Over this is worn occaſionally an oval wreath, or kind of crown, made of a Buffalo's hide with the hair outwards. The Hottentots do not wear ornaments either in their ears or noſes, as other ſavages do. The necks of the men are bare; thoſe of the women decorated with a thong of undreſſed leather, on which eight or ten beads are ſtrung.

The Hottentots who live within the boundaries of the Dutch Colonies, ſeldom make uſe of any weapons. Their dwellings are merely huts with the fire-place in the center. A number of theſe huts erected in the form of a circle, with the doors inwards, conſtitute a *Kraal*, in the area of which the cattle are kept by night. The milk, as ſoon as it is drawn from the cow, is put to other milk which is curdled, into a leathern ſack, with the hairy ſide, as being conſidered the cleanlieſt, inwards, ſo that it is never drank ſweet.

The *Boſbeis Men*, or wild Hottentots, are ſworn enemies to a paſtoral life; they live by hunting and plunder, and never keep an animal alive for the ſpace of a night. By this means they are become odious to the reſt of the inhabitants, and are purſued and exterminated like wild beaſts. Their weapons are poiſoned arrows, which, ſhot out of a ſmall bow, will hit a mark with a tolerable degree of certainty, at the diſtance of fifty or even one hundred paces. At this diſtance they will, ſuch is the virulence of the poiſon, kill ſo large

large and tremendous a beaſt as a lion. The dwellings of theſe Barbarians reſemble their manners. Buſhes and clefts of rocks ſerve them inſtead of houſes; they go moſtly naked, and live on wild roots, berries and plants: among their delicacies may be reckoned the larvæ of inſects, caterpillars, a ſort of white ants, (the *termes*) graſshoppers, ſnakes, and ſome ſorts of ſpiders.

None of the Hottentots, our author obſerves, have any conception of a Deity. Rain they always conſider as an evil: they *bully* the thunder, have great faith in ſorcery, and are frequently the dupes of their ſorcerers, who are at the ſame time their phyſicians, and cure them by threſhing them. They do not worſhip the moon, as was ſuppoſed by KOLBE. "The fact is," ſays the Doctor, "that they merely take the *opportunity of her beams*, and at the ſame time of the coolneſs of the night, to amuſe themſelves with dancing; and *conſequently* have no more thoughts of worſhipping her than the Chriſtian Coloniſts, who are ſeen at the ſame time ſtrolling in great numbers about the ſtreets, and parading on the ſtone ſteps with which their houſes are uſually *encircled*."

M. Sparrman deſcribes a ſpecies of wild horſe, he ſaw here, called by the Natives and Coloniſts *Quagga*: it much reſembles the *Zebra*, the difference conſiſting in this, that the Quagga has ſhorter ears, and no ſtripes on its fore-legs, loins, or any of its hinder parts.

This partial reſemblance occaſioned Mr. EDWARDS's delineating the Quagga under the title of female Zebra; whereas the females of both ſpecies, which are totally different from each other, are marked like their reſpective males, only the colours are ſomewhat more lively and *definite* in the latter.

The following account is given of the Hottentot muſic. "One of their inſtruments is a bow, like a *ſpringe-bow*, a foot in length, with a fine ſtring of thread, to the end of which there is fixed in the ſame line, a *cloven* quill half an inch long. This inſtrument is played on in this manner: The muſician, applying his mouth to the quill, draws in his breath very hard, ſo as to put it into a quivering motion, which produces a grating ſound. This inſtrument is called a *t'Goerra*, a name which correſponds tolerably well with the ſound of the inſtrument."

"*T'Gathe* is the name of another inſtrument, probably firſt made in imitation of our violin. It conſiſts merely of a piece of board, with three or four ſtrings ſcrewed on to it, on which they ſcrape with a bow.

"*T'koi-t'koi* is a kind of drum, compoſed of a ſkin ſtretched over a callebaſh or hollow block. Their vocal muſic is ſinging a few notes, without annexing any words to them, at leaſt any that have any meaning."

From Zwellendam our author and his companion proceeded to Muſcle-Bay. In the *Groot Vader's Boſch*, a wood which lay in their road, they ſaw a great number of beautiful tall trees, the major part of which our botaniſts were unacquainted with: among the ſhrubs they diſcovered ſeveral ſorts of the prickly *aſparagus*, and a new ſpecies of *Gallophylum*. He next gives a deſcription of a Hottentot Captain named RUNDGANGER. In the neighbourhood of Duyvenhooks-River he firſt ſaw the *Dorn-Boom*, or *Mimoſa Nilotica*, which produces the Gum-Arabic; ſeveral ſorts of *Meſembryanthemums*, which grow in cluſters, with white, red, blue, but chiefly yellow flowers; and various ſpecies of *Cotyledons*, *Stapelias*, and *Euphorbias*, upon all which the ſheep feed, and thrive uncommonly. From Muſcle-Bay they continued their journey to Houtniquas. In this chapter the author deſcribes the various animals found in that diſtrict, particularly the *Boſch-Bok*, or Wood-Goat, which, he ſays, he did not meet with any where elſe in his journey. Of the feathered tribe, he here found a new ſpecies of *Tantalus*, called by the Coloniſts *Hagedaſh* or *Hadelde*. The bill of this bird was five inches long, black at the tip and lower nib, at the upper nib red. The neck was of an aſh-colour; the back the ſame, with a *caſt* of green, with a little yellow. The wings were dark beneath, and above of a blue colour, inclining to black. The tail, which was *wedge-ſhaped*, was about twice the length of the bill, and the body ſomewhat larger than that of a hen.

From Muſcle-Bay our travellers road lay through *Lange-Dal*. Among other ſhrubs, he found here the *Canna*, a new ſpecies of *Subſola*, the aſhes of which, when burnt, are very ſtrong, and fit for making ſoap. The country hereabouts takes its name from it, and is called *Canna's*, not *Canaan's Land*, as Mr. MASON, our author ſays, has called it in the Philoſophical Tranſactions. "From the extreme drought that prevails here, inſtead of the land of *promiſe*, Mr. Maſon would have done better to have called it the land of *affliction*." Dr. Sparrman here gives an account of the curious mode of treatment of the dying and dead among the Hottentots. Near *Wagenboom's River* he ſaw a Lizard, as black as a coal, about a foot in length, and *ſuppoſed* to be very venomous.

Sitſicamma was their next ſtage, and from thence they went to Sea-cow River. Among other articles, this chapter contains a circumſtantial account of the method of ſhooting elephants, as practiſed by the Colonits, and

and ſome enquiries relative to the poſition in which thoſe animals copulate; without, however, ſatisfactorily ſettling the point. Some anecdotes of this animal's ſagacity are likewiſe introduced. The Doctor has alſo given an account of a Hottentot Ball *al freſco*, and of the funeral ceremonies of thoſe people. From Sea-cow River they went to Little-Sunday River. On its banks they found a herd of wood, or wild ſwine, which are deſcribed as moſt dangerous animals, as, when hunted, they will often turn ſhort, and with their tuſks (which are four in number, and thoſe proceeding from the upper jaw turning up ſo as to reſemble horns) ſtrike at the horſe's legs, and afterwards kill both him and his rider. Here too the author was entertained with a *concerto* of lions, of whoſe roaring the following curious deſcription is given. "It conſiſts," we are told, "in a hoarſe inarticulate ſound, which at the ſame time ſeems to have a hollowneſs in it, ſomething like that (hollowneſs) proceeding from a ſpeaking-trumpet. The *ſound* is between that of a German u and an o, being drawn to a great length, and *appearing* as if it came out *from the earth*; at the *ſame* time *that*, *after* liſtening with the greateſt attention, I could not exactly hear from *what quarter* it came."——If our readers can underſtand this account of an *appearing ſound*, we congratulate them on their ſuperior abilities, as we do the Doctor, or his *tranſlator*, on the probability of their ſucceeding hereafter in the arduous taſk of "penning a whiſper." Our muſical friends will no doubt be much delighted with an equally curious account of a different concert, in which an elderly matron "chaunted repeatedly *piano* the words *Maijema*, *Maijema*, while the young men and maids *ſung* STACCATO, by *way of chorus*, *hub*, *hub*, *hub*."—We are for want of room obliged to omit deſcriptions of various other animals and birds which our author met with in his perilous peregrinations through this deſert country, and ſhall therefore conclude this article with that of the Rhinoceros. Their Hottentots one day ſhot two of theſe animals: "the leſſer," Dr. Sparrman ſays, was "eleven and a half feet long, ſeven feet high, and twelve feet in the girth. In the hide of this beaſt there were none of thoſe plaits and folds which we find in the deſcriptions and figures publiſhed of the *Rhinoceros Bicornis*, and which give it the appearance of being covered with a harneſs. On the hide of this animal we could only diſcover a ſmall plait or fold at the nape of the neck, which ſeemed to proceed from the poſition it was found in, viz. with the head leaning againſt the ground, by which it was carried ſomewhat backwards. In *other reſpects*, the hide was half an inch thick on the back, but ſomewhat thicker on the ſides, tho' leſs compact there. The ſurface of it was ſcabrous and knotty, not much differing from that of the elephant, but of a cloſer texture, and when dry, extremely hard. It was of an aſh colour, excepting about the groin, where it was thinner, quite ſmooth, and of the colour of human fleſh.

"The muzzle converges to a point, not only above and beneath, but on the ſides, like that of the tortoiſe; the upper lip is longer than the lower; the eyes ſmall, and ſunk in the head.

"The horns, which have been diffuſely deſcribed by others, are of the ſame ſhape and nearly of the ſame ſize in both ſexes: but their ſize is not always in proportion to that of the body; neither is there any conſtant proportion obſervable between the foremoſt and hindmoſt horn, though the foremoſt is always the largeſt.

"The hindmoſt, eſpecially in the older animals, is generally worn away in different parts, which is never the caſe in the foremoſt. This confirms the aſſertion of the Hottentots, that the Rhinoceros makes uſe of the ſhorter only for the digging up the roots which compoſe the greater part of its food; it being able to turn the larger horn, at that time, on one ſide out of the way. I have been even informed, that their horns are ſo *mobile*, that when they walk careleſsly along one may ſee their horns *waggle* about, and hear them *claſh* and *clatter* againſt each other. The ſubſtance of theſe *horns* conſiſts of parallel horny fibres, the extreme points of which on the lower parts are full of inequalities, and in ſome places feel as rough as a bruſh; the upper part is ſmooth and plain. The anterior horn belonging to the leſſer animal was a foot long, and five inches over at the baſe: that belonging to the larger was as long again, and ſeven inches in diameter meaſured at the ſame part. The Rhinoceros may be ſaid to be totally deſtitute of hair, there being only a few briſtles about an inch long about the edges of its ears, and at the tip of the tail. The feet are not much wider than the legs."—This account of the Rhinoceros we have been under the neceſſity of curtailing conſiderably, and muſt refer the reader to the book itſelf for farther information. We ſhall only add, that we are confirmed in our former opinion, that tho' the Doctor, in the arrangement of his materials, has not diſplayed much judgment, yet he has ſuffered conſiderably by his tranſlator, and appears to great diſadvantage in his Engliſh dreſs.

A Treatiſe on the Adminiſtration of the Finances of France, in 3 vols. by Mr. Necker. Tranſlated from the genuine French Edition, by Thomas Mortimer, Eſq. London, J. Sewell, &c. 1785.

(*Concluded from page* 190.)

AFTER laying before our Readers ſuch parts of Mr. Necker's excellent Introduction to this work, as from their univerſal utility ſeemed moſt deſerving of their attention, we ſhall now conclude this article by conciſely enumerating the various ſubjects he has ſo amply and judiciouſly treated of in the work itſelf. He begins with giving an account of all the Taxes annually paid by the French nation, amounting to the amazing ſum of 585,000,000 of livres, upwardsof 24 millions ſterling per annum. Such an immenſe revenue, our author obſerves, only conveys to indifferent obſervers, and mere politicians, an idea of the great reſources of the nation; "but I would wiſh the Adminiſtration of the Finances not only to ſee in this ſtatement the political power of the Monarch, but that it would alſo with heart-felt ſorrow perceive the frightful extent of the ſelf-denials that are required from the people. I could wiſh that it might be inſpired with pity, by caſting a look at the unhappy inhabitants of the country; and that, giving way to a beneficent emotion, it might conſider the immenſity of the public charges as a noble and wide field for the continual exerciſe of the wiſdom and beneficence of the Sovereign." He in the next place compares the taxes paid in France with thoſe paid in Great-Britain; and afterwards remarks, that in England that aggravation of taxes which conſiſts in arbitrary aſſeſſments, or equally arbitrary interpretations of the laws, is not known: the univerſal knowledge of their true meaning, in conſequence of their being diſcuſſed in parliament, confines the authority of the revenue officers within poſitive bounds, from which they dare not depart: That another great alleviation of our taxes is, that the price of labour does not here depend ſo much on the caprice of the rich, as it does in France; that there is a great difference between the contributions required from the people by the ſole authority of a Monarch, and thoſe impoſed by a nation on itſelf, for the public exigencies, of which it is likewiſe to judge. He ſays, "Yet I will own that thoſe of Great-Britain are now carried to an exceſs, which muſt injure the trade and manufactures of that kingdom; and may produce the moſt dreadful misfortunes"—and concludes with the following eulogy on the Britiſh conſtitution. "It is not the errors of our neighbours we ſhould deſire to imitate; we ſhould rather take notice of thoſe guardian inſtitutions, which ſecure their civil liberty in the higheſt degree; of the lenity ſhewn by the laws to perſons accuſed; of that immenſe credit which is ſupported in the midſt of the greateſt diſtractions; of that reunion of the efforts of all parties, when the country is in danger; of that enlightened and real patriotiſm; of the influence of the nation over thoſe by whom it is governed; of the reſpect they are obliged to have for the people; and of the numberleſs efforts of that conſtitution, the only one in the univerſe, which has left individuals in full poſſeſſion of their natural ſtrength and dignity, and ſociety of its power."———This is an highly finiſhed portrait; the colouring is ſtrong, but is it not too flattering a likeneſs?

The three next chapters treat of the expences attending the collection of all the taxes, the ſalaries, and emoluments of the officers concerned, and the different ſavings that might be made in the ſeveral departments. Chap. VI. contains obſervations on the converſion of all the taxes in France into one land tax; as does Chap. VII. ſimilar ones on their converſion into a poll-tax: among others, the following ſeem highly deſerving of attention.

"Taxes, ſays Mr. Necker, on the produce of lands are an advance required from the proprietors: thoſe on articles of conſumption are reſtraints laid on expences.

"The riches of thoſe who pay taxes on their landed income, conſiſt only of that income. The riches of thoſe who pay the duties on articles of conſumption are drawn from the incomes of each individual in the kingdom, and even from thoſe of foreigners reſiding in it.

"We cannot but be ſenſible of the great difference between theſe circumſtances and poſitions in the levying of taxes.

"The diviſion of the Taxes, by laying them partly on the produce of lands, and partly on articles of conſumption, renders their collection more independent of the produce of the crops. When they are ſufficiently abundant to cauſe a diminution in the price of commodities, the taxes on articles of conſumption are ſo much eaſier to collect; when, on the contrary, the crops are in a proportion that allows a conſiderable profit on their ſale, then the Taxes on the income of land are more readily collected. But as Government cannot alternately have recourſe to either of theſe two kinds of tax, they

imperfectly make up for it by uſually dividing them into two claſſes, whereof the one bears on the landed income, and the other on the expences of the ſubject.

"This precaution would be leſs eſſential, if the Taxes of a nation bore a reaſonable proportion to its riches; but when the calamities of the times have obliged Adminiſtration greatly to extend the public burdens, it then has been obliged to turn its attention towards the poſſibility of collecting theſe Taxes in times of ſcarcity, as well as of abundance; and of being able to depend on them in times of war as well as peace. Melancholy reſearch and fatal ſcience! But ſince every nation at preſent makes uſe of *revenue knowledge* and *inventions*, we can no longer deviate from the path."

After conſidering the hypotheſis, that every Tax ultimately falls on the produce of the earth, which is the origin of every commodity, he proceeds: "But it is not ſufficient, in order to ſuppreſs one Tax and double another, that there ſhould exiſt an arithmetical equality between them: there is alſo a moral conformity required, which ought to be conſidered and appreciated. For example, let the Tax on Tobacco be changed into an augmentation of thirty millions aſſeſſed on the Land Tax and the Twentieths; the contributions paid by the nation will ſtill be the ſame, but its effects on the public opinion will be very different; for the landholders or their farmers will ſcarcely believe, that the claſs of labouring men would leſſen the price of their daily labour, in conſideration of the ſaving they ſhould make on that article of indulgence. It is the diminution of the Taxes on the articles of indiſpenſible neceſſity, that has an influence on the price of labour; and even this influence is imperceptible; for there are ſome duties on the articles of conſumption that are hardly ever thought of. The price of a commodity, and the Tax to which it is liable, ſtrikes the reflection only at the moment it is to be bought; that idea is far diſtant at any other time, and the liberty which we enjoy to regulate and direct our expences as we pleaſe, ſtill helps to take it off. This is not the caſe when a deduction is made on our income: very far from not taking notice of that privation, the remembrance of it is *continually* renewed, becauſe we *continually* have deſires to indulge, plans to realize, and expectations to cherith."

Our author very juſtly remarks, that there is a great defect in all abſtract calculations of political œconomy, which is, that the conſequences of opinion and imagination are never taken into the account, and that the preſent moment and futurity are conſidered in the ſame light. Miniſters generally conſider kingdoms in a collective view, and look forward into the immenſity of time: if one generation does not ſuffice for the execution of their ideas, they carry their views ſtill farther, and in their own minds ſubject poſterity to their plans. But though ſuch ideas eaſily captivate the mind, there is a general opinion not undeſerving of attention, which ſtrongly oppoſes them; it is, that when the operations of Adminiſtration are diveſted of thoſe two important conſiderations *Morality* and *Time*, every duty inſtantly diſappears. To a Government acting without any regard to theſe principles, little would it ſignify that the Taxes were exorbitant and unſkilfully aſſeſſed; prodigality of penſions and ſuperfluous expences would be no object; it would pay no regard to the diſorder and ruin of private fortunes, if by calculating the various transfers of the circulation of the ſpecie only for future times, it ſhould think it ſufficient to let a long ſeries of ſucceſſive years imperceptibly retrieve the equilibrium it would deſtroy. An Adminiſtration like this would be little concerned about the poverty of the people, war, and its deva[illegible]tations, while it could comfort itſelf with the reflection, "that after a *fixed* time population augments in proportion to the abundance of proviſions:" deſpiſing to be cramped in its calculations by the public opinion, and confounding men and things together, it would pay little attention to the maintenance of public tranquillity. "What a dreadful moral," ſays our author, "what inhuman careleſſneſs would reſult from this way of feeling and judging! How dangerous to give way to theſe general notions, which deſtroy the ſenſe of every duty, becauſe the principles by which they are connected, no longer ſubſiſt!"

The arguments with which Mr Necker concludes this chapter, deſerve to be written in letters of gold; they diſplay the moſt conſummate abilities, without ever loſing ſight of what ought to be the primary object of every good King's and every able and upright Miniſter's views,—the good of the people. "What then," ſays this profound Statesman, "is requiſite to enable us to form a ſound judgment on the leading queſtions of political œconomy? Our ſpeculative ideas, and our plans of adminiſtration, muſt be ſuited to the weakneſs of our nature; we muſt proportion them to our duration, and to thoſe moral affections which conſtitute the eſſential part of happineſs or unhappineſs: then the preſent time will no longer be ſacrificed to the future, in our plans; then we ſhall not imagine that every thing is equal, becauſe ſimilar cauſes produce ſimilar effects; we ſhall ceaſe to believe

lieve that all may be retrieved by that circulation which gives to one what it takes from another; then, more eſpecially, the life of Men, that ſacred depoſit entruſted to the care of Sovereigns, will not appear to them as a property which they may ſlightly ſtake againſt uncertain future advantages, looſely held out by politicians: then the unheard-of ſufferings of unhappy wretches expiring on the field of battle, and in priſons, where they are huddled up together; ſufferings which only belong to thoſe who experience them, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; ſhall not appear to Sovereigns in the light of calamities that may be collectively conſidered, or eſtimated, without remorſe or anxiety. He who reflects on Adminiſtration ought to conſider with attention the weakneſs of man; and when he ſees that the enjoyment of phyſical pleaſures are limited to a few moments every day; when he ſees that during the longeſt life, man's happineſs or miſery depend on the nature of the emotions of his mind, he will eaſily acknowledge, that confidence and peace are among the greateſt benefits that can be expected from the cares of Government. Sovereigns, ſenſible of theſe various truths, will ſay to the generation of men which ſurrounds them: "To you I owe all my attention; your happineſs is uppermoſt in my thoughts; and, as you are all born with certain rights, connexions and habits, I will better your condition without violent meaſures, and will give the preference to the good I may effect by moderate but efficacious means, rather than to thoſe dazzling ſyſtems that diffuſe care and diffidence, and to which the happineſs and quiet of the preſent generation are almoſt always ſacrificed in the firſt inſtance." How different would be the conduct of princes, how widely different the general lot of mankind, could their rulers be prevailed on to pay due attention to theſe truths! Ye monarchs of the world, ſtudy them for your own happineſs, for that of the people committed to your care—*Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.*

Chap. IX. treats of the Population of the kingdom of France. The calculation leaſt liable to error, Mr. Necker thinks, is that which reſults from the number of births: epidemical diſeaſes, emigrations, &c. may occaſion ſlight differences in the Bills of Mortality.

The number of marriages has ever been conſidered as a very incorrect rule of compariſon, and the depravity of manners ſtrengthens this opinion.

The number of Births, upon the niceſt calculation, has been found to be in proportion to that of the inhabitants, as 1 to 23, and 24 in diſtricts not particularly favoured by Nature. In the greateſt part of France, it is as 1 to 25, 25½ and 26, and in cities is nearly as 1 to 28, 29, and 30. The compleateſt ſtatement that came to our author's knowledge was that made in 1780.

In 1780 the Births amounted to			989,306
1779	—	—	956,667
1778	—	—	932,800
1777	—	—	998,191
1776	—	—	939,074
1775	—	—	934,480
1774	—	—	939,608
1773	—	—	900,438
1772	—	—	905,580
1771	—	—	913,214
			9,409,358

which, upon the average for ten years, makes *per* year — 940,935

The number of Deaths during that period amounted to - — 8,184,918

This, on an average, *per* year 818,491

The number of Marriages during theſe ten years amounted to 2,137,740

On an average, *per* year — 213,774

The Births, multiplied by 25¾, produce Souls — — 24,229,075

The Deaths, multiplied by 29⅔, and the marriages by 113½, give nearly the ſame reſult.

From the whole Mr. Necker draws this concluſion; That the whole extent of the kingdom of France conſiſts of 26,951 ſquare leagues, 25 to a degree.

That its Population amounts to 24,676,000 inhabitants, or 916 individuals for every ſquare league.

The Taxes amount to 584,400,000 livres *, which is 21,684 livres *per* ſquare league, or 23 livres, 13 ſols, 8 deniers, or nearly 1l. 0s. 9d. ſterling *per* head, for all perſons of every age and ſex.

Chap. XI. contains a conciſe account of the Taxes, Immunities, Population, Extent, and principal Reſources, of each Generality in the kingdom.

Chap. XII. and XIII. treat of the Extent, Population, and Contributions, of Corſica and the French Colonies.

Chap. XIV. contains general Obſervations on a Reform of the Taxes.

The contents of the firſt two Chapters of the Second Volume are relative to a Reform

* The taxes paid by Corſica amount to 600,000 livres, which compleats the 585,000,000, as mentioned before.

of two of the principal Taxes in France, viz. thoſe of Salt and Tobacco. The third conſiſts of Obſervations upon the Duties on Importation and Exportation, with Reſearches and Reflections on the Ballance of the Commerce of France. To enter minutely into this buſineſs would carry us beyond all bounds; we can barely take a general view. According to our author, before the laſt War the exportations of France exceeded its importations, *communibus annis*, about 70,000,000 of livres, the reſult of an annual exportation to the amount of about 300,000,000, and of an importation amounting to about 230,000,000.

Chap. IV. regards the Reform of the Cuſtoms. The four following Chapters relate to the Arrangements to be adopted by the Provincial Adminiſtrations; of the Election of Members of thoſe Aſſemblies; of the Introduction of the Clergy into them; and an Enquiry whether it was the Intereſt of the ſeveral Parliaments to oppoſe their Eſtabliſhment. This plan was our author's favourite, and he ſpared no pains to bring it to perfection: as far as he went, its ſucceſs exceeded even his own moſt ſanguine expectations; but on his retiring it was dropt, to the unſpeakable injury, in our opinion, of the country. As its effects are entirely confined to that kingdom, it, as we before obſerved, is much more intereſting to the French nation than it can be to any other.

Chapters VIII. and IX. contain an Account of the Taxes paid by the Clergy, and ſome Strictures on the Diſpoſal of Eccleſiaſtical Benefices.

In Chap. XI. are Reſearches and general Reflections on the National Debt, and the Means of paying it off. To attempt to abridge this Chapter would be doing conſiderable injuſtice to its merits, and at the ſame time the extracts would ſcarcely be intelligible in their detached ſtate; we muſt therefore refer to the book itſelf.

The laſt Chapter in this volume ſtates the Public Expences of France, amounting, including civil and military eſtabliſhments, to nearly 610,000,000 *per ann.* which *apparently* exceeds its annual income by 25,000,000. From a variety of circumſtances which we cannot recapitulate, Mr. Necker, however, reduces the ſum by which the expenditure exceeds the receipt to 10,000,000 *per ann.* and finiſhes the Chapter by recommending œconomy, the ſurpriſing effects of which are not badly illuſtrated by the following deſcription.

"Œconomy, ſays Mr. Necker, is followed by theſe its conſequences; peace and tranquility are reſtored: the retrenching of uſeleſs expences multiplies the means of public power and felicity: the influence of a good Adminiſtration has no longer any obſtacles to conquer, and the State becomes proſperous on every ſide.

"We then imagine we ſee a long neglected foreſt, in which all the noxious weeds have juſt been rooted up, and all exuberant branches and ſuckers lopped off by ſkilful hands; by which beneficial operations, the uſeful trees extend their boughs, their trunks riſe with greater vigour, a free circulation of wholeſome air vivifies the languid ſap, and exhauſted Nature is again re-animated."

The firſt nine Chapters of the Third Volume contain a Diſcourſe on the current Coins of the Kingdom; on the Standard Weight of the Coins in France; of the Sovereign's Profit on the Coinage of Specie; on the Advantages or Inconveniencies reſulting from the Profit made by the King on the Coinage; on the Ceſſion made by the Sovereign of this Profit to Individuals; on Alterations in the Standard Weight and numerary Value of the Specie; on the Exportation and Melting of the National Specie *; on the Quantity of Specie in France; and on the progreſſive Increaſe of the Specie circulating in it. The remaining contents of this Volume are multifarious: an Inquiry into the Advantages or Inconveniencies reſulting from an Abundance of Specie in Circulation; Conſiderations on Luxury, and its progreſſive increaſe; Reflections on the Fortunes of Financiers; on the Sollicitations of the Great; on the Places that ennoble their Poſſeſſors; Reflections on Aſylums for Mendicity, on Hoſpitals, on the internal Regulations of Priſons, and a particular Arrangement for one Claſs of Priſoners; [the laſt two Sections deſerve particular attention] on the Corn Trade, and Cultivation of Waſte Land; Obſervations on the Intereſt of Money and the Maintenance of Public Credit; on the Eſtabliſhment called Mont de Pieté, inſtead of Pawnbrokers; on Life Annuities; on the Droit d'Aubaine; of the Caiſſe d'Eſcompte; of Regularity in the Exchequer; Ideas on the Eſtabliſhment of a general Board for Reſearches and Informations; Remarks on the Œconomy of Time, on the Spirit of Syſtem, on the Appointment of Intendants of the Provinces, on the Change of Principles and Perſons in the Adminiſtration of the Finances; and laſtly, Thoughts on War. In each of theſe Sections the author has diſplayed his uſual perſpicuity and knowledge, and uniformly ſhewn himſelf not only the conſummate Stateſman, but alſo the Friend of Humanity. We are ſorry our limits will not

* For an Account of theſe two Articles ſee the General Table

permit

permit us to make extracts from several of them, particularly those on War. The difference between the feelings of an ambitious and a beneficent monarch are, under this last article, so strikingly contrasted, that we cannot resist the temptation of inserting an abridged, and of course an imperfect, sketch of it.

"What anxieties, what remorse, says our author, attend on victories and conquest! A name indeed springs up and is recorded in history, from the midst of battles and devastations, from those heaps to which flourishing cities have been reduced by fire, from those fields in which armies have found their graves; but it is the name of that Sovereign, who, to satisfy his insatiable ambition, commanded those ravages, and willed those devastations. I fancy I see such a Sovereign, in the most splendid moment of his glory and triumph, after having hearkened to the adulation of his courtiers, retiring to his closet with the particulars of the horrors of an engagement in his hand, considering himself as the author of so many evils. How many melancholy reflections must occupy his mind, what gloomy ideas assail him! He wishes to recal the crowd that surrounded him; he does not even know the traces of his former sentiments; his joys are fled, his glory is vanished! In the mean while night comes on apace; darkness and silence cover the earth; peace seems to reign every where but in his heart; the plaintive cries of the dying, the lamentations of the widow and fatherless, the various calamities of which he is the author, occur to his remembrance, and trouble his imagination: he unwillingly exclaims, 'Who am I, to order so much devastation? Born to be the benefactor of mankind, I am become their scourge!' In vain does he endeavour to exculpate himself, and to attribute his successes to the Supreme Being; he thinks he feels an invisible hand that repels him, and seems to reject his gratitude. Distracted with these ideas, he endeavours to bury them in sleep, impatient till the return of day; the splendour of his court, and the multitude of sycophants who surround him, approach to dispel his anguish and renew his illusions.

"What a different scene is the life of a beneficent Sovereign! We seem as if passing from a stormy and tempestuous night to one of those pure and serene days, in which the calmness of nature animates and awakens in every being the sentiment of happiness. A beneficent Sovereign finds a continual source of agreeable reflections; nothing in the order of society is indifferent to him, as being connected with that measure of happiness of which mankind are susceptible. By putting himself on a par with his subjects, and by learning not to think only of himself, but to live for others, a beneficent Sovereign lengthens the duration of his pleasures; and old age, habit, and satiety, which extinguish the passions of men, make a respectful exception to his. He who makes every thing subservient to his ambition, is like a pilot who steers his ship through a ridge of rocks, and at every instant hears the timbers cracking and detaching themselves from its sides; whereas the beneficent monarch sees his days glide smoothly along; and when old age informs him of the approach of that moment in which his power will be of no avail, he looks forward to that inevitable period with tranquility; and when no longer able to act or advise, he takes a retrospective view of his reign, and, satisfied with the prudent use he has made of it, he gives himself up to those hopes which virtuous and sensible minds alone can entertain."

We wish our limits would permit us to continue the description; but, reluctantly obliged to quit this amiable and instructive writer, we are, however, determined to give him an opportunity of taking his leave of the reader in his own expressive words, which conclude the work. "In fact, what am I, who have so few years to live! what am I, in comparison with a single useful truth, or a single instructive information, which if it chance to fall on a fertile soil will produce, for a long time the most salutary consequences! All personal calculations are erroneous; and sooner or later Time unveils the most seducing illusions: man finds trouble where he looked for nothing but content; weariness where he flattered himself with habitual enjoyments; and disgusts where he expected to find nothing but glory: he sees the phantoms of his imagination appear and vanish in the same instant: the accomplishment of his hopes, the triumphs of his vanity, the successes of his ambition, set these passions in their true light; and he stands in need of a continual renewal of tastes, wishes, and inclinations, in order to enable him to get thro' the short space of his life. It is therefore necessary, on this tumultuous stage, to rely on some principle; and the only one that can be applied to all events, that can serve as a guide to personal interest in its doubts, and that can resist its temptations, is, a deeply inculcated consciousness of our social duties, and a noble idea of order and of virtue. We must firmly adhere to that great chain by which man is united to society, his mind to the knowledge of the public good, his soul to every generous sentiment, and his feeble existence to the most sublime of all ideas: then we may securely trust ourselves; then we may believe we are safely moored, and in the midst of the illusions of this world, our opi-

opinions will acquire ſtability: then, more especially, we ſhall feel ourſelves eager to apply our faculties to the objects that increaſe the uſe made of them, and which ſeem to augment our worth in our own eyes: then alſo, we ſhall become acquainted with true rewards and heart-felt conſolations: and when the end of all vanities approaches, when the time arrives in which the ſhades of the inevitable night of death begin to furround us, we ſhall find ourſelves more reconciled to that obſcure futurity, we ſhall approach it with more tranquility; and the feeling mind, at leaſt, will not have its anxieties increaſed by regrets for loſt time, for hours trifled away, and for talents either neglected or abuſed."

GENERAL TABLE

Of the groſs Sums enumerated in the Body of Mr. Necker's Work, and of their Amount in Engliſh Money.

	French Livres.	Sterl. Engliſh, according to Mr. Mortimer £.	s.	d.	Real Amount in Sterl. £.	s.	d.
Total Amount of the TAXES annually levied on the Inhabitants of France (1)	585,000,000	24,375,000	0	0	25,593,750	0	0
Annual Expences of the State, including the civil and military Eſtabliſhments,	610,000,000	25,416,666	13	4	26,387,500	0	0
Expences in collecting the Taxes	58,000,000	2,416,666	13	4	2,537,500	0	0
Annual Amount of the IMPORTATIONS	230,000,000	9,583,333	6	8	10,062,500	0	0
Ditto of the EXPORTATIONS	300,000,000	12,500,000	0	0	13,125,000	0	0
Ditto Balance of Commerce	70,000,000	2,916,666	6	8	3,062,500	0	0
Annual Intereſt of the National Debt (2)	207,000,000	8,625,000	0	0	9,056,250	0	0
Annual Charge of the Army (3)	124,650,000	5,193,750	0	0	5,433,437	10	0
Annual Charge of the Navy	45,200,000	1,883,333	6	8	1,977,500	0	0
Amount of Gold and Silver Coin ſuppoſed to be actually in the kingdom	2,200,000,000	91,666,666	13	4	96,250,000	0	0
Suppoſed annual Increaſe	40,000,000	1,666,666	13	4	1,750,000	0	0

"The Eſtimate in Engliſh Money is made at the rate of 24 Livres to the Pound Sterling; and as this is the exact par of Exchange, it will be an eaſy operation to divide any of the inferior ſums contained in the details, in order to know their amount in Engliſh money." We have inſerted this Table for the reader's information, and at the ſame time with a view to rectify a glaring miſtake of Mr. Mortimer's. We cannot conceive how a man who profeſſes himſelf to be acquainted with mercantile matters, could commit a blunder that a clerk in the firſt year of his clerkſhip would bluſh to be guilty of. The exact par is 22 Livres, 17 Sols, and 6 Deniers, per Pound Sterling, and not 24 Livres. The difference ariſing from this error will appear in the third column of this Table. The accuracy of Mr. Mortimer's calculations can only be equalled by the elegance of his diction.

(1) Mr. Necker adds the revenue of the Royal demeſnes, and ſome other incomes, to the Taxes, in order to bring this article nearer to a balance with the next.

(2) The amount of the Debt is not given.

(3) The Ordnance expences are included in this and the next article.

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(*Continued from page* 206.)

THE uncommon length of the elaborate and intereſting note of M. D'Hancarville, of which we gave part in our laſt Number, having prevented our giving the whole, we now proceed to lay the remainder before our Readers.

"The Scholiaſt of Callimachus, continues our Author, unacquainted with the analogy we have been mentioning, thought that this title was given to the Celtæ, becauſe, by attacking the temple of Delphos, they had imitated the Titans ſuppoſed attack on Heaven. (Τιτῆνες δὲ διὰ τὸ ἐπιχείρημα). But when we conſider, that the Celtæ iſſued from a branch of the *Agathyrſian Scythians*, who peopled the north of Aſia, and that the Titans inhabited that part of Caucaſus which belonged to the ſame Scythians; when we recollect that they had the ſame gods, from whom they took their name, and pretended they were deſcended; when we remark that the Titans were repreſented with the legs of *Serpents* like the *Fo-hi* of the Chineſe, and *Echidne*, the mother of the Scythians; we can no longer doubt, that they were related to the Agathyrſæ, among whom ſhe was held in the higheſt eſtimation. The Commentator of Pindar, upon the authority of an ancient poet called Pherénicus, aſſerts that the Titans were the anceſtors of thoſe Hyperboreans who ſettled near the ſources of the *Iſter* and the *Danube*: (Schol. ad Pind. Olymp. iii. p. 38 and 39.) As the ſources of theſe rivers were in a country inhabited by the Celtæ, we can account for the poet Callimachus ſaying theſe people were deſcended from the Titans. The Greeks, who in the ſequel conferred the honours of divinity on the Titans, conſidered them *as the fathers of their fathers*. (Orph. Hymn. 36. v. 2.) The Greeks and the Celtæ, then, were ſomehow related; and that this relation did exiſt, is confirmed not only by the names of *Teutons* and *Titans*, which they reſpectively bore, but alſo by their religious worſhip, to which their names bear reference. This evidently points out to us the origin of the Greeks; by this appellation they were diſtinguiſhed previous to the reign of Amphictyon at Athens; and from the *Arundelian* Marbles we learn, that they then changed it for that of *Hellenes*, which they have borne ever ſince. (*Marm. Oxon. Epoch.* lin. 10 and 11. Καὶ Ἕλληνες ὠνομάσθησαν τὸ πρότερον Γραικοὶ καλούμενοι). The Hellènes, though they conſidered themſelves as a diſtinct people from the Pelaſgi, whom they expelled from Greece, never made any diſtinction between themſelves and the Greeks. They were one and the ſame nation, though known by different names; and by acknowledging the *Titans* for their anceſtors, they, at the ſame time, acknowledged, that they migrated into Greece from the ſame country, viz. that part of Caucaſus inhabited by the Titans. This mountain, in the Scythian language, was called *Graucaſus*, which ſignifies *white with ſnow*. (Plin. lib. vi. p. 181. *Scythæ appellavere et Caucaſum montem Graucaſum, id eſt, nive candidum*). The name of *Graian*, given to that ridge of the Alps which extends itſelf from the *Cottian* to the *Penine* Alps, between *Mount Cenis* and *Petit St. Bernard*, could never be derived from the Greeks, as that people never croſſed theſe mountains. Even admitting that Hercules had croſſed them, as was believed in Pliny's time, (Plin. lib. iii. p. 126. *Graiis Alpibus Herculem tranſiſſe memorant*) he could not have called thoſe Alps *Grecian* or *Graian*, becauſe even at that time the Greeks had quitted that name, and taken that of Hellènes. But as the *Cottian* Alps took their name from the Scythian language, ſo thoſe of *Grand St. Bernard* derived theirs from the ſame ſource. It is derived from the Saxon word *Græg*, of which the Engliſh have made *Gray*, and which among the Saxons ſignified the ſame as *Grau* among the Danes; the French have changed this word to *Gris*. Now the Daniſh word *Grau* is exactly the ſame with that the Scythians made uſe of to expreſs the colour of *Graucaſus*. For that word is compounded of *Grau*, expreſſive of that colour which we call *Gray*, and of *Cap* or *Kop*, which among the Celtæ and the Latins ſignified the *Head* or *Summit* of any thing. The name of the *Griſons*, which was ſuppoſed to be of Etruſcan origin, (Plin. lib. iii. p. 128.) is derived from the ſame ſource. They call themſelves *Graw-Pundtner*, or *Graw-Bundtner*; and as the appellation of *Graian* given to the Alps was derived from the word *Grau*, ſo that of

Grain

Graiani or *Greeki*, borne by the people who came from thoſe mountains in Scythia into that country, which took from them the name of *Greece*, and then that of *Helladia*, was derived from the word *Graucaſus*. Euſebius, as well as Stephanus the Geographer, traces the origin of this name from a certain Prince called *Græcus*, (Euſeb. Chronic. lib. poſt.) who, according to ſome accounts, was ſaid to be the father, according to others the ſon, of a King of the Pelaſgi in Theſſaly: this King could never have given his name to the Alps, which they however bore; ſo that, in caſe ſuch a King ever did exiſt, we muſt conclude he was ſo called from being originally of that country near *Graucaſus*, from whoſe name at all events that borne by the *Greeks* was derived. The literati, who have ever been in ſearch of a different origin for this word than that of this ſuppoſed King, will judge how far we have ſucceeded in diſcovering it.

"The names of *Greeks* and *Greece* were ſo far loſt even in *Greece* itſelf, that no author before Ariſtotle has mentioned them: he is the firſt, I believe, in whoſe writings they are to be met with. Though almoſt totally forgotten even in the very country which had borne it, this name had always been preſerved in Italy. It muſt therefore have been carried thither at a time prior to that of the Greeks aſſuming the name of Hellenes. This time is, by the Arundelian Marbles, fixed at an Epoch which anſwers to 1521 before the preſent Æra. (Marm. Oxon. Epoch. vi.) Œnotrus, according to Pauſanias, was the leader of the firſt Colony that migrated from Greece into Italy: (Pauſan. lib. viii. chap. 3.) and Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis fixes the time of the ſettlement of this Colony at ſeventeen *generations* before the Trojan War, (Dionyſ. Halicar. lib. i. cap. 3.) which is about two centuries before that in which the *Greeks* gave up that name, and the Œnotrians brought it into Italy about the year 1719 before our Æra.

"Cato, Sempronius, and ſeveral other hiſtorians quoted by Dionyſius, (lib. 1. ſect. v.) aſſerted that the Aborigines from whom the Latins deſcended, were of Grecian origin. The latter of theſe authors is of opinion, that they were deſcended from the Œnotrians: by theſe people, then, was introduced the worſhip of *Tho*, or *Theo*, which, as we have ſeen, exiſted among the Aborigines by the names of *Tous* and *Dis-Pater*, as it did among the Etruſcans by thoſe of *Tui*, or *Muntus*. Theſe Œnotrians came from Peloponneſus, where, we find, there was a city called *Teuta*, which name was given to that of *Pyſa* in Etruria. The inhabitants of this Province were called *Thuſcæ*, which ſignifies the Sons of *Thus*, or *Tho*. Their names, which diſtinguiſhed them as worſhippers of that God, is the ſame as that of the Titans of Greece, from whom Œnotrus ſprang, being the ſon of Licaon, whoſe grandmother was Niobé, the daughter of Phoroneus. This Niobé, who was of the family of the Titans, had by Jupiter, who was of the ſame race, Pelaſgus, the father of Licaon. It is from this, probably, that the *Thuſcæ* took their name. They were then of the ſame ſtock as the Aborigines, and traced their deſcent back through the Œnotrians, to the ſame people they were deſcended from, and of courſe to the Scythians, from whom, we have made it appear, the Greeks originally came. It is now, therefore, eaſy to diſcover, why theſe people had the ſame Gods in common with the Celtæ, the Greeks, and all the nations of the Eaſt, as well as the origin of thoſe of Italy and its firſt inhabitants.

"Although the Greeks, as has been ſaid, made a diſtinction between themſelves and the Pelaſgi, they nevertheleſs had one common origin; for we have ſhewn, that the Pelaſgi introduced into Greece the worſhip of *Tho*, or *Theo*, which was that of the Titans alſo, from whom the Greeks pretend they are deſcended; and the Titans, like the Pelaſgi, were taught that worſhip by their anceſtors the Scythians. Herodotus, after having ſpoken much of the Pelaſgi and the Hellenes, leaves his reader in a doubt, whether theſe people were of the ſame or a different origin: He, however, ſeems to have ſaid every thing that could tend to ſettle that point: he acknowledges that the Ionians who came from Peloponneſus had originally been called Pelaſgi, (Herodot. lib. vii. Sect. xcv. p. 413. Ἴωνες—καὶ πρὶν ἢ Δαναόν τε καὶ Ξοῦθον ἀπικέσθαι ἐς Πελοποννησον, (ὡς Ἕλληνες λεγουσι) ἐκαλέοντο Πελασγοὶ Αἰγιαλέες. The Æolians, before they aſſumed that name, were in like manner called Pelaſgi (Idem. Αἰολίες—καὶ τὸ πάλαι καλεόμενοι Πελασγοὶ ὡς Ἑλληνων λογος) and the Lacedemonians, who according to the ſame author, were Dorians, were *originally* Pelaſgi (Herod. Hiſt. lib. 1. Sect. lvi. p. xxi. Ἱστορέων δὲ εὑρισκε Λακεδαιμονίους καὶ Ἀθηναίους προέχοντας τοὺς μὲν, τοῦ Δωρικοῦ γενεος, τοὺς δὲ, τοῦ Ἰωνικοῦ. Ταῦτα γὰρ ἦν τα προκεκριμένα ἐόντα τὸ ἀρχαῖον τὸ μὲν, Πελασγικὸν τὸ δὲ Ἑλληνικον ἔθνος.) But as the Hellenes formed *one* people, compoſed of Dorians, Ionians, and Æolians, all of

of whom were originally Pelaſgi, we muſt perceive that the Helienes, or Greeks, known by that name, were not a different people from the Pelaſgi; they muſt both have inhabited one and the ſame country, before their arrival in Greece; and as we have demonſtrated that the Greeks came from Caucaſus, it is alſo certain, that the Pelaſgi came from the neighbourhood of that mountain, and were deſcended from the Scythians.

"The inhabitants of Attica gave the name of *Hyperacrians* to ſuch of them as dwelt on the mountains, and that of *Parbalians* to thoſe who lived near the ſea. (Dionyſ. Halic. lib. 1. ſect. v. p. 14.) This ſeems to have been the caſe likewiſe among the people from whom the Greeks were deſcended: thoſe who dwelt on the mountains of Caucaſus were called *Graucaſians* or *Graians*, whence the name of Greeks; thoſe, on the contrary, who lived in the vicinity of the ſea, which extends itſelf at no great diſtance from Caucaſus, appear to have been diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Pelaſgi*. On their arrival in Greece, the latter, preſerving the cuſtoms of the Scythians, encamped themſelves under tents; and Strabo obſerves, that the word *Argos*, which was the name of a city in Theſſaly, ſignifies a *Camp* (Strab. Geog. lib. viii. p. 372. Αργος δὲ καὶ τὸ πεδίον λέγεται). This word, ſays that author, ſeems to belong to the Macedonian and Theſſalian languages: to the latter belonged the city of *Argos*, which Homer turnamed *Pelaſgian*; and the Theſſalian language, of which Strabo ſpeaks, had preſerved the name of *Argos*, from the Pelaſgian, of which it certainly was a dialect.

"The Greeks ſeem, early, to have abandoned the wandering way of life of their Scythian anceſtors: they appear to have ſettled on the ſpots they firſt fixed upon, and to have cultivated the land, and built cities, in order to defend themſelves from the incurſions of the Scythian Pelaſgi, who continued to bear the name of *Nomades*; for in every part, they who embraced a *paſtoral* life, ſeem to have been inimical to thoſe who gave themſelves up to *agriculture*. The inhabitants of Samarcand and Bochara, though of the Tartar race, have been obliged at different times to build walls for the protection of their lands againſt the wandering hordes of Tartars, from whom they originally deſcended, who lead a paſtoral life, and, like the ancient Scythians and Pelaſgi, fancy the land belongs to him who can firſt occupy it. This different mode of thinking firſt induced the *Greeks* to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the *Pelaſgi*. "The former," ſays Herodotus, "never changed their habitations; the latter were perpetually moving and wandering about." (Herodot. lib. 1. ſect. lvi. p. 21. Καὶ τὸ μὲν, οὐδαμῇ κω ἐξεχώρησε· τὸ δὲ, πουλυπλάνητον κατὰ.) The language of the Greeks collected together in cities eaſily acquired a ſmoothneſs, and became very different from that of the Pelaſgi; and then it was that the Greeks conſidered as ſtrangers thoſe people, from whom they differed both in manners and language; and they thus became enemies, in conſequence of that mutual diſtruſt which the invaſions of the one and the reſiſtance of the other gave birth to, and conſtantly kept alive.

"To theſe motives of diviſion, which thus ſeparated nations derived from the ſame origin, were added thoſe of religion. We have ſhewn, that the religion of the Pelaſgi and firſt Greeks was *Scythiſm*, a worſhip antecedent to that of the Gods ſubſtituted by the Greeks. Theſe Gods, of the family of the Titans, were the princes of their nation and that of the Pelaſgi. In the war between them, the latter ſeem to have been on the ſide of the vanquiſhed; but the Greeks, who were attached to the victorious party, beſtowed divine honours on them. This gave riſe to *Helleniſm*, or that new religion ſubſtituted by them in place of the ancient, and afterwards adopted by ſome of the Pelaſgi.

"The Œnotrians, deſcended from the Pelaſgi, carried this new-fangled religion into Italy, and with it, the language of the country from which they came. Hence we may account for the Aborigines who were deſcended from theſe Œnotrians, ſpeaking a language originally the ſame with the Greek, and for the Latin, formed from that mother tongue which gave birth to the Greek, having that great affinity which Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis and Quintilian diſcovered between it and the Æolian dialect. The Etruſcan language ſeems to have been ſtill more homologous to the Pelaſgian; that is to ſay, the latter underwent leſs alteration in Etruria, whither, we have clearly ſhewn, the Scythians certainly penetrated, and who muſt have been the ſame people as the Œnotrian *Pelaſgi*, from whom every circumſtance corroborates the proof that the Etruſcans were deſcended."

[*To be continued.*]

As you like it, a Poem addreſſed to a Friend. 4to. 1s. Stockdale.

THE Poet's friend muſt be very partial to him, to *like* ſuch poetry. When dulneſs is the *vehicle* of abuſe, without ſome grains of wit *ad gratum ſaporem*, it muſt be a naſeous draught indeed.

Letters of Literature, by Robert Heron, Eſq.

(*Continued from Page* 200.)

WE profeſs high admiration of the genuine poetical talents of Taſſo, but it is not founded on ſuch reaſons as Mr Heron gives for Dryden's Ode being worth all that Pindar ever wrote, "becauſe it was a dithyrambic, and not a lyric one," *(ſee our laſt Number)* nor on *all* the citations which our *wonderful* Critic gives as the beauties of that poet.

That Virgil's characters are feeble copies from Homer, is urged as a heavy charge againſt the Roman bard by our Critic; but "Taſſo, he ſays, yields only to Homer for the variety of his perſons." Yet ſtrange as it may ſeem, he inſtantly adds, "of their ſtrength I cannot ſay ſo much," and owns they might have been greatly heightened. What then becomes of the "yields *only* for variety?" Why, good reader, our Critic likes to be oracular, and you may amuſe yourſelf with unriddling him.

In the ſame Letter (LV.) he pretends to characteriſe Taſſo's heroes, but is moſt woefully ſuperficial in doing it.

"Godfrey," he ſays, "is prudent with courage, pious with generoſity"—and perhaps he is too perfect.—But tho' Godfrey is exactly a *Chriſtian* Eneas, Taſſo muſt not be accuſed of imitation; for then he muſt have no genius.

"Rinaldo," he ſays, "is an admirable character, new to epic poetry"—yet he adds, "he is as different from Achilles as may be, tho' the general idea of his part in the poem is evidently hinted by Homer."——Poor Virgil, how has thy invention been denied for imitations not half ſo *evident*!

"Tancred again is a moſt diſtinct perſonage from any other in the poem, tho' to deduce the marks of diſtinction might require more room than we can now ſpare." Oh, the wonderful depth of ſagacious and oracular criticiſm!

"The old warrior Raymond hath nothing to do with Neſtor. His old age makes his part fully as intereſting, as the youth of Rinaldo doth his." Yet Virgil, in his worſt imitation of Homer, never fell ſo much beneath his maſter, as Taſſo has done in this moſt evident imitation of Neſtor.

"The hermit Peter is a very fine and new perſonage, and might have given occaſion for admirable painting, had Taſſo but known how to avail himſelf of his fable to the utmoſt."—Here an old zealot prieſt is a *new* character, becauſe Taſſo *might* have made it ſo. All he has done is, however, in direct imitation of Homer's prieſt, who orders ſacrifices and the reſtoration of Briſeis, as near as Paganiſm and its fitter Chriſtian magic can be brought. And who cannot ſee that Peter's ſending the heroes who were to recover Rinaldo from the enchantment of Armida, to a magician who ſhews them the centre of the earth, evidently alludes not only to Virgil's Sybil, who aſſiſts Eneas in viſiting the nether regions, but is alſo clearly copied, in part, from Virgil's cave of Cyrene, of which by and bye?

"If we paſs to the Mahometan *(heroes)* we ſhall find equal variety with much more ſtrength. Taſſo ſeems to have thought that the Chriſtian ſyſtem prevented any deep ſhades of diſcrimination being thrown round a character; while the Mahometan, more indulgent to human frailty, left ample ſcope for the natural man to ſhew himſelf. In this view *Aladin*, *Soliman*, *Altamore*, *Iſmeno*, *Argantes*, *Emireno*, *Siſiphernes*, are all characters of as much ſtrength as variety.

"That of Soliman, the dethroned king of the Turks of Aſia Minor, combating againſt the Chriſtians who had dethroned him, is particularly ſtrong, new, and intereſting.

Good heaven, what are you about now, Mr. Heron! You "*ſeem to forget that* epic "*only meant* narrative, *and may with great* "*juſtice be applied to a tale of Fontaine.*"—Theſe are your own words in Letter XLI. What then are the tales of Arioſto, Boyardo, and Pulci, and of all the elder Italian and Provençal Romances? The plan and conduct of ſome of theſe have been pointed out, and juſtly declared truly Epic, even in unity of action, by Dr. Percy, whom you often commend. Yet all theſe Epics are full of enchanters, and have enchantment in the wildeſt and grandeſt ſcenery. Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe, you gravely tell us, that "the part of *Iſmeno* the magician is *new* to epic poetry!!!!" And a wonderful ſtretch of invention it is to ſuppoſe a King dethroned by the Chriſtians ſhould fight againſt them! Ay, ay, ſuch *invention* ſhews the poet, and is "particularly ſtrong, new, and intereſting."—

Having thus lightly ſkimmed over the characters of Taſſo, our author proceeds to a very eaſy taſk, to point out ſome of his particular beauties, and this he does in a wonderfully clever manner; e. g. "This deſcription of the young Rinaldo is delicate—This ſimile is fine—No deſcription can ſurpaſs this of the army on their march—This maxim is a moſt juſt one—This brief deſcription of a timid lover well deſerves all the admiration it hath gained:

Brama aſſai, poco ſpera, e nulla chiede.

In the next ſtanza have one this line,

Le negligenze ſue ſono artifici,

is one of the moſt happy antitheſes ever written.

Such lines as,

Par maggior ſente il duol, per chi non duolſe;

and,

L'alte non temo, e l' umili non ſdegno;

are worth whole pages of common poetry. Sentimental axiomatic beauties are certainly the moſt difficult of any of the ſmaller graces of poetry, and ought to be highly valued."

Theſe four lines, ſo highly praiſed by our Critic, are hardly intelligible, as they ſtand in his page. They are from the romantic epiſode of Olindo and Sophronia. The firſt line, ſpoken of Olindo, is literally thus; *He deſired much, hoped little, and aſked nothing.* This is pretty; but its only merit lies in its conciſeneſs. The earneſt affection, the diffidence and ſilence of the lover are as common in verſe as the ſubject of love. Shakeſpear expreſſes the laſt circumſtance, "*She never told her love,*" &c. with a wonderful ſpirit of poetry: but in this line of Taſſo is none. The ſecond line is, *Her negligence was artificial.* The third is unintelligible without the context, which is thus: Olindo and Sophronia are bound to the ſtake to be burnt. Sophronia is all heroiſm; Olindo mourns aloud, yet not for himſelf, but for his companion. Clorinda comes and views their condition with ſorrow; but *grieved moſt for her, who did not grieve.* Such is the third line. In the fourth, Clorinda offers to undertake any adventure, and ſays, *I fear not a high one, and diſdain not a low one.* And theſe, ſays Mr. Heron, are beauties "that ought to be highly valued:" but pity it is he has not told us for what; for more commonplace quaintneſs can hardly be produced from any writer.

A late writer talking of the fameneſs which the numerous and forgotten epic poems on battles and ſieges naturally fall into, thus juſtly characteriſes the Jeruſalem: "Happy for Taſſo, the variation of manners, and his maſterly ſuperiority over Homer in deſcribing his duels, have given his Jeruſalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Chriſtian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies ſlaughtered, and a city beſieged. In a word, we have a handſome copy of the Iliad in the Jeruſalem Delivered."

But this moſt obvious and juſt view of the Jeruſalem, appears never to have entered the ideas of Mr. Heron. No, the maggot's bite was, "be wiſer than ages," and Virgil muſt not therefore poſſeſs one ray of invention, and therefore have not the ſmalleſt claim to poetical genius. All in him muſt be imitation, and that of the moſt inferior bungling kind. Such is the reſult of all ſaid on Virgil by our tremendous Critic; it behoved him therefore to ſteer clear of theſe objections, when the Jeruſalem was to be honoured with his higheſt praiſes for true poetical genius, invention, and originality. The numerous and egregiouſly open imitations of Taſſo muſt not be hinted at; or if at all, one or two little ones may be gently touched, that the reſt may not be thought to exiſt. "Soliman's introduction to Aladin, in the Tenth Book, is a very great improvement on that of Ulyſſes to Alcinous in the Seventh Book of the Odyſſey."

So Taſſo never thought of Virgil's Camilla, or the many female warriors of Ariotto, Boyardo, &c. when he introduced his heroine Clorinda. No, no, our Oracle muſt bring that warlike Lady from Heliodorus (oh, what a fine thing is deep reading!). Yet this "work of the very firſt merit" happens to be full fitter to Barclay's Argenis, and Sydney's Arcadia; all works of genius indeed, but unread; of warm and lively imagination, but that imagination often moſt wildly abſurd, and the ſtyle and incidents moſt unmercifully prolix; a downright penance for ſome grievous ſin, unleſs, like Mr. Heron, the reader has ſuch patience as to ſum up the exact number of words contained in the various dictionaries of ſix or ſeven languages; a noble plodding taſk, in which Mr. Heron ſeems to glory, (Lett. XXXIV.) and of which we heartily wiſh him every joy. And if the crazy excentricity of his Letters ſhould bring them to a ſecond edition, (for nothing elſe will) we preſume to beg the favour, that he would drop for once his conſtant *ego dico*, and condeſcend to *point out* "the great improvement on Homer," mentioned above. Both paſſages are before us, but much too long to tranſcribe. The reader who will turn to them, will ſoon ſee and feel how much more picturеſque and intereſting is Homer, where the reader is held in anxious ſuſpence for the deſperate fate of the Hero of the poem.

"The incident of Olinda and Sophronia,

tho' one of the moſt detached, is infinitely more a part of the Gerufalemme, than the adventure with Dido is of the Eneid; and were it much leſs ſo, its eminent beauty muſt preclude it from all cenſure: if we condemn it, we muſt crown it with laurel. Moſt of the incidents have moreover that pleaſing air of miracle, which offends not probability, and affords the genuine pleaſure of poetry to the reader." But in Taſſo, God himſelf ſends the archangel Michael armed with his own power, and the enchanter *Iſmeno* oppoſes him, and a long battle we have of it. But this is "a pleaſing air of miracle, and offends not *(magic)* probability." Be it ſo, Mr. Heron, we pretend to no magical ſecrets, but would be glad you would point out, in all the elder magical romances, (in which magic is always defeated by a charm given by magic) one inſtance of ſuch an impious extravagance as this in Taſſo.

From the proofs in our laſt, we truſt it is evident, that not one of the ſhores viſited by Ulyſſes, and the adventures thence ariſing, form more a part of the Odyſſey, nor one of the ſhores on which Eneas is thrown, is more eſſential to his wanderings, or to the rage of Juno, the cauſe of his troubles, than the epiſode of Dido. In Taſſo, the old ſtory of the Trojan Palladium is moſt ſervilely copied. An image of the virgin, ſtrange to tell, was to preſerve Jeruſalem againſt the Chriſtians, and magic had played that trick. But this Palladium is ſtolen, and Olinda and Sophronia, two lovers, are to be burned for the theft, but in the nick of time are ſaved by the Camilla of the Mahometan party. The warlike Lady, indeed, appears afterwards in the poem; but the poor lovers, the image, or one incident concerning them, are never more heard of! We ſhall make no remarks farther, than that Mr. Heron ſeems to think he poſſeſſes the apoſtolical power of being able to caſt what mountains into the ſea he pleaſes; of ſaying to Virgil, Be thou a vile imitator of no genius; and to Taſſo, Be thou a glorious original.

Homer and Virgil hold councils of the Gods, and Taſſo opens with a grand one of the Devils. But you know this is no imitation at all, Mr. Heron. You know, that Homer, Virgil, and Arioſto muſter their armies, and ſo does Taſſo; but huſh, let us not name it; "*Virgil's* muſter is *Homer's*," but Taſſo's muſter is all his own.—Surely you thought ſo, Mr. Heron, or totally forgot that ſuch meaſure as is meted to one epic writer, ought to be meted to another. Many are the ſmaller imitations of Taſſo from Virgil, and other ancient and modern writers. We ſhall only here ſelect a few great ones, which all hang together in the juſtly admired adventures of Rinaldo and Armida. Peter the hermit, the very prieſt of the Iliad, in taking upon himſelf to explain the will of heaven, converts a pagan magician to the Chriſtian faith, yet allows him to continue his magical arts; and to this magician Peter ſends the heroes who are to reſcue Rinaldo from the Paradiſaical gardens and enchantment of Armida.

About three or four years before Taſſo publiſhed his Jeruſalem, Camoens publiſhed his *Luſiadas* on the diſcovery of India, and Taſſo complimented the old Portugueſe poet in an elegant ſonnet, and Camoens had juſt before him copied Virgil's cave of the nymph Cyrene. This cave is a glorious palace under the earth and ocean, where the viſitors, among other things, ſee the fountains of the great rivers. Taſſo has the ſame incidents, and his imitation of Virgil (the other is not at our hand) is here almoſt a tranſlation, and is a capital paſſage; but Mr. Heron knew nothing it would ſeem of this imitation, tho' he aſſumes the airs of the utmoſt intimacy with the Claſſics.

The palace and gardens of Taſſo's Armida have been long held in the higheſt admiration, and contain, indeed, the very fineſt effuſions of poetical luxuriance in deſcription. "The palace of Armida," ſays Mr. Heron, tho' the ſcene of enchantment, is not adorned with decorations of glaſs, but of diamond, as ſtrong as it is brilliant"—But to whom, Mr. Heron, do thoſe brilliant diamonds belong? Not to Taſſo: no, not even the beſt of the painting. Love ſcenes in luxurious gardens and fairy palaces is a darling ſubject among the old epic romance writers. Arioſto ſeems to have vied with all his predeceſſors, and has excelled them all in theſe delightful paintings. Taſſo's Rinaldo, abſent from the wars, is deluded by Armida, and leads a life of voluptuouſneſs with her, from which he is reſcued by ſome of the firſt heroes of the poem. But every circumſtance of this is copied from Arioſto, whoſe Ruggero is thus captivated in the palace and gardens of Alcina, and is thus reſcued by Melliſſa. And Camoens, delighted no doubt with theſe beautiful paſſages, has, in his Luſiad, greatly improved upon Arioſto, in the manner in which "none but original writers can imitate." In his admirable epiſode of the iſland of Venus, he has combined the ſcattered beauties of elder poets, and worked into one piece almoſt all that can be painted of fairy bowers and goddeſs-nymphs; and Spenſer's deſcription

* See Lett. XXIII. where this is objected to Virgil, with ſeveral others of the kind, equally applicable to Taſſo.

of the gardens of Acrafia, in imitation of the gardens of Taſſo's Armida, part of which is direct tranſlation, is hardly more near the Italian poet, than the Italian's Armida is to the iſland of Venus. But Taſſo does not imitate, as "none but original writers can do." In the luxuriance of landſcape colouring, and in the glowing deſcription of the love ſcenes, Taſſo has not reached his Portugueſe maſter; and his Rinaldo, with Armida, a moſt ſervile copy of Arioſto's Rogero and Alcina, does not excel the original. And to cloſe all this groupe of moſt open imitations, who can think of Taſſo's bird which ſings a love ſong, without recollecting Virgil's bird, Celæno, who propheſies evil to the Trojans?

But our tremendous Critic ſeems totally ignorant of all theſe broad imitations; otherwiſe how could he have the brazen front to aſſert, that Virgil had not one ray of poetical genius, becauſe he was an imitator, and yet hold up Taſſo as a moſt exalted original poet! That his reading is moſtly confined to the rubbiſh of ancient and modern literature, is evident from his total ignorance of what poetical Pagan piety was, *(See our laſt Number)* and from the many inſtances we have given in the courſe of theſe remarks (and many more are in his book) that he miſunderſtood, and was exceedingly ſuperficial even in his knowledge of Virgil. Of his wretched *taſteleſs* taſte, with pardon to the expreſſion, we have given the moſt ſtriking inſtances, inſtances that indicate the very infanity of dulneſs. Dryden's Ode, he ſays, is worth all ever Pindar wrote, "becauſe it is a dithyrambic poem, not a lyric one." Good heaven! Blue is better than red, becauſe it is not red, is exactly the ſame logic. But we need not repeat the other inſtances, already cited, of his depraved taſte, or rather *no taſte* at all. He ſeems totally ignorant of what poetry is. A moſt horrid poetaſter, one Pinkerton, talks exactly like our author of invention, as the ſole teſt of poetical genius, and then thinks he has attained it, by giving new names to the diviſions of ſome execrable traſh he calls Odes. In the ſame manner Mr. Heron often finds invention, and thence true poetic genius, in circumſtances, to imagine which requires not the ſmalleſt gleam of poetical conception. We have ſeen him in raptures with paſſages of Taſſo, and others, which have not the moſt diſtant pretence to poetry. A quaint turn, a conceit, and a tiny knick-nack prettyneſs are ſuited to his taſte, and of ſuch we have produced many inſtances of his admiration. An alluſion to armorial bearing ſeems to him to be poetic inſpiration itſelf, tho' nothing is ſo frequent in the old ballads of Percy's collection. Caſimir's ode *Ad apes Barbe i as*, to the Barberinian bees, puts him in raptures. He cites it, and thus comments on it in the very ſtyle of dulneſs herſelf. "Need I tell you that the arms of Urban VIII. of the houſe of Barberini, then the reigning Pontiff, were three bees? Urban was himſelf no mean poet in the Latin way; and muſt have been much pleaſed with this fine alluſion to his armorial bearing; indeed the happieſt of the kind which I remember to have read." And to put the charge of partial ſelection utterly out of his power, we ſhall conclude our remarks on Mr. Heron's taſte, with citing his tranſlation of another ode of Caſimir, which he calls "ſuperlative," and talks of in the higheſt terms as one of his firſt-rate favourites. Thus it is:

"To his Harp.

Sonorous daughter of the pliant boxen ſtem,
On the high poplar, O my harp, thou ſhalt depend;
While laughs the ſky, and the gale
Softly revives the liſtleſs leaves.
The weſtern wind will ſolicit with gentleſt breath
The muſic of thy charming ſtrings; I the mean while,
Loſt in ſweet eaſe, will recline
Along the green of this fair bank.
Alas! what ſudden clouds invade the ſunny ſky!
What unexpected ſhowers in ſounding haſte deſcend!
Let us be gone. Ah how ſoon
Will happineſs ſtill paſs away!"

The ſtyle of the Latin original is indeed exceedingly elegant, but where is the image or the thought that requires the ſmalleſt portion of poetical feeling to inſpire it? Thouſands of ſuch things, in point of thought, may be written by receipt, and have been written by the meereſt book worms. And the concluding turn, for which the ode was written,

——— Heu ſemper fugaci
Gaudia præteritæ poſſa!

thus humbled—"Ah how ſoon will happineſs ſtill paſs away!" is the moſt common of all the common-place bewailings of the human race. Yet ſuch is the *poetry* which Mr. Heron, who can never look into Virgil without diſguſt, delights to honour, and to *immortalize* with *his* moſt reſpectable approbation.

(To be concluded by a Supplement in our next.)

Apologia

Apologia secunda: or, a Supplementary Apology for Conformity, 8vo. 6d. Bladon.

THE Rev. Mr. Newton, rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch, having quitted the dissenters, and conformed to the Church of England, published some time since an apology for his conduct, which drew a reply from a dissenting minister. This second apology consists of two ironical epistles to the "*awakened clergy*," a term unluckily applied by Mr. Newton to the conforming ministers in his publication. The intention of it is to point out some seeming contradictions in the ceremonies of the established church, in some of which it is thought to approach too nearly to those of the church of Rome, and to place them in a ridiculous point of view. But admitting ridicule to be the test of truth, we do not think that this *facetious* performance, in which neither genius nor poetical talents are displayed, will make any sensible impression on its readers. Ridicule, in the hands of a skilful master, is a keen two-edged sword; in those of a bungler, a meer dagger of lath. Half a dozen lines will suffice to determine the nature of our author's weapon. Speaking of the rules enjoined by the Church of England relative to the dress of the clergy, he *wittily* observes,

"She wise directs both to colour and shape,
"And instead of gay lace will allow only
"*tape*;
"And tho' upper garb shift from sable to
"white,
"*Supporters* must always be dark as the
"night.
"Then pray, *honor'd* clergy, regard your
"strict vows;
"Take heed that most decently black are
"your hose."

Sentimental Memoirs, by a Lady. 2 Vols. Hookham.

NOTWITHSTANDING the predilection of the day for every thing that is *sentimental*, we will venture to declare, that had these Memoirs been more interesting, tho' less *sentimental*, they would have been better received. In their present shape they cannot be said *omne tulisse punctum*. Instruction and entertainment should go hand in hand. Our fair author seems to have had her attention so invariably fixed on the former, as totally to have lost sight of the latter. We are sorry to be obliged to speak unfavourably of a Lady's first effort, but—"tho' Dinah were our aunt, truth is our sister."

The History of New Hampshire, Vol. I. by Jeremy Belknap, A. M.

THIS volume, which contains the history of this province from its settlement to the year 1715, is written with much perspicuity. Its author, who, we learn, is a native of the province, has an evident advantage over many other writers, in having had an opportunity of consulting records, and examining many manuscripts which tend to elucidate the subject of his work; his narrative bears every appearance of fidelity, and contains no inconsiderable share of information. Among other curiosities, is the following petition:

'Portsmouth, the 7th of Sept. 1687.

'To the much honred cort now siting in said Portsmouth, for the prouinc of New-hampshir,

'The humbel petition of William Houchins, on of his magesty subjects belonging to said prouinc, humbly seweth for aduic, ade and releff in his deplorabell estat and condition.

'That whareas it has plesed God to lay his hand uppon him, and that hee i in such a condition not being abell to help himselff, as to the geting a liuing or proquering help or remedy for my destemper, being low in the world, and hauing useed all the menes and aduic posabell for nere fiue year past; hauing bin informed by som that it is a destemper caled the king's euell, so can not be qureed but by his magesty. Hauing littell or nothing in this world, if my liff should go for it am not abell to trancsport my selff for England to his magesty for releff; thareffor humbly and hartly beg the help, ade and assistanc of this honred cort, that thay would so far commiserat my deplorabell condition as order som way ether by breff or any other way that youer honers shall think most meet to moue the harts of all cristen people with compation to besto somthing uppon mee, to trancsport mee for England, whar, God willing, I intend forth with to goo iff posabell, but without help not posabell. This humbly leuing my selff in the sad condition I am in, trusting in God and youer honers for help and aduice, subscrib youer por deplorabell saruant,

WILLIAM HOUCHINS.'

A

A Narrative of Facts, ſuppoſed to throw Light on the Hiſtory of the Briſtol Stranger, known by the Name of the Maid of the Hay-Stack. Tranſlated from the French. 1s. 6d. Gardner. 1785.

THE infanity of this unfortunate young creature rendering it impoſſible to obtain from herſelf any information who ſhe is, the object of the tranſlator of the preſent work is, to inveſtigate whether ſhe may not poſſibly be the ſame perſon who ſome years ſince appeared on the Continent, and whoſe ſtory is related in the French pamphlet under the name of *L'Inconnue*. It is briefly as follows:

This lady, who ſigned herſelf *La Freulen*, in 1768, applied by letter to Count Cobenzel, Imperial Miniſter at Bruſſels, ſoliciting his good offices for a perſon whom he would not repent having attended to.—The Count about the ſame time received a letter from Prague, ſigned *Le Comte de Wiſchendorf*, requeſting him to give Madame La Freulen his beſt advice, and to advance her to the amount of one thouſand ducats. After this he received a letter from Vienna, ſigned *Le Comte de Dietrichſtein*, requeſting every poſſible attention to Mad. *La Freulen*. The Count anſwered both the letters, but no notice was taken of the reply to either.

The next year the wife of a tradeſman at Bourdeaux, having occaſion to come to Bruſſels on buſineſs which introduced her to the Count, ſpoke of La Freulen in terms of the higheſt praiſe: That from her mode of living, which was magnificent, the attention paid her by Marſhal de Richelieu, and from the extreme reſemblance of her features to thoſe of the late Emperor Francis the Firſt, ſtrange conjectures had ariſen: That tho' often queſtioned on the ſubject, ſhe always obſerved the moſt ſcrupulous ſilence as to her family. Her correſpondence with the Count continued, and ſhe ſent him her miniature, which Prince Charles of Lorraine thought bore a ſtrong reſemblance to the late Emperor his brother.

In the beginning of the year 1769, the Count received ſome diſpatches from Vienna, containing ſeveral extraordinary circumſtances relative to this ſtranger. In Auguſt 1769, in conſequence of an application from the Court of Vienna to that of Verſailles, ſhe was arreſted at her own houſe, and carried priſoner to Bruſſels. At the ſame time the Empreſs wrote to Prince Charles as follows: "This wretch wiſhes to paſs for the daughter of our late Royal maſter.—If there was the leaſt probability in the ſtory, I would love her and treat her as my own children; but I know that it is an impoſture, and I wiſh every poſſible effort to be made, that this unhappy creature may no longer profane the name of our dear departed lord." On her arrival at Bruſſels, ſhe underwent ſeveral examinations, in which ſhe materially contradicted herſelf; from thence ſhe was conducted to the fortreſs of Monterels, and was at laſt ſet down as an impoſtor. The Count died ſoon after, and four days after his deceaſe ſhe was conducted to Quicoraing, a ſmall town belonging to Mons and Valenciennes—fifty louis d'ors were put into her hands, and ſhe was abandoned to her deſtiny.

From theſe circumſtances the tranſlator wiſhes to eſtabliſh the idea, that this foreign Lady and the Maid of the Hay-Stack may be the ſame perſon: of this, however, there does not appear any proof, nor is it even probable. One material objection occurs, viz. that *La Freulen*, if now alive, muſt be about 37, being about 20 when ſhe left Bourdeaux in 1768; whereas Louiſa, when found in 1781, was deſcribed as "extremely young, and ſtrikingly beautiful;" it is therefore certain that the Maid of the Hay-Stack and L'Inconnue only reſemble each other in one circumſtance—that of being both *unknown*.

Maria. A Novel. In Two Volumes. 6s. Cadell.

THE author of this Novel, who, we are told, is a young lady, ſeems poſſeſſed of many, tho' not all the neceſſary qualifications for the work ſhe has engaged in. She is not void of humour, nor does ſhe, upon the whole, want judgment; her language is above mediocrity; and when ſhe aims at being pathetic, her endeavours are frequently ſucceſsful. There are, however, from whatever cauſe they may ariſe, ſome little inconſiſtencies, which take away from the general merit of this novel, and render it leſs intereſting. In novels, as in plays, the under-plot ſhould never take off the attention from the main buſineſs: the concluſion, too, of this novel has ſomething tragi-comical in it, which leaves the mind of the reader, like Mahomet's Tomb, ſuſpended—between ſorrow and joy.

The

The Omen; or, Memoirs of Sir Henry Melville and Miſs Julia Eaſtbrook. Two Volumes. 6s. Lowndes.

THE very title of this novel is *ominous*. It by no means abounds in characters well delineated; nor are its ſituations intereſting, tho' they ſometimes border on the marvellous: the remarks are trite; it poſſeſſes, however, a negative kind of merit, that of being as harmleſs as it is inſipid.

A Fragment of the Hiſtory of that illuſtrious Perſonage, John Bull, Eſq. compiled by the celebrated Hiſtorian Sir Humphry Poleſworth, lately diſcovered in the repairs of Grub-hatch, the ancient Seat of the Family of the Poleſworths: Now firſt publiſhed from the original Manuſcript, by Peregrine Pinfold, of Grub-hatch, Eſq. 2s. 6d. Bew.

THO' Mr. Peregrine Pinfold, like the reſt of his numerous family, the *Imitatores ſervum pecus*, falls very ſhort of his original Dr. Arbuthnot, yet, upon the whole, e is not totally void of humour; and ſome of his ſketches bear a more than faint reſemblance of that ſkilful delineator's manner. The dialogue between Trim and Mrs. Herenhauſen, the nurſe; and the character of Paddy, John Bull's couſin, by no means diſcredit Mr. Peregrine.

Urim and Thummim, a Poem inſcribed to the Ducheſs of Devonſhire. 4to. 2s. 6d. Macklew.

FULSOME flattery, and illiberal abuſe, ſo laid on as to defeat its end. It can neither ſerve the one, nor injure the other party; the only ſufferer, in ſuch caſes, is the publiſher.

The Knight and Friers; an Hiſtoric Tale. By Richard Paul Jodrell, Eſq. F.R.S. and A.S.S. 4to. 2s. Dodſley.

OUR author may be ſaid to have written this Poem *ſtans pede uno*. It is the work of three mornings in the Chriſtmas holidays, and, as ſuch, hardly deſerving critical cenſure. The ſubject is taken from Haywood's Tranſlator, printed in 1624, and containing, under the appellation of the Nine Muſes, the various Hiſtories of Women. It is by no means a bad ſubject for a tale; but the pruning knife might have been uſed with advantage, as it abounds in indelicate excreſcences.

"It has happened even in the annals of criminal juriſdiction, that jurymen have been impanelled to hear and decide on thoſe very crimes, of which they themſelves have been guilty; and have reſcued the ſuppoſed culprits from the moſt imminent danger of death, when circumſtances have wonderfully conſpired to demand the penal verdict, and the judge has recommended conviction. But I do not remember to have ever heard of a fact, parallel to this ſtory, where a guiltleſs man has been ſo ſituated as to imagine himſelf the author of a ſuppoſed murder, and to ſtand condemned by his own conſcience as well as by the formal trial of a court."

The following may ſerve as a ſpecimen of the poetry.

"There liv'd in days of warlike yore
A valorous Knight, who weapons bore,
When our fifth Harry fought to gain
His Engliſh ſpoils on Gallia's plain:
Sir Thomas Erpingham he hight,
Of vaſt eclat and glory bright:
His ſingle arm bad ſquadrons yield
In Agincourt's immortal field;
Like Mars, he ſtorm'd at Harfleur's ſiege,
There bled to crown his ſcepter'd Liege.
When Peace in Britain's favour'd Iſle
Saw Victory, ſweet Siſter, ſmile,
He reap'd the harveſt of renown,
Was titl'd Steward of the Crown,
High Warden of the Engliſh Sea,
And ribband grac'd his garter'd knee.
Yet dazzling Pomp arrays in vain,
Unleſs the Fair reward our pain.
To heal the wounds of martial life
Sir Thomas ſolac'd in a Wife.
But this was only earthly joy,
An idle dream, a vacant toy;
So to ſecure eternal pleaſure,
Where Moths can't gnaw our endleſs treaſure,
For good of his celeſtial ſoul,
Knight took the hint to guard the whole.
Hence built a Convent for twelve men
To roar out anthems—now and then," &c.

There is a better verſification of this Tale in Ned Ward's Works.

EPI-

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The CLUB of AUTHORS. An ANECDOTE.

" One ſcience will alone one genius fit,
" So vaſt is knowledge, narrow human wit."
POPE.

AMONG the many amiable and the many ridiculous qualities which diſtinguiſhed the manners of the late Dr. Goldſmith, ſuch a ſhare of ſelf-ſufficiency predominated, that his beſt friends could not help conſidering this as the moſt ſtriking feature in his motley character. To the vanity of the Doctor it was a paltry gratification, to tell him that he was one of the moſt beautiful *poets* of the age, if, at the ſame time, a doubt ſeemed to remain, that, as a *proſe-writer*, his abilities were not equally conſpicuous.

Not ſatisfied with pretending to *know* every ſcience, it was his firm perſuaſion, that in every ſcience he was qualified alſo to *ſhine*. It was this circumſtance, added to the *res anguſta domi*, which rendered him ſo *convenient* and ſo *uſeful* a tool in the hands of the bookſellers—thoſe illuſtrious Mecænas's, who, as his friend Dr. Johnſon has with ſo *negative* a grace obſerved, " are neither the worſt judges nor the worſt rewarders of literary merit."—Be this as it may, *ſemper paratus* and *in utrumque paratus* were the invariable maxims of Dr. Goldſmith, when his native *indolence* would permit him to put them in practice; and, accordingly, no ſubject ever preſented itſelf amiſs to the *multifarious* pen of the *all-accompliſhed* author of the Traveller and Deſerted Village.

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The Omen; or, Memoirs of Sir Henry Melville and Miſs Julia Eaſtbrook. Two Volumes. 6s. Lowndes.

THE very title of this novel is *ominous*. It by no means abounds in characters well delineated; nor are its ſituations intereſting, tho' they ſometimes border on the marvellous: the remarks are trite; it poſſeſſes, however, a negative kind of merit, that of being as harmleſs as it is inſipid.

A Fragment of the Hiſtory of that illuſtrious Perſonage, John Bull, Eſq. compiled by the celebrated Hiſtorian Sir Humphry Poleſworth, lately diſcovered in the repairs of Grub-hatch, the ancient Seat of the Family of the Poleſworths: Now firſt publiſhed from the original Manuſcript, by Peregrine Pinfold, of Grub-hatch, Eſq. 2s. 6d. Bew.

THO' Mr. Peregrine Pinfold, like the reſt of his numerous family, the *Imitatores ſervum pecus*, falls very ſhort of his original Dr. Arbuthnot, yet, upon the whole, e is not totally void of humour; and ſome of his ſketches bear a more than faint reſemblance of that ſkilful delineator's manner. The dialogue between Trim and Mrs. Herenhauſen, the nurſe; and the character of Paddy, John Bull's couſin, by no means diſcredit Mr. Peregrine.

Urim and Thummim, a Poem inſcribed to the Ducheſs of Devonſhire. 4to. 2s. 6d. Macklew.

FULSOME flattery, and illiberal abuſe, ſo laid on as to defeat its end. It can neither ſerve the one, nor injure the other party; the only ſufferer, in ſuch caſes, is the publiſher.

The Knight and Friers; an Hiſtoric Tale. By Richard Paul Jodrell, Eſq. F.R.S. and A.S.S. 4to. 2s. Dodſley.

OUR author may be ſaid to have written this Poem *ſtans pede uno*. It is the work of three mornings in the Chriſtmas holidays, and, as ſuch, hardly deſerving critical cenſure. The ſubject is taken from Haywood's Traveller, printed in 1624, and containing, under the appellation of the Nine Muſes, the various Hiſtories of Women. It is by no means a bad ſubject for a tale; but the pruning knife might have been uſed with advantage, as it abounds in indelicate excreſcences.

"It has happened even in the annals of criminal juriſdiction, that jurymen have been impanelled to hear and decide on thoſe very crimes, of which they themſelves have been guilty; and have reſcued the ſuppoſed culprits from the moſt imminent danger of death, when circumſtances have wonderfully conſpired to demand the penal verdict, and the judge has recommended conviction. But I do not remember to have ever heard of a fact, parallel to this ſtory, where a guiltleſs man has been ſo ſituated as to imagine himſelf the author of a ſuppoſed murder, and to ſtand condemned by his own conſcience as well as by the formal trial of a court."

The following may ſerve as a ſpecimen of the poetry.

"There liv'd in days of warlike yore
A valorous Knight, who weapons bore,
When our fifth Harry fought to gain
His Engliſh ſpoils on Gallia's plain:
Sir Thomas Erpingham he hight,
Of vaſt eclat and glory bright:
His ſingle arm had ſquadrons yield
In Agincourt's immortal field;
Like Mars, he ſtorm'd at Harfleur's ſiege,
There bled to crown his ſcepter'd Liege.
When Peace in Britain's favour'd Iſle
Saw Victory, ſweet Siſter, ſmile,
He reap'd the harveſt of renown,
Was titl'd Steward of the Crown,
High Warden of the Engliſh Sea,
And ribband grac'd his garter'd knee.
Yet dazzling Pomp arrays in vain,
Unleſs the Fair reward our pain.
To heal the wounds of martial life
Sir Thomas ſolac'd in a Wife.
But this was only earthly joy,
An idle dream, a vacant toy;
So to ſecure eternal pleaſure,
Where Moths can't gnaw our endleſs treaſure,
For good of his celeſtial ſoul,
Knight took the hint to guard the whole.
Hence built a Convent for twelve men
To roar out anthems—now and then," &c.

There is a better verſification of this Tale in Ned Ward's Works.

EPI-

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The CLUB of AUTHORS. An ANECDOTE.

" One ſcience will alone one genius fit,
" So vaſt is knowledge, narrow human wit."
POPE.

AMONG the many amiable and the many ridiculous qualities which diſtinguiſhed the manners of the late Dr. Goldſmith, ſuch a ſhare of ſelf-ſufficiency predominated, that his beſt friends could not help conſidering this as the moſt ſtriking feature in his motley character. To the vanity of the Doctor it was a paltry gratification, to tell him that he was one of the moſt beautiful *poets* of the age, if, at the ſame time, a doubt ſeemed to remain, that, as a *proſe-writer*, his abilities were not equally conſpicuous.

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A JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the SECOND SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JULY 20.

THE Royal Aſſent was given by commiſſion to the following bills, viz. the Bank poſtponing, the Game Duty, Ship Aſſurance, Sinking Fund, Lottery, Duke of Glouceſter's Stipend, Mail Carriage, Pilchard Fiſhery, Salt Duty, Cotton Duty, Britiſh Fiſhery, Iron and Steel Tools, Mr. Webſter's Turpentine Manufactory, Brick and Tiles Duty, Lord Chamberlain's Bounty, Gold and Silver Plate, Flaſk Duty, Poultry Compter, Brewer's Allowance, and ſeveral other public and private bills.

A motion being made for the commitment of the bill for granting to Mr. Phillips the ſum of 1000l. for the diſcovery of his new-invented powder to deſtroy weevils, &c.

The Lord Chancellor oppoſed it pretty nearly on the ſame grounds as he did the former bill; as did alſo the Duke of Chandos.

Lord Viſcount Dudley and the Lords Effingham and Hawke ſpoke in favour of the bill.

The queſtion being put, a diviſion took place, when there appeared for the commitment, Contents 7—Non-Contents 5. The bill was committed for Monday next. Adjourned.

JULY 21.

Lord Derby having moved a ſecond reading of the Inſolvent Debtors Bill,

The Lord Chancellor roſe and ſaid, that there were two Inſolvent Bills now in that Houſe, which were founded on principles diametrically oppoſite to each other. That which was immediately under conſideration, was, in his Lordſhip's opinion, pregnant with miſchief, and, if paſſed into a law, would tend to annihilate the internal trade and intercourſe of this country: it was founded on a principle deſtitute of common juſtice and equity, by liberating thoſe, who at any future period may become inſolvent either from profligacy, diſſipation, or other wanton extravagance, and thereby defraud the induſtrious creditor from receiving that which he had a juſt right to obtain. His Lordſhip dwelt upon this part of the bill ſome time, and urged many arguments to prove how injurious the enacting ſuch a law would be to the trading part of the community.—The noble and learned Lord next ſtated the miſchief that would ariſe from that part of the bill which fixes no limitation to the debts of the inſolvent, from which he was to be diſcharged under ſuch bill. His Lordſhip concluded with moving, "that the bill be rejected."

Lord Derby ſaid, if it was the wiſh of the noble and learned Lord to have thoſe objections rectified, which his Lordſhip ſtated in the courſe of his ſpeech to lie againſt the bill, he was of opinion the proper time would be in a committee. He ſhould therefore hope, that their Lordſhips would concur in giving it their ſupport in order to commit it, and to have thoſe objectionable clauſes, if poſſible, amended, by inſerting others in their ſtead. His Lordſhip ſtated the wretchedneſs of thoſe who were confined in the different priſons, pining in miſery and want, as one great motive to induce their Lordſhips to agree to the ſecond reading, in order to have it committed.

Lord Effingham ſpoke in favour of the bill, as did Lord Ferrers, who ſeemed to agree in opinion with the noble and learned Lord reſpecting the diſcriminating between the different debtors who were now confined; that ſuch a bill would be preferable to any that as yet has been brought forward.

Lord Sydney ſaid, that he had endeavoured all that lay in his power to make ſuch regulations with reſpect to unfortunate debtors as came within his province. Many, he ſaid, ſurrendered themſelves to priſon under an idea that an inſolvent bill would paſs, who otherwiſe would have kept themſelves out. He was of opinion that it was better to reject the bill at once, than leave the unfortunate objects of it in ſuſpence, when it was not probable that it could be attended with any ſucceſs.

Lord Derby ſaid, that as their Lordſhips ſeemed to be averſe to it, it was better to reject it at once, than keep the objects of it in ſuſpence and doubts of its ſucceſs.

The queſtion was put for the ſecond reading of the bill, when it was negatived without a diviſion.

The Houſe having reſolved itſelf into a committee of the whole Houſe, Lord Hawke in the chair, on Lord Effingham's Inſolvent bill, the clerk proceeded to read the bill clauſe by clauſe.

The Lord Chancellor objected to the ſecond clauſe relative to vexatious arreſts, as being an innovation of the moſt dangerous tendency. In his opinion, every ſubject of this kingdom was by the laws now exiſting ſufficiently protected againſt the exertion of oppreſſion; and he was an enemy to the multiplying of unneceſſary ſtatutes. At any rate, he thought the Judges ſhould have been con-

conſulted in a buſineſs that involved conſequences ſo important. He was alſo againſt any alteration in the form of the affidavit, which obliged the perſon to ſwear that he believed the debtor to be *in meditatione fugæ*. This was an oath which did not involve in it any of the conſequences of perjury, becauſe the creditor was obliged to ſwear only to the beſt of his knowledge or belief; and as this was the caſe, it became nugatory, and conſequently abſurd.

Lord Effingham was ſorry the bill did not meet the approbation of the noble and learned Lord, for whoſe opinion he had the higheſt deference; he, however, muſt remain of opinion, that ſomething was abſolutely neceſſary to be done, to prevent the enormous abuſes that were daily practiſed under the ſanction of the law.

The Duke of Richmond ſpoke in favour of the bill; and on the queſtion being put, that the clauſe with its amendments ſtand part of the bill, the committee divided, Contents 6—Non-contents 4.

After ſome converſation, the further conſideration of the bill was poſtponed.

JULY 22.

The ſecond reading of the Hawkers and Pedlars bill taking place, a ſhort converſation enſued; which was ſupported by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sydney, Lord Stormont, and Lord Hopetoun.

On a diviſion there appeared for reading the bill, Contents 14—Non-contents 5—Majority 9.

A motion being made for the commitment of the bill, a debate enſued, when the ſame Lords, with Lord Ferrers, ſpoke on the queſtion. On a diviſion there appeared for the commitment, Contents 13—Non-contents 7—Majority 6.

A conference next took place between the two Houſes, on the ſubject of the Iriſh Reſolutions; after which their Lordſhips withdrew into the Houſe, and after a ſhort debate gave their aſſent to the ſame.

HAY.—The bill which had been moved for, and paſſed in the Commons within half an hour, was read a firſt and a ſecond time, committed, reported, and paſſed without any amendments—Adjourned.

JULY 25.

Agreed to three new reſolutions on the Iriſh trade.—Adjourned.

JULY 26.

Held a conference with the Commons.

In a committee went through the Inſolvent Debtors bill, with amendments.

The order of the day being then read, for the ſecond reading and hearing counſel on the bill "for laying a toll upon all horſes and carriages paſſing on a Sunday through any turnpike at or near the Circus in St. George's Fields, in the county of Surrey, towards increaſing the fund for watching, lighting, cleanſing, watering, and repairing Blackfriars-bridge," Mr. Garrow ſpoke in ſupport of the bill, and Mr. Milne was examined in ſupport of the allegations. Theſe gentlemen being withdrawn, the Lord Chancellor came forward, and ſtated his reaſons why the bill ſhould not proceed. His Lordſhip concluded with moving, "That the bill be read a ſecond time on that day four months." Lord Hawke ſpoke in favour of the bill; and the queſtion being put upon the Lord Chancellor's motion, the Houſe divided, when there appeared,

Contents	4	Non Contents	4
Proxies	3	Proxies	2
	—7		—6

The bill is therefore loſt for this ſeſſion.

JULY 27.

Previous to the ſecond reading of Lord Mahon's bill,

Lord Thurlow roſe, and apologizing for oppoſing the bill in that ſtage, took a ſummary view of its principle, which he obſerved might be founded on juſtice, but he could only look on it as a mere voluminous production to anſwer no effect; for by the preſent laws, elections were under as good, if not the ſame regulations in fact, as the bill meant to impoſe: it contained alſo ſome difficulties with reſpect to freeholders, which he thought ought not to be admitted; ſo far as reſpected their being regiſtered, it was throwing difficulties in the way of elections which ſhould be carefully avoided, as a man ought to be permitted to give his ſuffrage with the greateſt freedom poſſible. There were many other clauſes which appeared to him highly reprehenſible, but he would not now enter into the diſcuſſion of them. As he had ſo many objections to it, he would at once move that the order be diſcharged.

The Duke of Richmond ſpoke in favour of the bill, defending it on the principle of its having been ſent up from the Houſe wherein the regulation was to be made, which he thought was to be conſidered as the beſt judge of its propriety. He was of opinion the Houſe ſhould at leaſt go into the committee, when, if there appeared any clauſes that were very exceptionable, alterations might be made in them.

The queſtion being put on the Lord Chancellor's motion for diſcharging the order, on a diviſion there appeared, Contents 14—Non-Contents 6.—Majority 8.

The bill was therefore rejected.—Adjourned.

JULY 28.

Lord Effingham's bill relative to debtors, and the Attornies licence bill, were read a third time and paſſed.

A motion was made to diſcharge the order for the ſecond reading of the bill relative to creditors of bankrupts. The ſame was upon the queſtion diſcharged, and the bill ordered to be read a ſecond time on that day three months.

JULY 29.

This day the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor, with a great number of Peers (and the Speaker and Members of the Houſe of Commons) waited on his Majeſty at St. James's, with the following joint Addreſs of both Houſes relative to the proceedings on the Iriſh commercial buſineſs:

"WE, your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament aſſembled, have taken into our moſt ſerious conſideration, the important ſubject of the intercourſe between Great Britain and Ireland, recommended in your Majeſty's Speech at the opening of the preſent Seſſions; and the Reſolutions of the two Houſes of Parliament in Ireland, which were laid before us by your Majeſty's command on the 22d of February laſt; and after a long and careful inveſtigation of the various queſtions neceſſarily ariſen out of this comprehenſive ſubject, we have come to the ſeveral Reſolutions which we now humbly preſent to your Majeſty, and which we truſt will form the baſis of an advantageous and permanent commercial ſettlement between your Majeſty's kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

"We have proceeded on the foundation of Ireland; but, in conſidering ſo extenſive an arrangement, we have found it neceſſary to introduce ſome modifications and exceptions, and we have added ſuch regulations and conditions as appeared to us indiſpenſibly neceſſary in eſtabliſhing the propoſed agreement as juſt and equitable, and for ſecuring to both countries thoſe advantages, to an equal enjoyment of which they are in future to be entitled. Your Majeſty's ſubjects in Ireland being ſecured in a full and laſting participation of the trade with the Britiſh colonies, muſt, we are perſuaded, acknowledge the juſtice of their continuing to enjoy it on the ſame terms with your Majeſty's ſubjects in Great Britain; and it is, we conceive, equally manifeſt, that as the ſhips and mariners of Ireland are to continue and enjoy the ſame privileges with thoſe of Great Britain, the ſame proviſions ſhould be adopted in Ireland as may be found neceſſary in this country for ſecuring thoſe advantages excluſively to the ſubjects of the empire.

"This object is eſſentially connected with the maritime ſtrength of your Majeſty's dominions, and conſequently with the ſafety and proſperity of both Great Britain and Ireland. We therefore deem it indiſpenſable, that thoſe points ſhould be ſecured, as may be conſidered neceſſary to the exiſtence and duration of the agreements between the two countries, and they can only be carried into effect by laws to be paſſed in the Parliament of Ireland, which is alone competent to bind your Majeſty's ſubjects in that kingdom, and whoſe legiſlative rights we ſhall ever hold as ſacred as our own.

"It remains for the Parliament of Ireland to judge, according to their wiſdom and diſcretion, of thoſe conditions, as well as of every other part of the ſettlement propoſed to be eſtabliſhed by mutual conſent, as the purpoſe of theſe Reſolutions is to promote alike the commercial intercourſe of your Majeſty's ſubjects in both countries; and we are perſuaded, that the common proſperity of the two kingdoms will be thereby greatly advanced; the ſubjects of each will, in future, apply themſelves to thoſe branches of commerce which they can exerciſe with moſt advantage and wealth, as will operate as a general benefit to the whole.

"We have ſo far performed our part in this important buſineſs; and we truſt, that in the whole of its progreſs, reciprocal intereſts and mutual affection will inſure that ſpirit of union ſo eſſentially neceſſary to the great end which the two countries have equally in view. In this perſuaſion we look forward with confidence to the final completion of a meaſure which, while it tends to perpetuate harmony and friendſhip between the two kingdoms, by augmenting their reſources, uniting their efforts, and conſolidating their ſtrength, will afford his Majeſty the ſureſt means of eſtabliſhing a laſting foundation in the ſafety, proſperity, and glory of the empire."

After the return of the Houſe from preſenting the above addreſs, the Lord Chancellor reported his Majeſty's anſwer to the ſame to be as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I receive with the greateſt ſatisfaction theſe Reſolutions, which, after ſo long and diligent an inveſtigation, you conſider as affording the baſis of an advantageous and permanent commercial ſettlement between my kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing can more clearly manifeſt your regard for the intereſts of both my kingdoms, and your zeal for the general proſperity of my dominions, than the attention you have given to this important object. A full and equal participation of commercial advantages, and a ſimilarity of laws in thoſe points which are neceſſary

neceſſary for their preſervation and ſecurity, muſt be the ſureſt bond of union between the two kingdoms, and the ſource of reciprocal and increaſing benefits to both. The ſame ſpirit in which this great work has begun and proceeded, will, I doubt not, appear throughout the whole of its progreſs; and I concur with you in thinking that the final completion of it is of eſſential importance to the future happineſs of both countries, and to the ſafety, glory, and proſperity of the empire."

After this, the Houſe reſolved itſelf into a committee, Lord Galway in the chair, for levying an addition on the licences for hawkers and pedlars, and for putting them under certain reſtrictions.

Lord Hopetoun, after a few words in their favour, when they came to the clauſe appointing it to take place on the firſt of Auguſt, moved to leave out the firſt and inſert the 15th.

This occaſioned a ſhort debate, and a diviſion took place, when there appeared for Lord Hopetoun's motion,

Contents	—	4
Non-Contents	—	8
Majority	—	4

The Clerk then proceeded till he came to the clauſe for reſtricting the opening their packs within two miles of a market-town.

Lord Hopetoun here roſe again and ſaid, this was ſo particular a hardſhip on that ſet of men, whom he had ever looked upon to be as uſeful as any members of the community, that he ſhould conceive himſelf totally wanting in his duty if he ſat there and ſuffered it to paſs in ſilence. His Lordſhip then took a general review of the hawkers, from their firſt ſetting off to vend a few buttons of their own manufactory, until the preſent ſtate of importance unto which they had arrived; and, after ſpeaking very ſtrongly in their favour, moved to leave out the clauſe.

Lord Walſingham defended the bill, inſiſting, that the privileges allowed hawkers of ſetting up in any corporation town was more than a compenſation for the reſtriction in the bill.

Lord Sydney alſo ſpoke in favour of the bill, and ſaid, that as an alteration in the bill would prove fatal to it, he ſhould oppoſe the noble Lord's motion; if, however, there was any part which by experience was found injurious, it might be amended in a future ſeſſion.

Lord Ferrers declared himſelf an enemy to the bill; he obſerved it was a revenue bill, but the ſum it was to raiſe was too contemptible to be an argument in its favour; the whole it was propoſed for was 6000l. and there were more than that number of perſons who would be deprived by it of the means of getting a livelihood.

Lord Sydney ſaid a few words in reply, and was anſwered by Lord Hopetoun, after which a diviſion took place, when there appeared,

Contents,	—	5
Non-Contents,	—	10
Majority for the clauſe		5

Lord Hopetoun afterwards ſtated his objections to ſeveral other clauſes, and particularly to that for admitting one juſtice to be able to convict on the evidence of one witneſs; but obſerving the diſpoſition of the Houſe he ſhould forbear, he ſaid, any motion, reſting himſelf ſatisfied with having pointed out thoſe parts which appeared to him highly objectionable.

The bill then went through the committee and was reported.

AUGUST 2.

The royal aſſent was given by commiſſion to the following public bills, viz.

Acts impoſing duties on Medicines, Hawkers and Pedlars, and Attornies; the Act to limit the duration of polls and ſcrutinies, in the election of Members to ſerve in Parliament, &c. &c. after which the Houſe adjourned to the 27th of October.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JULY 25.

THE Attorney-General brought up an additional clauſe to the bill for appointing Commiſſioners to enquire into the claims of the American Loyaliſts, purporting, that two Commiſſioners ſhould be empowered to go to Nova-Scotia, for the purpoſe of ſettling the claims of ſuch of the reſidents in that colony as had ſuffered in their circumſtances by their attachment to his Majeſty during the war. The clauſe being added by way of rider, the bill was read a third time and paſſed.

The Lords having ſent a meſſage, requeſting another conference on the ſubject of the late Iriſh Reſolutions, the ſame perſons who had been appointed to manage the two former, repaired to the Painted Chamber, and on their return the Chancellor of the Exchequer reported, that the Lords had concurred in the amendments.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved, that the Reſolutions for ſettling a commercial arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland on terms of reciprocity and mutual

mutual advantage, he now read; which being done, the Chancellor moved, that the Addreſs the copy of which is inſerted in page 300, be preſented to his Majeſty.

Lord Beauchamp ſaid, he could not give his aſſent to the Addreſs, on account of its being couched in too ſtrong terms of panegyric. He thought it would not be ſafe to the commercial intereſts of this country to vote ſuch an Addreſs, as he was of opinion it would be as unfavourably received in Ireland as the Eleven Reſolutions originally tranſmitted from that country had been by the Houſe. Though he had in ſome degree given thoſe Reſolutions his ſanction, he did not think he ſhould expoſe himſelf to the charge of inconſiſtency, if he oppoſed them in their preſent ſtate. He had voted for their being received, not becauſe he approved them, but becauſe they were on a ſubject of ſuch vaſt importance as to call for deliberate enquiry. The buſineſs of the commercial arrangement, he ſaid, had been opened in ſo dark and unintelligible a manner, that the very perſons who were connected in the ſeveral branches of trade that would be affected by it, were at a loſs to know to what extent the propoſed plan would go, and how it would operate on the various branches of manufacture. He was perſuaded that the Engliſh traders in beer, wine, and ſugar, would ſuſtain eſſential injury, if the Propoſitions were adopted; and he inſiſted that they were by no means calculated to effect what was propoſed, viz. to eſtabliſh a ſyſtem of reciprocity. Lord Beauchamp concluded with oppoſing the motion.

Mr. Jenkinſon ſaid, that the Reſolutions, as they had paſſed the Iriſh Parliament, were not unfavourably received here, at leaſt not by a majority of the Members of that Houſe. Great Britain was now going to ſignify to the ſiſter kingdom what were the modifications in the original plan which would make the ſyſtem completely anſwer the purpoſe for which it was deſigned; and theſe Reſolutions, as amended, he thought would form the beſt poſſible foundation, ſhort of an actual union, for a permanent and advantageous agreement between the two countries.

Mr. Eden acknowledged the plan was eſſentially amended, but was perſuaded much ſtill remained to be done to make it what it ought to be.

Mr. Fox was perſuaded there was no neceſſity for precipitately adopting a plan of regulation ſo extenſive in its object, and ſo minute and complicated in its detail. The original Eleven Reſolutions, tranſmitted from the Iriſh Parliament, were ſo different from thoſe now under the conſideration of the Houſe, that there might, on the firſt view, appear ſomething like inconſiſtency in objecting to both the ſyſtems, which ſo directly and ſtrongly militated againſt each other. By the ſecond liſt of Reſolutions, demands were made upon Ireland, which could not fail to ſow the ſeeds of jealouſy between the two countries. But if the Hon. Gentleman would not recede from proſecuting his ſcheme, let him, ſaid Mr. Fox, have the candour to acknowledge that a ſacrifice of the manufacturing and trading intereſts of Great-Britain is to be made in order to purchaſe the friendſhip of Ireland. The many thouſands of people who have preſented petitions to the Houſe, and the great and reſpectable numbers who have been heard at the bar, and whoſe aſſertions there have been confirmed by the ſolemnity of oaths, adminiſtered at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, had afforded much neceſſary information; but yet all the information the Houſe had been able to obtain in the many and long diſcuſſions of this important buſineſs, was by no means ſufficient to enable it to appreciate the miſchiefs that muſt reſult from the adoption of this ſyſtem of commercial arrangement, one tendency of which was to ſurrender the execution of the laws for the collection of the revenue, into the hands of officers, over whom the legiſlature of this kingdom had no controul. Declamations on reciprocity and mutual advantage were idle and ridiculous; the diminution being only with reſpect to merchandize imported into this country from Ireland; while in return, the advantages to be ſecured to England were ſo inconſiderable, as not to admit compariſon. He had hoped the time would never arrive, when this country ſhould entertain the moſt diſtant idea of reſuming the power of legiſlating for the other kingdom; but the treaty of agreement had for one of its objects the direct reſumption of that power of legiſlation: for if it ſhould be adopted, England would enact thoſe laws which Ireland would be bound to recognize. As to himſelf, he was a determined enemy to the whole ſyſtem, which had been ſo vigorouſly oppoſed to its laſt ſtage by the manufacturers. Had it not been for the information of thoſe reſpectable and intelligent manufacturers, the Houſe would not have been able to have put the Reſolutions into a form that made them in ſome degree leſs exceptionable than they were originally; but notwithſtanding that, from their repeated tranſformations, they retained very little of their original complexions, he had not, among all the various people he had the honour of converſing with on the ſubject, been able to learn, that the manufacturers were better ſatisfied with them than when in their former ſtate. Ireland will not bear, under the colour and pretext of negociation, to relinquiſh the privilege obtained

tained by the ſtrong and irreſiſtible voice of the people, which is the great ſecurity of modern liberty, and in which all popular aſſemblies muſt ultimately acquieſce; for were ſhe to yield in this reſpect, ſhe would reſign the eſſence of her independence. The ſiſter kingdom is to be reſtrained from leſſening the tribute exacted from her by this country, however loudly the ſtate of her finances may call for a diminution; and to yield to this condition would be to ſurrender the firſt enſign of her liberty; for however aggrieved, ſhe would have no power of revocation, or of adopting ſuch modifications as might be neceſſary to alleviate her own diſtreſſes. The idea of a Houſe of Commons naturally involves the idea that the redreſs of grievances ſhould precede the grant of ſupplies; Ireland, therefore, will never ſubject herſelf to become an object of ridicule, by abandoning the power of exerciſing ſo invaluable a right. This meaſure might create a diſpute, the moſt of any circumſtance to be deprecated; it was not deſired by either country, but was dreaded by both, as was manifeſt from the petitions which had been preſented, and the reſolutions paſſed at the numerous public meetings in both kingdoms. The voice of the people had been loud againſt the ſyſtem; and ſuch as ſhould induce the Houſe to deliberate ere it adopted a plan ſo univerſally execrated and dreaded. Mr. Fox again urged the Houſe to poſtpone the further conſideration of the Propoſitions to next year, and concluded with giving his negative to the motion for the Addreſs.

Mr. Pitt replied to the Noble Lord, and the two Gentlemen who ſpoke after him. He took a retroſpective view of the evidence of the manufacturers, and after comparing the relative ſituations of the manufacturers of both countries, contended, that the importation of Iriſh goods into this country was nothing more nor leſs than the importation of them ſubject to the low duties payable here; but on the increaſe of the internal duties in this country, there was to be a countervailing duty laid on ſuch commodities in Ireland. He ſaid, it was clear to every underſtanding, that the ſecurity of every free ſubject conſiſted in enacting ſuch laws as would affect thoſe for whom they were made, as well as thoſe who had made them. In the preſent caſe Great-Britain does not aſſume the right of legiſlating for Ireland, or that of making ſuch regulations to bind her as bind this country, which ſhall not appear to the people of Ireland to be for the mutual benefit and advantage of both countries. With reſpect alſo to the arrangement being final and permanent, if it could be ſo formed as to meet with the unanimous approbation of both countries, it would be for the intereſt of each to render it as permanent as the nature of things will admit. With reſpect to the unity and equality of commercial intereſts between the two countries, ſound policy required that the foreign trade of Ireland be put upon the ſame footing as the foreign trade of this country; and that the duties laid upon the produce and manufacture of both be reciprocal. This ſyſtem, therefore, had all the permanency that any human compact can have, viz. the faith of both countries pledged for the mutual benefit of each other. Ireland, he hoped, was poſſeſſed of too much good ſenſe to be led away by high-ſounding words to oppoſe a meaſure which was calculated to ſecure to both countries the proſperity and welfare of each other, and to conciliate them in the cloſeſt bonds of amity and friendſhip; to effect which was the only wiſh he had in view when he firſt propoſed the commercial ſyſtem. He admitted indeed, that many great and reſpectable bodies of men were at firſt apprehenſive of ſuffering by this propoſed plan; but the more it came to be underſtood, the more their fears and apprehenſions appeared to diminiſh. At the preſent period he was certain, that the majority of the people of England were not againſt the ſyſtem; and with reſpect to Ireland, the people of that country had not as yet had the Reſolutions properly before them, that they might ſee whether they were ſo injurious to them as repreſented. It could not, therefore, be argued, with any degree of propriety, that the people there are averſe to them, till they have them before them; and to accompliſh this end, he had that day been induced to move the Addreſs which was then before them. He concluded with giving the motion his hearty concurrence.

Mr. Sheridan followed, and in a ſpeech of conſiderable length condemned the whole of the ſyſtem, as inadequate to the purpoſes it was intended to effect. He argued againſt the meaſure with great ingenuity, and created much mirth and laughter by his remarks, which were very ſarcaſtical.

Strangers were now ordered to withdraw, under the idea that a diviſion was to take place; but the motion was carried in the affirmative without any diviſion.

Mr. Pitt then moved for leave to bring in a bill for ſettling the commercial intercourſe between both countries on equitable and permanent grounds.

Mr. Fox oppoſed it, contending, that it was abſurd, nay even an inſult to the Iriſh, to bring in a bill for the purpoſe of carrying into law the Reſolutions agreed to, and for which the Addreſs of that day had been moved, before it was known how they would

would be received in Ireland. And in caſe alterations were to be made in thoſe Reſolutions in Ireland, which it was probable might be the caſe, ſuch a bill as that now moved for would be downright farcical and ridiculous.

Mr. Dundas argued for the bill, as neceſſary to explain more fully the nature and meaning of the Reſolutions, which he thought the more neceſſary on account of the oppoſition they had received from a party who dared not face a diviſion that day. Mr. Dundas alſo ſpoke much in praiſe of the great number of Members who had attended, as a proof of the attention and care given to a ſubject of ſo much importance and intereſt to both countries.

The queſtion for leave to bring in a bill was then put, and carried without a diviſion. —Adjourned at twelve o'clock.

JULY 26.

The Commiſſioners who had managed the former conferences on the ſubject of ſettling a commercial intercourſe between Great-Britain and Ireland, were nominated again to meet the Lords in the Painted Chamber, on the ſubject of the Addreſs agreed to yeſterday. After an interview of a few minutes, they returned to the Houſe, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer reported, that the Commiſſioners had preſented to the Lords the copy of the Addreſs agreed to yeſterday.

Sir Herbert Mackworth took notice, that a bill had been brought in for manning the Royal Navy without having recourſe to the odious and unpopular method of preſſing men into the ſervice, but after being printed, that bill had lain dormant. If it was not meant to be revived, he would give notice that he ſhould next ſeſſion bring in a bill on the ſame ſubject.

Mr. Hopkins hoped, that whenever a bill of ſo important a nature as that mentioned by the Hon. Member ſhould be brought forward, care would be taken that it ſhould be diſcuſſed in a full Houſe.—Adjourned.

JULY 28.

Deferred their order for hearing undue election petitions from October to December next.

Received their Addreſs from the Lords, with the blanks filled up.—Adjourned.

JULY 29.

Went up with their joint Addreſs with the Lords to his Majeſty on the Reſolutions for regulating the commercial intercourſe with Ireland; a copy of which with his Majeſty's Anſwer are given in page 300.

AUGUST 2.

Ordered out a new writ for Steyning, in the room of Sir J. Honeywood, who hath accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Mr. Pitt brought in his bill for a commercial arrangement between Great-Britain and Ireland, founded on the Twenty Reſolutions which paſſed both Houſes. The bill was read a firſt time without producing any converſation, and ordered to be printed for the uſe of the Members.

The Speaker then, after ſaying a few words to Mr. Pitt, put the queſtion that the Houſe adjourn to Thurſday the 27th of October; on which

Mr. Sheridan requeſted to be informed by the Right Hon. Gentleman, whether he intended to move for a Call of the Houſe immediately after the adjournment, as he believed no one would contend that the importance of the ſubject was unworthy of the moſt numerous attendance, and the moſt attentive conſideration.

Mr. Pitt replied, that from the general and reſpectable attendance which this buſineſs had hitherto procured, there was little reaſon to ſuſpect that attention being relaxed in any future ſtage. But ſhould gentlemen fail to attend their duty, (which however he little expected) he certainly ſhould give no oppoſition to a Call of the Houſe.

After this the queſtion being put, was carried without oppoſition.

In the London Gazette of October 1, the following Proclamation appeared:

GEORGE R.

"Whereas our Houſes of Parliament are adjourned to the twenty-ſeventh day of October next; We, judging it not requiſite that they ſhould ſit at that time, have, with the advice of our Privy Council, thought fit to iſſue this our Royal Proclamation, hereby declaring and publiſhing our will and pleaſure, that our Parliament ſhall, on the ſaid twenty-ſeventh day of October next be prorogued unto Thurſday the firſt day of December following. And we do hereby further declare, That due notice ſhall be given by Proclamation of the time when our Parliament ſhall meet and ſit for the diſpatch of buſineſs, to the end that the Members of both Houſes may order their affairs accordingly. Given at our Court at St. James's, the thirtieth day of September, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-five, in the twenty-fifth year of our Reign.

GOD Save the KING.

We inſert the following EPITHALAMIUM, as having every reaſon to believe it the production of the Writer of the CRITIQUE on the ROLLIAD.

THE following lyric compoſition is ſaid to be the work of Mr. Pitt's private ſecretary, the ſame reſpectable Divine whom his Majeſty has lately been moſt graciouſly pleaſed to collate to the living of *Sudburn cum Capella de Orford*. It was written to celebrate the marriage of the Hon. *Edward James Elliot* with Lady *Harriet Pitt*; and was performed on the night of the nuptials, at Mr. Pitt's houſe at Putney (the newſpaper having miſinformed the public, which indeed is rather an uncommon thing for a miniſterial print, that this happy couple were joined together in Downing-ſtreet).

Shakeſpeare, in exhibiting the heroiſm of Henry V. inſinuates that his loftieſt ambition would be to have "Princes to act, and Monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene." In the repreſentation of this Epithalamium, its incomparable author has actually been gratified even to the tip-top of Shakeſpeare's reveries. The audience who heard his Ode, were the moſt illuſtrious this country boaſts; the ſingers who performed it, the nobleſt perſonages of the nation; and the compoſers of the muſic (which by the way was ſuperlative) the moſt renowned of all our honourable *amateurs*; the greater part indeed was contributed by the Duke of Queenſbury, the Earl of Uxbridge, and Sir Richard Jebb. His ———, in perſon, attended the celebration of this great event, accompanied by ſome of his moſt favourite courtiers, ſelected from the choſen few who ſtand diſtinguiſhed for their capacity of ſoftening the indiſpenſible anxieties of royalty, and of exalting the fruitions of ſocial life, by their ſuperior wit, vivacity and humour. On the firſt of this liſt appeared the Dukes of Chandois and Montague, the Lords of Saliſbury, Brudenel, and Ayleſbury. Of leſſer conſtellations, were the Lords Denbigh, Onſlow, Amherſt, Galloway, and Galway, a moſt ſplendid circle of the nobility of both ſexes not immediately employed in the Court, beſides Biſhops and Bank Directors.

His ——— (who is greatly beloved even in his own neighbourhood, and whoſe popularity, as he has been graciouſly pleaſed lately to inform us in his own Royal Gazette, extends all the way to Oxford) arrived at Mr. Pitt's houſe, in the moſt private manner, and came in the back-way, on purpoſe to eſcape a viſit from "the heads of houſes" at Barnes, Putney, and the neighbouring towns; a demonſtration of loyalty and attachment, which a more public *entrée* had infallibly compelled him to endure. Upon ſome future occaſion, perhaps, we may ſketch the order in which the company ſat down, as well as relate ſome of the numberleſs events which occurred during the evening, all of them curious, and worthy being tranſmitted to poſterity. Suffice it to ſay at preſent, that all matters were compietely arranged by nine o'clock, and that this flow of ſoul, and feaſt of reaſon, commenced immediately after, in the following courſe.

PART I.

TRIO, *ſung by Lord Graham, Mr. Roſe, and Mr. Aubrey.*

AVAUNT each grief! away each care!
Let no man wear a face of ſorrow,
Let Treaſ'ry Clerks their gigs prepare,
Let Treaſ'ry Suitors call to-morrow.

Dr. Prettyman and Demy Chorus.

This day theſe pious hands in nuptial bands have brac'd
The youth of noſe erect! the maid of taper waiſt!

RECITATIVE *accompanied, Lord Mulgrave.*

Thrice hath the year its courſe gone through,
Since love firſt caught them in his toil;
But fraught with prudence, each well knew,
"That love won't make the pot to boil."
Reſign'd to wait
The chance of fate,
This crafty ſon of *Corniſh* Lord
Put off his bliſs,
Like a true Swiſs,
Who, till he's paid, will ne'er unſheath his ſword.
Thrice three years more had heedleſs paſs'd away,
And ſhewn their patient faith, their virgin truth,
Had (*a*) *Hervey*'s death not mark'd the wedding-day,
And in the Exchequer fix'd the cautious youth.

CHORUS.

Matchleſs couple! peerleſs pair!
The gelid ſwain! the frigid fair!

AIR. *By the Lord Chancellor.*

Not with ſuch modiſh zeſt
Stout *Steele* put forth his prayer,
When lovely *Lindſay*'s cheek he preſs'd,
And claſp'd the clinging fair;

(*a*) It is hardly neceſſary to inform the reader, that this worthy couple, after a three years wooing, were married on the very day that Mr. Elliot was appointed to the office which had been occupied by the unfortunate gentleman here alluded to.

By rugged rampant love his ſuit he carried,
He lik'd the girl, he kiſs'd her, and he married.

AIR. *By Lord Trentham.*

But gentler *Elliot* ſcorns ſuch clumſy aid,
More pleas'd his ſkill to ſhow,
To nod the head, and point the toe,
He ſmirk'd and toy'd, and trifled with the maid.

TRIO, *by Lord Trentham, Lord Graham, and Mr. Banks, with a Chorus of new-married Men.*

Accompliſh'd pair, whom no rude throbs impel,
Whoſe paſſions ne'er diſturb, nor pulſes ſwell;
Whoſe thoughts obedient raptures never fire,
Whoſe guarded wiſhes never give deſire;
Whoſe ſouls ſubdu'd, no pantings diſcompoſe,
Whoſe fondneſs freezes, and whoſe longings doſe;
Oh, may no rebel blood your quiet natures move
From the ſweet apathy of philoſophic love!

PART II.

DUET, *by Col. Barre and the Bridegroom.*

Bleſs'd times, when placemen to the ſhades deſcend,
Their death's the life of many a ſtateſman's friend.

TRIO, *by Three Maids of Honour.*

The cunning prude, who, ſlyly coy,
With pompous air one lover flies,
Faſts but to feaſt on daintier joy,
And glut on fav'rite lecheries.

AIR, *Mr. Pitt.*

The Miniſter who throws away
One lucky boon which haps to fall,
Gives but to get another day;
And in good time to ſwallow all.

CHORUS *by the whole Company, his ——— beating time with great exactneſs and animation.*

Hail ſacred fraud! impoſture holy!
Eternal be the reign of folly!
May England's wits be ſteep'd in blear confuſion,
And the land ne'er know reſpite from deluſion!

TRIO, *by Lord Lonſdale, Lord Elliot, and the Duke of Northumberland.*

From *Boroughs*, grand the things that grow;
From *Mines*, divine the ſtreams that flow.
Hail Cornwall, richer than Potoſi!
Hail Cumberland, a fairer quarter!
Hail Liſkeard, Appleby, and Launceſton,
Hail Cockermouth! and hail Beeralſton!
May no rude hand invade *our* charter,
—Titles to buy, and burgage rights to barter.—

PART III.

RECITATIVE, *by Dr. Prettyman, accompanied by a Lute.*

But now, even now, as the rich revel thickens,
My ſad ſoul ſickens;
Through the gay dome I hear the plaintive notes
Of my ſweet lamb, whoſe rending ſtrain denotes
(*b*) The early death of our dear boy,
Firſt-fruit and *uſufruct* of all our am'rous joy!
Alas, like young Marcellus,
He only came to tell us,
(And tho' he was my ſon, 'tis ſure no lie)
"That we are mortal all, and that we all muſt die!"
Gone to that ſcene where, through her thrifty fan,
(*c*) His mother firſt eſpied her darling Prettyman!

FUGE, *by the ſame Performer.*

But ſtill protecting Heaven
In myſtic ways befriends us,
And now an ill, and now a bounty ſends us,
And ſo of bliſs and pain preſerves the balance even.
Even now, while ſunk, I ſit in ſad deſpair
To think I muſt beget another heir,—
He comes!—he comes! behold! behold!
The King's Gazette this radiant fact unfold!
I *am*, in ſpite of Fate and Faction's bellow,
Thy Rector, happy Sudburn *cum* Capello!
Here—there's the Parchment with the Signet dread
Of Mother Church's ſacred ſapient head!
'Tis thus the power divine
(*d*) The growth of *Iſaac* built on *Ned's* decline.

So

(*b*) The amiable author of this excellent compoſition loſt his new-born child about this time.

(*c*) Mrs. Prettyman firſt ſaw her accompliſhed huſband in Weſtminſter-Abbey, at one of the Muſical Meetings, and fell incontinently in love with him, whilſt he was gazing through an opera-glaſs at the Princeſs Elizabeth.

(*d*) In this line, it is not improbable the Reverend Poet had his thoughts on Col. Barre's obtaining the Pells on the demiſe of Sir Edward Walpole, by that maſter-ſtroke of unmatched magnanimity in our excellent Premier. Indeed the morality of this whole paſſage is admirable; and the concluſion that Mr. Bond will fill the vacant ſeat of Mr. Gilbert, is the happieſt compliment to the diſcerning patronage of Mr. Pitt and Lord Sydney, who, after

So Elliot blooms in health, as Hervey bleeds,
So Conway dies, and Prettyman ſucceeds.
Accompliſh'd Bond thus mounts on Gilbert's fall,
And this eternal juſtice we may call!

On bended knees
The ſacred gift I ſeize,
And thus in prayer I pay the Royal fees!

The INVOCATION, *by the Archbiſhop of York.*

Oh thou, of Europe's Kings the leading ſtar!
More great thyſelf than All her Monarchs are;
Who in thy ſacred perſon doſt contain,
Without his pride, the probity of Spain;
The prop, like Cath'rine, of a graceleſs ſtate,
More firm by far—and not ſo obſtinate;
Like Fred'rick wiſe, experienc'd, deep, and bold,
—And juſt as free from ſordid love of gold;
His worth ſurpaſſing, and his vices ſhunning,
All Sweden's craft thou haſt—without his cunning;
Like Joſeph, ſtraight and clear—who never trims,
Whoſe planning ſoul thou ſhew'ſt—without his whims;
Like Louis, great and good—but not as vain——
Him thou haſt drubb'd, and doubtleſs wilt again;
Thou Arbiter of Realms! thou Lord of Fate!
Who holdſt the balance of each trembling ſtate;
(e) Great Miracle of Chiefs!! Immortal King!!
Oh! may thy will be done in every thing.
Phœbus oracular! bowman divine!
Solar ſublimity! propitious ſhine!

The BLESSING.—*A Chorus of Biſhops.*

[*A Great Perſonage's eyes raiſed up to the plinth of the wainſcot.*]

May ev'ry thing take place that gives thee joy!
May thy firſt-born his manly frame deſtroy!
May Royal York thoſe uſeful arts acquire,
That nerve the Prince, and quench the people's fire!
May he, in time, command this headſtrong nation,
And prove the bleſſings of his education!
May England ſtill be dup'd by ev'ry knave,
May Ireland yield, and ſoon become a ſlave!
May Scots their new-born love of rights give o'er,
And ſoon again be what they were before!
May bleſs'd prerogative in ſplendor riſe,
And Tudors times and Stuarts realize!
May priv'lege never gain a greater weight,
Than juſt the uſeful farce of a debate!
Whene'er the crowd one grievous ill deplore,
May they be tax'd, great Monarch, o'er and o'er!
To ſhew thy power, and keep thy honour clear,
Still may'ſt thou break thy promiſe twice a-year!
May law be guided by the ſoldier's hand,
And Juries ſink, and Freedom fly the land!
May the whole hated race of Whigs be curſt,
And Fox, to crown the whole, his windpipe burſt.

Dr. Prettyman and Chorus.

And if hereafter, through thy ſacred call,
I ever live to mount a mitred ſtall,
May I be d—mn'd myſelf, if I don't d—n them all.

after having raiſed Mr. Juſtice Wright to the dignity of Knighthood during their former Adminiſtration, want only the accompliſhment of this prediction, to ſtamp an everlaſting grace on the already honoured Magiſtracy of the City of Weſtminſter and County of Middleſex.

(e) The poetical turn of the two laſt lines of this glorification of the auguſt Sovereign, (which it ſhould be obſerved were capitally ſung as a duet, by Sir William Dolben and Sir Harry Houghton) ſeems to have been borrowed from Mr. Cumberland's invocation to Apollo, in his excellent opera of Calypſo.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 17th, Miſs Brunton, from Bath, appeared for the firſt time at Covent Garden, in the character of Horatia, in the Roman Father. This young Lady's figure is rather of the under ſize, but ſhe is nevertheleſs elegant in her perſon, and graceful and eaſy in her action and deportment. Her voice is beautifully feminine and extremely melodious, when exerciſed in what is termed level ſpeaking. Its powers ſeem not yet to have arrived at ſufficient maturity to accommodate themſelves adequately to the more violent exertions of the violent paſſions. Her countenance is agreeable, and her features regular and tolerably expreſſive; happily ſo, where the ſituation demands a ſmile. She ſpeaks naturally, and lays her accent and emphaſis with critical correctneſs. Her performance was intereſting, and fairly entitled to great commendation. Mr. Henderſon alſo, on this occaſion, obtained from the audience a conſiderable portion of juſt applauſe. Pre-

vious to the play, the following Prologue, ſaid to be written by Mr. Murphy, was ſpoken by Mr. Holman:

THE Tragic Muſe long ſaw the Britiſh ſtage
Melt with her tears, and kindle with her rage;
She ſaw her ſcene with varied paſſions glow,
The tyrant's downfal, and the lover's woe:
'Twas then her *Garrick*—at that well-known name
Remembrance wakes, and gives him all his fame.
To him great Nature open'd Shakeſpeare's ſtore,
"Here learn, ſhe ſaid, here learn the ſacred lore;
"His fancy realiz'd the Bard ſhall ſee,
"And his beſt commentator breathe in thee."
She ſpoke: Her magic powers the actor tried;
Then Hamlet moraliz'd, and Richard died;
The dagger gleam'd before the murd'rer's eye,
And for old Lear each boſom heav'd a ſigh!
Then Romeo drew the ſympathetic tear,
With him and *Cibber* Love lay bleeding here.
Enchanting *Cibber!* from that warbling throat
No more pale Sorrow pours the liquid note!
Her voice ſuppreſs'd, and *Garrick's* genius fled,
Melpomene declin'd her drooping head;
She mourn'd their loſs, then fled to weſtern ſkies,
And ſaw at *Bath* another Genius riſe.
Old *Drury's* ſcene the goddeſs bade her chuſe—
The actreſs heard, and ſpake herſelf a muſe.
From the ſame nurſery, this night appears
Another warbler, yet of tender years.
As a young bird as yet unus'd to fly,
On wings expanded through the azure ſky
With doubt and fears its firſt excurſion tries,
And ſhivers ev'ry feather with ſurprize;
So comes our choriſter.—The Summer's ray
Around her neſt call'd forth a ſhort eſſay:
Now trembling on the brink, with fear ſhe ſees
This unknown clime, nor dares to truſt the breeze.
But here, no unfledg'd wing was ever cruſh'd;
Be each rude blaſt within its cavern huſh'd!
Soft ſwelling gales may waft her on her way,
'Till, eagle-like, ſhe eyes the fount of day;
She then may, dauntleſs, ſoar her tuneful voice,
May pleaſe each ear, and bid the grove rejoice.

Saturday Oct. 22, a farce called Appearance is againſt Them, was performed for the firſt time at this theatre; the characters of which are,

Mr. Walmſley, - -	Mr. Quick,
Lord Litchfield, -	Mr. Palmer,
Mr. Townley, -	Mr. Kennedy,
Humphry, - -	Mr. Edwin,
Servant to Lord Lighthead,	Mr. Thompſon,
Miſs Angle, - -	Mrs. Morton,
Lady Loveall, -	Mrs. Bates,
Lady Mary Magpye,	Mrs. Webb,
Fiſh, - - -	Mrs. Wilſon,
Miſs Audley, -	Miſs Stuart.

Mr. Walmſley, an old uncle of Lord Lighthead, finding himſelf exceedingly hurt at the conduct of his nephew, determines to enter into the connubial ſtate, notwithſtanding his great averſion to marriage, merely in hopes of having a more prudent heir than his Lordſhip; upon which he pays his addreſſes to Lady Mary Magpye, and, in the zeal of his courtſhip, preſents her with various curious trinkets, together with an elegant Indian ſhawl. Lady Mary no ſooner receives the ſhawl, than ſhe goes and ſhews it to Miſs Angle, deſiring her to keep it for her. Miſs Angle being in love with Lord Lighthead, complains to her maid Fiſh, that ſhe has no opportunity of acquainting the object of her heart with her reſidence. On this the artful maid hits on the following expedient: She adviſes her miſtreſs to ſend the ſhawl of Lady Mary to Lord Lighthead with a letter, ſetting forth, that the ſhawl had been preſented to her by ſome unknown perſon; and as ſhe had reaſon to ſuppoſe, that it might come from his Lordſhip, ſhe took the earlieſt opportunity of returning it: Miſs Angle approves of the ſcheme, and the ſhawl is diſpatched to his Lordſhip. But far from anſwering the intended purpoſe, which was to extort an anſwer from Lord Lighthead, his Lordſhip, on receiving the ſhawl, thinks that he had actually ſent it to Miſs Angle. A thought, however, occurs to him of making it a preſent to another miſtreſs; he therefore ſends it to Lady Loveall. Lady Mary afterwards enquires for her ſhawl, which throws Miſs Angle and the maid into great perplexities: the latter repairs to Lord Lighthead, and tells him the ſhawl was ſent to him by miſtake, and begs he will return it; but having parted with it, he gives five guineas to the maid. Lady Loveall being ſeen with the ſhawl, is taken up for a thief; when all parties meet, and a proper explanation taking place, the piece winds up with wedlock in the uſual ſtyle.

This farce is the production of Mrs. Inchbald, author of *The Mogul Tale* and *I'll tell you What*, a farce and comedy produced with ſucceſs at Mr. Colman's theatre in the Haymarket. The latter the reader will recollect

was

was exceedingly popular, and if the public have not loſt their good taſte, we have no ſcruple to ſay the preſent piece will prove equally popular; for though in point of plot, incidents and character, it is a trifle, it is altogether as pleaſant a levity, as palatable a dramatic ſyllabub, its ingredients as well imagined, as congenial in nature, as conſentaneous in taſte and flavour, and as adroitly mixed, and their effect, conſidered all together, as agreeably poignant, as thoſe of any mixture dramatical we have taſted for many ſeaſons. —It was preceded by the following

PROLOGUE,

Written by Captain TOPHAM,

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

BEFORE this Court our Authoreſs you'll allow
Muſt feel—a ſimile ſhall tell you how—
And doing what good 'Squires would do of courſe,
Compare we thus our Lady to a horſe—
Suppoſe ſome Poney, then, of make and blood,
In jockey phraſe—"a little Tit, but good;"
Who, beating all competitors in pace,
Had won the whip at many a country race;
Urg'd by its maſter for the hope of gain,
Shou'd this our Poney ſeek Newmarket's plain,
How ſoon might all its little honours fade,
Sunk on *the Flats*, or ſticking in *Choak Jade!*
Fancy Newmarket then the ſcene you ſee,
You are the *Knowing Ones*—the Poney ſhe;
Has ſhe not then well-founded cauſe for dread?
Speak, wou'd you bett the odds upon her head?
But, ſimile apart, the fact is this,
The day has been ſhe has not done amiſs;
But praiſe has made her tim'rous more than vain,
And late ſucceſs augments the preſent pain.
A woman—there's indulgence in the name—
A widow too—that gives a ſtronger claim!
If ſhe ſhou'd fall, ſhe falls as women do,
Like ſtars—ſucceſsful, ſhe may riſe anew.
The Ladies then will not their aid withdraw,
Whoſe ſmile is triumph, and whoſe looks are law:
The Beaux, if wits there are amongſt ſuch men,
May gladly claim acquaintance with her pen:
Some Bard perhaps, who thrives by oppoſition,
Might form a kind of ſcribbling Coalition;
Her aid in Odes Probationary cite—
Thoſe Odes which Poets Laureat never write—
Whoſe ſoft Court ſmall-talk flows in numbers bland,
And gently ſports at queſtion and command.
Here, law, with open hand and ready mouth;
There, Scotch, that never reach beyond the South;
Great Indian names, that mock articulation,
And Iriſh wit of Engliſh fabrication.
If wit and beauty then for us unite,
Who will deny their pow'rful aid to-night?
Will you, gay Gods, refuſe your broad-grin ſmile,
From painted ſkies and ſtars of patent oil?
Or you, who boaſt below a ſnugger birth—
Ye midway Deities 'twixt heav'n and earth?
I ſee you're kind, our thanks are due for that;
I find you've not forgot—*I'll Tell You What.*

POETRY.

An ELEGY.

Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
VIRG.

WHY droops my ſoul, or why this penſive gloom,
Which damps each hope, and heaves the mournful ſigh,
Which ſhades the luſtre of the vernal bloom,
And blaſts each object to the ſicken'd eye?

No care invades the humble peaſant's breaſt,
No bitter ſigh prevents his ruſtic mirth,
No haunted fancy e'er diſturbs his reſt,
But lives the happieſt tenant of the earth.

And yet to me more means of bliſs are giv'n,
As nought I fear from treach'rous fortune's frown;
Why then am I denied that gift of heav'n,
Which makes the monarch envious of the clown?

No more the feſtive dance can give delight,
The ſocial converſe, nor the chearful bowl,
Theſe like aerial vapours wing their flight,
And hate to dwell with the deſponding ſoul.

All Nature's works with one conſent rejoice,
The fragrant flow'rets hail the vernal ray,
The feather'd ſongſters raiſe their tuneful voice,
And in ſweet chorus adoration pay:

To

To man of all creation's works alone
The general joy can no delight afford;
But he muſt ſtill his dreary fate bemoan,
While yet of all he boaſts himſelf the lord.

But yet accuſe not the decrees of heav'n;
Tho' deep the wound that galls the trembling heart,
Sure the great hand by whom that woond was giv'n,
Will yield a balm to eaſe its poignant ſmart.

Man too endow'd with a reflecting mind,
Taſtes ſweets to an inferior race unknown;
Why then lament if in life's path he find
In equal portion grief with pleaſure ſown?

Perhaps the darkneſs may the evening ſhroud,
And gloomy terrors veil the ſable night,
The morning's ſun may break the diſmal cloud,
And peace return with the returning light.

Alas! not ſo the woe-empaſſion'd breaſt,
Who long hath held ſociety with grief,
Can find a ſudden, tho' much wiſh'd-for reſt,
Or in the courſe of time can hope relief.

Say, ſhall the tear forſake the widow's eye,
Or can it be that ſhe ſhould ceaſe to mourn,
As oft remembrance heaves the tender ſigh
At ſcenes long paſt, and never to return?

Or can the man to ruthleſs war a prey,
Baniſh'd from all that Nature bids him love,
Forget to ſorrow thro' the tedious day,
Or force a ſmile his heart can ne'er approve?

Or look thro' yonder diſmal dungeon's grate,
See what a group of woe-worn ſprites appear!
Hear thouſands curſing their unhappy fate,
And acting all the frenzy of deſpair.

Some hapleſs born ne'er knew hope's chearful ray,
But talk'd of pleaſure only as a name;
Like men born blind who never ſaw the day,
But think that light and darkneſs are the ſame.

Such is the hungry wretch, who wan and pale,
Seeks from the pitying few precarious food,
Who tells the pamper'd rich ſome mournful tale,
And aſks that bounty which does them do good.

Oft may we ſee the parent droop his head,
Weigh'd down with labour and exceſs of grief,
An hapleſs offſpring clam'rous call for bread,
Yet, Oh! he knows not where to ſeek relief.

Think how he feels as oft he hears their cry;
He knows not how to keep the life he gave;
No hope appears on which he dare rely,
No pitying hand is ſtretched out to ſave.

Others not happier under ſickneſs pine,
Strangers to all that vig'rous health can give,
Who wiſh a hated being to reſign,
And think the heavieſt curſe muſt be to live.

Or ſearch for Grief amidſt the lonely ſhade,
E'en there her num'rous friends an altar rear;
Like poor Maria, ſome forſaken maid
Or frantic raves, or ſheds the pearly tear.

Or in the penſive ſolitary grove
Some lover's doom'd a hapleſs fate to mourn,
His breaſt the temple of unſpotted love,
Yet adverſe fates deny a kind return.

Perhaps two ſouls in ſweeteſt union join'd,
Each in the other centers ev'ry joy,
Heav'n makes them one, but human pow'rs unkind
Their perfect bliſs in nuptial bands deny.

Here too the wretch depriv'd of Fortune's ſmiles,
On whom ſhe once had laviſh'd all her ſtore,
In ſilent grief the tedious day beguiles,
Happy in this, ſhe can betray no more.

Or view the madman in his gloomy cell,
How chang'd the beauties of the human mind!
That breaſt where reaſon once had lov'd to dwell,
In that no traits of reaſon can we find.

One with fell rage and bitter curſes fraught,
Threatens deſtruction in his angry frown;
Another, happier in romantic thought,
Can all his cares in fancied greatneſs drown.

See too the love-lorn maid in careleſs veſt,
Sure Languor keeps its vivils in her eye,
Hapleſs ſhe droops her head with woe oppreſt,
And loſt in grief almoſt forgets to ſigh.

Thoſe

Thoſe cheeks where once the bloom of roſes glow'd,
Are furrow'd now with many a ſorrowing tear,
But long ſince dry the founts from whence they flow'd,
Like the parch'd ſoil in ſummer's heats appear.

Thus men enur'd to mis'ry from their birth,
Feel years of ſorrow for one tranſient joy;
Each boaſts himſelf the ſov'reign of the earth,
And on its follies ev'ry thought employ.

Such is our life, like ſome dark winter's day,
Scarce thro' the miſt can ſhine the chearleſs light,
Perhaps thro' clouds may gleam a wat'ry ray,
Which quickly ſets in an impervious night.

Yet from the box of ills one good we draw,
Hope ſheds its balſam on the woe-worn breaſt;
Hope chears the captive on his bed of ſtraw,
And ſweetly lulls his throbbing heart to reſt.

Hope too to happier worlds conveys the ſoul,
Where tears ne'er flow, nor gloomy death affright,
Where tides of endleſs joy ſucceſſive roll,
And all our griefs are drowned in delight.

S. H.

THE VAIN RESOLVE.

BY Heaven, this tyranny no more I'll bear,
But break theſe fetters that my ſoul reſtrain;
No more my ſighs ſhall load the paſſing air,
From my fond heart I'll tear this galling chain.

At large I'll ſmile at all thy little arts,
Thy proud divinity no more I'll own;
Go ſpread thy ſubtle nets for other hearts,
Bid other ſouls beneath thy bondage groan.

For me, in ſweet ſerenity I'll reſt,
No more my muſe ſhall ſing of Delia's charms;
The tyrant Love no more ſhall fire my breaſt,
Nor Beauty fill my ſoul with ſoft alarms.

The time has been when its extatic power
Thrill'd with ſweet rapture thro' my willing frame,
But the ſtern God of Love ſhall never more
Among his fetter'd ſlaves enroll my name.

Should even the Syrens tempt me with their ſtrains,
Ulyſſes' bands I'd to my ſoul apply;
Unmov'd I'll tread where Love's ſoft magic reigns,
And look on Beauty with a careleſs eye.

Thus did I ſing in ſpleenful hour,
Rebellious to Love's gentle power;
Juſt then, in radiance heavenly bright,
Fair Delia ſtood before my ſight.
When her angelic form I view'd,
In wild ſuſpence a while I ſtood;
In vain againſt her charms I ſtrove,
My boſom own'd ſuperior love.
Behind the maid young Cupid came,
Attendant on the lovely dame;
His features glow'd with heavenly bloom,
His purple pinions ſhed perfume;
A myrtle crown adorn'd his head,
Celeſtial ſplendors round him play'd;
I ſaw his bow and golden darts,
With which he wounds the proudeſt hearts;
His quiver rattled as he trod.
I proſtrate own'd the preſent God;
While anger in his face appear'd,
Theſe words of juſt reproof I heard—
" How durſt thy boſom entertain
A thought repugnant to my reign?
Wou'dſt thou with wild unnat'ral ſtrife
Take arms againſt the joys of life?
When cares diſturb thy troubled breaſt,
And rob thy weary ſoul of reſt;
'Tis I who, with ſoft ſkill, impart
Thoſe tender joys that chear the heart,
That gently ſmooth the rugged ſcene,
And make life's moments glide ſerene:
Each poliſh'd nation owns my ſway,
The great, the wiſe my laws obey:
On Greenland's frozen coaſt I reign,
My power is own'd on Lapland's plain;
Each ſocial tie by me is made,
What brutes were men without mine aid!
Behold, where in one form and mind
Each mortal excellence is join'd!
Then ſtrive no more with fruitleſs pain
To free thy heart from Delia's chain."—
The virgin ſmil'd with charming look,
Her hand in extacy I took;
To Cupid ſwore allegiance true,
And ſeal'd on it the binding vow.

H. S.

IMITATION of HORACE,
Book IV. Ode 3.

THE man whoſe brows the muſes bind
With myrtle wreaths, ſhall never ſhine
In high ambition's lofty ſeat;
No worldly plans ſhall vex his mind,
No cares diſturb his peaceful ſtate.

Nor ſhall he ſeek thro' toils of war
The victor's glorious meed to ſhare;
The muſe ſhall guide his raptur'd eyes,
Where ſofter, ſweeter, proſpects riſe;
Where ſiſter Graces lead the choir
Of Hope, of Joy, and young Deſire:

There

There in ſweet peace the bard ſhall reſt,
Nor feel the torturing pangs that rend the miſer's breaſt.

With careleſs eyes he views the proud
In ſplendid robes profuſely gay;
Nor heeds the dull centorious crowd,
Who impious vows to Plutus pay.

The ſhady groves ſhall hear his ſong,
Where Thames majeſtic rolls his ſtream;
His lays ſhall pleaſe the beauteous throng,
Whoſe charms compoſe the tender theme.

He ſeeks not Homer's deathleſs praiſe,
Nor emulates the Theban's fire;
To love he conſecrates his lays,
To beauty tunes the Sapphic lyre.

H. S.

VERSES addreſſed to Miſs S. P. H. G. of Ayliſham, Norfolk.

CEASE, lovely girls, at us to rail,
Who in this buſy city dwell;
We've pleaſures here that never fail,
Which language feeble cannot tell.

Here *Shakeſpeare's* morals genuine flow
From *Henderſon's* judicious tongue;
And, *Siddons*, here thy power we know,
Nor loſe thy varied beauties, *Younge*.

Here Laughter burſts his ſtraining ſides
At *Edwin's* mirth-inſpiring ſong;
And *Wilſon's* humour freely glides
Gay Pleaſure's tempting ſtream along.

Here concerts, balls, and promenades,
Invite the nymphs of cultur'd taſte;
Mars calls us to the gay parades,
Then hither, lovely girls, pray haſte.

Leave then the lonely country ſhades,
Where nought but ruſtic dullneſs dwells;
Remember ſummer ſhortly fades,
And vallies change to dreary cells.

Come then and ſtrike this buſy town
With beauty's ſweet enchanting view;
Give to bright *Venus* juſt renown,
And we'll give honeſt praiſe to you.

But ceaſe the muſe to longer play,
And bleſs us with your cheering ſight;
As kindly I'll bid you good day,
As you to me did wiſh good night.

12th Oct. 1785. RETSBEW.

IMPROMPTU.

To a young Lady terrified with the apprehenſions of a ſtorm of Thunder and Lightning.

CEASE, ceaſe your fears, they're idle, vain;
Reſume your wonted eaſe again:
No *thunders* roll in yonder ſkies,
Nor lightnings play—but in your Eyes!

E. T. P.

EPIGRAM.

On ſeeing a Gentleman with two Watches.

FRIBBLE, alas! I fear it much,
In ſome *foul* crime is catch'd!—
"Why ſo?"—Becauſe his Guilt is ſuch,
You ſee he's *double watch'd!*

E. T. P.

EPITAPH in Bath Cathedral.

Near this monument are depoſited the remains of LADY MILLER,
Wife to Sir J. Miller, Bart. of Bath Eaſton Villa.
She departed this life at the Hot-wells of Briſtol the 24th June, 1781, in the 41ſt year of her age.

DEVOTED ſtone! amidſt the wrecks of time,
Uninjur'd bear thy Miller's ſpotleſs name;
The virtues of her youth and ripen'd prime,
The tender thought, th' enduring record claim.
When clos'd the numerous eyes that round this bier
Have wept the loſs of wide-extended worth,
O gentle ſtranger, may one gen'rous tear
Drop as thou bendeſt o'er this hallow'd earth!
Are Truth and Genius, Love and Pity, thine,
With lib'ral Charity, and Faith ſincere?
Then reſt thy wand'ring ſtep beneath this ſhrine,
And greet a kindred ſpirit hov'ring near.

When Jacobitiſm received its death's-wound, the following THRENODIA was compoſed, it is ſaid, by the late celebrated Dr. J——n. The elegance of the compoſition may, perhaps, make amends for the virulence of the matter; as at any rate it ſhews the ſpirit of the party for whom it was compoſed. G. T.

M. M. C. S. E. S.

SISTE Viator, lege et luge
Miraculum Nequitiæ.
Sub hoc Marmore conduntur Reliquiæ
Matris admodum venerabilis,
(Secreto jaceat, ne admodum proſtituatur!)
Quæ mortua fuit dum viva,
Et viva dum mortua.
O Facinus impium et incredibile!
Defenſore nequiſſime orbata,
Tyrannis miſerrime oppreſſa,
Proceribus vicini regni inſulatis
(Referens tremiſco) nefarie obruta,
Aulicis impie affricta,
Filiis nonnullis perfide deſerta,
Spuriis omnibus peſſime calcata, trucidata, ludibrio habita:
Sacrificium ſuffragiis τῶν πολλῶν,
(Ne dicam τῶν παντῶν)
Votivum, et phanaticorum furore!

Milites

Rogas,
Quinam in Terra hoc?
In Inſula
Ubi Monarcha contra Monarchiam,
Eccleſiaſtici contra Eccleſiam,
Legiſlatores contra Legem,
Judices contra Juſtitiam,
Concionatores Atheiſtice contra Veritatem,
Milites audaciter, impudenter, Wilhelmo Neroniano Duce,
Contra Honorem, contra Humanitatem
Agunt.
Pudet hæc opprobria nobis!
Nam propter exſecrationem, perjurium, luget hæc Terra.
In cujus teſtimonium multi equidem ſunt teſtes vivi et recentiores.
Apage! Apage!
Ægrotavit proh dolor! Mater chariſſima beatæ memoriæ,
Anno MDCLXXXVIII.
Tum manibus, tum pedibus (væ mihi) clauda fiebat
Anno MDCCVII.
Tandem per multis flagellis, ærumnis, miſerere mei Deus! exhauſta
Obiit Anno MDCCXLVII.
Vos omnes, Seniores, Filii Filiæque
Orate pro ea, ut quieſcat in pace, et tandem beatam obtineat
Reſurrectionem.
Amen.
Cum temerata fides, pietaſque inculta jaceret,
Deſereretque ſuum patria noſtra patrem;
Illa Deum, patriamque ſuam, patriæque parentem,
Sincera coluit religione, fide:
Tramite nam recto gradiens, nova dogmata ſpernens,
Servavit fines quos poſuere patres.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Hague, Sept. 16.

THE Prince Stadtholder ſet out yeſterday morning for Breda. The life-guards are not gone with him; it is ſaid the States of Holland would not agree to their leaving the Hague, this corps being, they ſay, as much for the honour of the Sovereignty, as for that of the Stadtholder. The Prince Stadtholder will, it is ſaid, remain at Breda, and Comte de Maillebois, who is appointed General in Chief under him, will ſtay at Bois-le-duc. The General du Moulin will command in Dutch Flanders, which whole diſtrict he ſays he can defend with 10,000 men.

[The removal of the Stadtholder from the Hague to Breda is a ſingular ſtep, and may well give riſe to conjectures,—*That his Highneſs no longer can truſt his perſon among the hotbrained zealots who head the Republican party in Holland.* Breda is the principal city in Dutch Brabant, and belongs to the Houſe of Orange. Here the Prince is ſecure, the town being particularly attached to him. Being there in the neighbourhood of the Auſtrian territory, under pretext of watching the motions of the foreign enemy, he ſecures himſelf from the villainy of his countrymen.]

Sept. 30. On Saturday laſt a courier arrived here from Paris, with the news that a preliminary convention was ſigned there the 20th inſtant, between the Imperial Ambaſſador and the Ambaſſadors of the Republic, the principal articles of which are, that their High Mightineſſes ſhall pay the ſum of nine million five hundred thouſand florins, as a compenſation for Maeſtricht, &c. and five hundred thouſand for the damage occaſioned by the inundations. Dahlem is to be ceded to the Emperor, with its dependencies (except Ooſt and Cadier) for an adequate exchange in the diſtrict of Outre-Meuſe. The limits of Flanders to remain as in 1664. The ſovereignty of the Emperor upon the Scheldt is acknowledged from Antwerp to the extent of the territory of Saftingen, according to the line of 1664. The forts of Kruiſchans and Frederick Henry to be evacuated and demoliſhed, and the ſoil ceded to his Imperial Majeſty. Lillo and Liefkenſhoek are alſo to be evacuated and delivered up to the Emperor in their preſent ſtate, who renounces his claims to the villages of Bladel and Reuſſel; and all pecuniary pretenſions on either ſide are reciprocally annulled.—*London Gazette.*

The following is an authentic copy of the Preliminary Articles of Peace between their High Mightineſſes the States General and the Emperor of Germany; concluded under the mediation of France, and by the care, as the Amſterdam Gazette expreſſes, of the Count de Vergennes, who, without flattery, ſays the Hollander, may be called the Miniſter Pacificator of Europe.

ARTICLE I.

It is agreed, that the States General ſhall pay 9,500,000, florins, current money of Holland, for the indemnity of Maeſtricht and its territory, the Ban of St. Servais included, as alſo the county of Vroenhoven; and 500,000 florins, ſame currency, for a compenſation of the damage cauſed by the inundations. Three months after the ratification of the treaty, the States General ſhall pay into the Imperial Cheſt of Bruſſels, the ſum

of 1,250,000 florins of Holland, ſix months after, a ſimilar ſum: and thus, every ſix months, until the total extinction of the ſaid two ſums, making together that of ten millions of florins, current money of Holland.

II. Their High Mightineſſes ſhall cede to his Imperial Majeſty the Ban of Aulne, ſituated in Dutch Dahlem, and its dependencies, and the Lordſhip or Chief Ban of Bligay-le-Trembleur, with St. Andre, the Ban and Lordſhip of Bombay, the City and the Caſtle of Dahlem with its appurtenances, except Ooſt and Cadier; under a reſerve that a compenſation ſhall be made for them in the exchanges of reſpective conveniency to be made in the country of Outre-Meuſe.

III. The limits of Flanders ſhall remain on the terms of the convention of 1664, and if, through the lapſe of time, there ſhould have been, or be now any of them obſcured, Commiſſioners ſhall be appointed on one ſide and the other to re-eſtabliſh them.

IV. Their High Mightineſſes ſhall regulate, in the moſt convenient manner, to the ſatisfaction of the Emperor, the draining of the waters from his Majeſty's country in Flanders, and on the ſide of the Meuſe, in order to prevent, as much as poſſible, the inundations, by conſenting for that end, that uſe ſhall be made, on a reaſonable footing, of the land neceſſary, even under the dominion of their High Mightineſſes. The ſluices that ſhall be conſtructed for that purpoſe, on the territory of the States General, ſhall remain under their Sovereignty; and none ſhall be made in any place that might obſtruct the defence of their frontiers. Commiſſioners ſhall reſpectively be appointed, who ſhall be charged to determine the moſt convenient ſcite for the ſaid ſluices.—They ſhall agree together about thoſe that are to be ſubject to a common rule.

V. Their High Mightineſſes having declared, by one of their Reſolutions, that their intention was to indemnify thoſe of his Imperial Majeſty's ſubjects, who have ſuffered by inundations, they appropriate to that object the 500,000 florins of Holland mentioned in article I.

VI. Their High Mightineſſes acknowledge the full right of abſolute and independent ſovereignty of his Imperial Majeſty over all the part of the Eſcaut from Antwerp to the end of the country of Saftingen, conformably to the line of 1664, which it is agreed ſhall be cut, as the yellow line S. T. indicates, which falls back in T. on the limit of 1664, on the ſide of Brabant; as is indicated by the chart ſigned by the reſpective ambaſſadors. The States General renounce, in conſequence, the receiving and levying of any tolls and impoſts in that part of the Eſcaut, on any title, or under any form whatſoever; as alſo the obſtructing, in any manner, the navigation and trade of his Imperial Majeſty's ſubjects; nor ſhall the latter be permitted to extend it farther than is granted by the treaty of Munſter of the 30th of Jan. 1648, which ſhall, in that reſpect, remain in full force and vigour.

VII. Their High Mightineſſes ſhall evacuate and demoliſh the forts of Krois-Schand, and of Frederick Henry, and cede the ſoil to his Imperial Majeſty.

VIII. Their High Mightineſſes, willing to give his Majeſty the Emperor, a freſh proof of their deſire to re eſtabliſh the moſt perfect harmony between the two ſtates, conſent to evacuate and give up to the diſpoſal of his Imperial Majeſty, the forts of Lillo and of Liefkenſhoek, with their fortifications, in the ſtate they are now in; the States General reſerving to themſelves, to withdraw from thence the artillery, and the ammunition of every kind.

IX. The execution of the two articles above-mentioned, ſhall take place ſix weeks after the exchange of the ratifications.

X. The States General having yielded to the deſire which the Emperor had intimated to them, of having the forts of Lillo and Liefkenſhoek in their preſent ſtate; their High Mightineſſes expect from the friendſhip of his Imperial Majeſty, that he will be pleaſed to cede and give up to them, all the rights he may have formed on the villages called of Redemption, other than thoſe of which he may already have diſpoſed by exchanges with the principality of Liege. The Count de Mercy, not being ſufficiently inſtructed, was pleaſed, at the requeſt and prayer of the mediator, to take this propoſal *ad referendum*.

XI. His Majeſty renounces the pretenſions he had formed on the Ban and villages of Bladel and Reuſſel.

XII. The Count de Mercy demands, that the village of Poſtel, which, he ſays, is already ſubject to the dominion of the Emperor, be ceded to his Imperial Majeſty by the States General, who, to that effect, ſhall renounce all pretenſions: be it underſtood, that the effects of the Abbey of Peſtol, ſecularized by the States General, ſhall not be claimed. The Ambaſſadors of Holland have been pleaſed, on the prayer of the mediator, to take this article *ad referendum*.

XIII. It is agreed, that the pecuniary pretenſions from Sovereign to Sovereign, are compenſated and aboliſhed: as to thoſe which individuals may claim on one part and the other, commiſſioners ſhall be appointed to liquidate them.

XIV.

XIV. Commiſſioners ſhall alſo be nominated, to reconnoitre the limits of Brabant, and to agree in a friendly manner about ſuch exchanges as might be of mutual convenience.

XV. The treaty of Munſter of the 30th of January, 1648, ſhall be the baſis of the future definitive treaty, which is to be concluded in the ſpace of ſix weeks; and all the ſtipulations of the ſaid treaty of Munſter ſhall be retained, ſo far as nothing has derogated from them. The ambaſſadors of the States General demand the repeal of the treaty of 1751, and namely of the article V. The Count de Mercy has not thought proper to yield thereto.

"The above articles have been digeſted in the preſence of the Count de Vergennes, nominated by his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty to fill the function of Mediator, and have been ſubſcribed by the Ambaſſadors, under the approbation of the Emperor and of the States General."

Done at Paris, the 20th of September, 178.

Oct. 6. The States General are again ſitting. A very particular circumſtance has happened, which has not occurred for near a century before, *i. e.* on the firſt day of the meeting, the deputies of the province of Utrecht, after giving a ſolemn proteſt againſt the articles preliminary to peace with the Emperor, took their leave and ſet off for their own country, and it is whiſpered that the deputies of Zealand and Groningen are about to follow their example: warm contentions are expected on debating this buſineſs.

Breda, Oct. 10. By expreſs order of the province of Holland, which has the chief ſway in the Dutch Republic, the command of the garriſon of the Hague, a poſt of great dignity, and always inveſted in the Stadtholder, has been taken out of the hands of his Serene Highneſs and conferred on Monſ. Sandos, an old Swiſs officer. An affront more inſulting was never experienced by a prince in that high ſtation. It was in conſequence of this indignity that his Serene Highneſs immediately quitted the Hague with his conſort and family. No ſooner were letters diſpatched to the King of Pruſſia with a detail of the treatment offered to his niece and her huſband the Stadtholder, than his Majeſty determined to reſtore them to their privileges and conſequence in the republic; for which purpoſe his Majeſty has addreſſed the States General of the United Provinces, calling upon them to reinſtate the Prince of Orange and his family in their rights and privileges; alledging, "that we cannot be indifferent, reſpecting the cruel and unmerited fate of perſons ſo nearly related to us; but, on the contrary, that we ſhall watch over the preſervation of the welfare due to them, and to which we ought to contribute by every poſſible means."

Oct. 12. Their Noble and Great Mightineſſes the Lords States of Holland continue this day their uſual deliberations. In their laſt ſitting, it was unanimouſly reſolved to ratify the Preliminaries of Peace; and that reſolution having been reſumed the day before yeſterday, has been confirmed, but under the expreſs condition, and *ſine qua non*, "that the Emperor ſhall acknowledge the ſovereignty of the Republic over the Eſcaut from Saftingen to the Sea, by virtue, and in confirmation of, the Treaty of Munſter; that moreover, the mouths of the Sas and the Swin ſhall remain ſhut; with an injunction that the Miniſters of the Republic at Paris do not conclude the definitive treaty without the expreſs ſtipulation of theſe conditions."

The province of Guelders has juſt tranſmitted to the Generality a reſolution, by which they declare, "That they leave the ratification of the Preliminary Articles to the account of the provinces who have reſolved the inſtruction ſent laſt to the Ambaſſadors at Paris, and to which the Deputies of the ſaid province could not concur, not having been charged with deciſive orders on that head; but that, nevertheleſs, the province does not mean to retard nor ſtop the concluſion."

Peterſburgh, Oct. 16. The Pruſſian miniſter having notified to the Empreſs the concluſion of the Germanic league, the Chancellor of Ruſſia returned the following anſwer to the Pruſſian Ambaſſador, &c.

"I have made the Empreſs acquainted with the confidential declaration you were ordered by your court to communicate to me; her Imperial Majeſty, truly ſenſible of the attention of the King of Pruſſia, thinks ſhe cannot anſwer the overture made on the part of his Majeſty in a more proper manner, than by owning, with that frankneſs which ſhe uſes on all occaſions towards her friend and ally, that ſhe does not ſee the Germanic conſtitution threatened with any danger; and believing it to be ſufficiently guarantied by the treaties of Weſtphalia and Teſchen, as well as by the ſolemn aſſurances given both by the Emperor and herſelf, her Imperial Majeſty cannot perſuade herſelf that the league in queſtion, which may ſo eaſily ſpread diſtruſt among the States themſelves, can contribute to conſolidate the maintenance of the conſtitution and the liberty of the German States."

The following is the anſwer given by order of the Cabinet to the Pruſſian Miniſter by M. de Facciola, Secretary to the French Em-

baſſy at Berlin, viz. "That the King of France was of opinion that a conſtitutional league tending only to preſerve the conſtitution and peace of Germany, was a work worthy of the King's wiſdom: that his Majeſty's ardent prayer was for the preſervation of tranquility in the empire, as well as through all Europe."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 26.

AT the deſire of the Lords of the Treaſury a tour was undertaken laſt year by James Anderſon, L. L. D. a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed talents, to make reſearches into the ſoil and productions of the iſlands on the weſt coaſt of Scotland, and to examine the ſeas and harbours, with a view to promote the eſtabliſhment of the fiſheries. This indefatigable man, in his report made to the Houſe of Commons, mentions, that in the iſland of Tiree there has been lately diſcovered a quarry of marble of a quality ſuperior to the fineſt Italian marble yet known: and in the iſland of Skye they have diſcovered a vein of ſtatuary marble, which, when poliſhed, poſſeſſes all that rich ſoftneſs ſo much admired in the antient ſtatuary marble, and which has been ſearched for in vain by the moderns for ſeveral ages. At Eaſdale they have found a quarry of the fineſt ſlate; and in Iſla lead ore of the richeſt quality; copper and iron are alſo diſcovered upon that iſland. Mr. Anderſon ſtates, that during ſeven or eight weeks laſt year as many herrings were caught in a ſmall loch called Loch Urn, as would have ſold for 36,000l. ſterling, if they could have been brought to market; and had the natives had command of ſalt and caſks, double that quantity might have been caught.

The following extraordinary fact relative to herrings, but which often happens, was particularly obſerved in Loch Urn, Inverneſsſhire, on the 13th of September, 1782. It is extracted from the appendix to the third report of the Committee appointed to examine into the ſtate of the Britiſh fiſheries:—A conſiderable number of herrings had come into the Loch before this date, of which many had been taken from the 6th of Auguſt to the above date (the 13th of September) when, in the evening of that day, there appeared in the outer Loch a freſh ſhoal of herrings driving up againſt the ebbing tide, and preſſing and crouding towards the little Loch which was within—at this time it was about half-ebb. Before it was low water both ſides of the outer Loch were immediately ſeen covered with heaps of herrings, left dry by the tide; but this was but a little miſchief, compared to what was above the narrow neck between the two Lochs. For upon going up there to the little Loch, where the water might have ebbed about a quarter of a mile, the quantity was immenſe—computed at above 36,000 laſts of herrings (about 54,000 tons) lying dead upon the beach, amongſt which were alſo vaſt numbers of other kinds of fiſh. The cauſe of this accident ſeems to have been, that the whole outer Loch, which was the largeſt, being full of fiſh, thoſe that were within the inner Loch, which muſt have been filled from the bottom to the ſurface, when the water was at the higheſt (ſuppoſe fifty feet deep for example) being prevented from returning along with the tide, of conſequence muſt be left dry when the water they were contained in ſhould fall to 30 feet, as at low water.

27. A meeting was held of the Commiſſioners of the Shop-Tax, at Guildhall. The Court of Common Council having refuſed the uſe of the New Common Council Chamber, till the opinion of the Recorder and Common Serjeant ſhould be given on the legality of their proceedings, they aſſembled on the huſtings, where they proceeded on buſineſs, till they were interrupted by Mr. Merry, who, after enquiring what right they had to meet there, threw the books and papers into the Hall; in conſequence of which a ſcuffle enſued, and Mr. Merry was taken into cuſtody by the City Marſhal, for interrupting the Commiſſioners in the diſcharge of their duty. Being carried before the Lord-Mayor, and his Lordſhip having ſent for the Recorder, a hearing commenced. Mr. Fielding attended as counſel for the Commiſſioners; Mr. Garrow for Mr. Merry. After much altercation among the parties, the Lord-Mayor diſmiſſed Mr. Merry.

29. At the election of a Lord-Mayor of the city of London for the year enſuing, when the name of Alderman Skinner was propoſed, every hand in Guildhall was held up in his favour; and in favour of Alderman Wright about one fourth of the hands were up. Skinner and Wright were therefore propoſed to the choice of the Court of Aldermen, who returned Alderman Wright, who was declared duly elected Lord Mayor for the year enſuing.

Oct. 1. By a gentleman lately arrived in town from Berlin, we are informed, that his Pruſſian Majeſty, ſpeaking of Balloons, jocoſely ſaid, "That as the French claimed and deſerved the empire of the AIR, the Engliſh had proved themſelves Kings of the SEA, and

and the Emperor aimed at the ſovereignty of the LAND, the ſole element that remained for him was FIRE, the effects of which he believed he ſhould ſoon be obliged to try."

For the ſting of a Gnat.—Quid laudanum, in a ſmall quantity, juſt enough to ſupple the wound, is a known cure.

This night's Gazette contains the ceremonial of the knighthood and inveſtiture of Sir Frederick Haldimand, Lieutenant General of his Majeſty's Forces and Governor of Quebec; and of Sir Archibald Campbell, Major-General of his Majeſty's Forces, and Governor of Fort St. George in the Eaſt-Indies, Knights of the Moſt Honourable Order of the Bath.

Yeſterday a meeting of the Commiſſioners of the ſeveral duties on houſes, windows, or lights, for the city of London, and to conſider the act for granting to his Majeſty certain duties on ſhops, was held at Guildhall; when the opinion of the Recorder was read, which confirmed the legality of the proceedings of the Commiſſioners who have qualified and acted; and, after ſome debate, they adjourned *ſine die*.

Mr. Sadler has at length found his Balloon, at Middleton, near Durham, diſtant from Worceſter upwards of 250 miles.

6. This day a wheelwright at Hatfield, in Hertfordſhire, compleated the 100th year of his age, on which occaſion Lord Saliſbury, by whoſe family the old man had been employed from his youth, cauſed the neighbouring inhabitants to be invited into his park, where a very numerous company was regaled with roaſt beef and two butts of London porter. The family of this venerable man conſiſts of himſelf, a daughter 79, another 76, and a ſon 75 years of age. The common earnings of the father, by working at his trade, are 3s. 6d. per day.

The ſchooner Dart, belonging to Liverpool, was commanded by James Haſlem, the property of Meſſrs. Tarletons and Backhouſe, and was conſigned to Mr. John Ormond, on the coaſt of Africa; Capt Haſlem paid the great debt of nature on the coaſt, and William Griffiths commenced maſter. Left the coaſt on the 2d of April, bound to Barbadoes, and about four o'clock in the morning of the 16th of the ſaid month, in lat. 11. N. long. 34. W. was overſet in a ſudden ſquall of wind; had on board 143 ſlaves, Mr. Harriſon, paſſenger (who periſhed in the cabin) and eleven of the crew: fortunately the boat, being lodged on the booms as the veſſel overſet, floated; the Captain, upon firſt ſeeing his ſituation, leaped upon the booms, and floated with the boat; about eight o'clock he took in Mr. Dickinſon, Mate, James Robinſon, Henry Morecroft, Peter M'Alliſter, Thomas Cheſhire, Thomas Morris, Richard Whitney, Edward Guile, James Matthews, Richard Cheſhire, and a black boy, who all immediately left the wreck, with nothing to ſubſiſt on but four monkies and a ſmall quantity of palm-oil, for nineteen days: they ate of the monkies as faſt as they died, and ſuch was their melancholy ſituation, that when the boy died they cut off his head to ſuck his blood, took out his heart, liver, and kidneys, and divided it among them: They died very faſt, and one, upon dying, requeſted his comrade to endeavour, after he was dead, to draw ſome blood from him to moiſten his (comrade's) mouth, which they attempted without effect. On the 8th of May thoſe that were left alive made the land, which was uninhabited; and now their difficulties were as great as were their diſtreſſes in the boat; here they had a large tract of unknown land to travel over, without any ſubſiſtence than what the trees and buſhes afforded, wild beaſts to encounter, and the few that breathed daily decreaſing: at length on the 24th of June (thirty-ſeven days after they left the boat) arrived at Cayenne, where they were humanely treated by the inhabitants; and on Friday laſt Henry Morecroft arrived at Liverpool in a debilitated ſtate, and now in want of many neceſſaries to render even life comfortable, and to enable him to return to his friends.

10. A correſpondent informs us, that on Thurſday the 29th ult. being the day on which the Bailiffs of Bridgnorth are annually elected, the fourteen electors after dinner were locked up (as juries often are) till twelve of them ſhould agree in their choice, and were kept from fire, candle, meat, drink, &c. all the while. It was ſix o'clock on Friday evening before they agreed and the election was made.—This ſhews the ſincerity, or rather fury, of each party!

There is now living in Worceſter, a man who is near 90 years old, 63 of which he ſerved in the army; he had 28 children, all of whom were ſoldiers or married in the army; his eldeſt ſon and himſelf were admitted penſioners on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment the ſame day; and when quartered in Dublin, ſome years ſince, the commander in chief provided a ſupper for the old man and his family, to gratify the officers of the garriſon with a ſight as pleaſing as it was novel, a father, mother, and twenty children ſeated at one table.

Extract of a letter from Chatham, Oct. 11.

"Advice was this morning received here from Sheerneſs, that the Rambler cutter, commanded by Lieut. Lowley, was overſet yeſterday afternoon by a ſudden guſt of wind, not far from the Little Nore; by which accident

cident the Lieutenant, pilot, ſeven ſeamen, three women, and a child, were drowned; among them was the maſter's wife. It is ſaid this misfortune was owing to their carrying too much ſail. When the cutter ſunk, the reſt of the crew with much difficulty ſaved themſelves by taking to the boat. The Rambler had ſailed from Sheerneſs about two hours before the accident happened."

14. Their Majeſties returning from London, lately, to Windſor, in their poſt-chaiſe, at their being ſet down, a number of children ſurrounded the carriage to ſee the King and Queen; and amongſt them was a very fine boy, that morning put in breeches for the firſt time. His Majeſty inſtantly fixed his eye on the chearful countenance of the child, and aſked him, "Whoſe boy he was?" The lad replied, "My father is the King's beef eater." "Then, ſaid the King, down on your knees, and you ſhall have the honour to kiſs the Queen's hand;" to which the boy replied, "No! I won't kneel down, becauſe I ſhall dirt my new breeches." This extempore repartee had ſuch a pleaſing effect on their Majeſties, that they made the boy a preſent of five guineas.

15. This day the Duke and Ducheſs of Cumberland unexpectedly arrived in town from the Continent.

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh, Oct. 5.

"This being the day appointed for Mr. Lunardi's aſcending in his balloon from the garden of Heriot's hoſpital, the car was affixed, and Mr. Lunardi having taken his ſeat, and his apparatus, ballaſt, &c. being properly adjuſted, the balloon was carried into the middle of the garden, and preciſely at ten minutes before three, Mr. Lunardi gave the ſignal, and he aſcended in a N. N. W. direction. He went over the city at a very great height, directly acroſs the Frith. When about half over, he deſcended pretty low, and then diſcharging ſome of his ballaſt, he roſe rapidly, and then diſappeared: he alighted at a place called Calinch, within three meaſured miles S. E. of Cupar."

21. On Wedneſday laſt Mr. Sadler made his eighth aerial excurſion from Stroud in Glouceſterſhire: the proceſs of filling the balloon commenced a little before one o'clock, in which Mr. Sadler was aſſiſted by Mr. Wheeler of Worceſter; and the balloon being ſufficiently inflated by forty minutes paſt two, Mr. Sadler took his ſeat in the car attached thereto; in which he aſcended with great dignity, amidſt the acclamations of an immenſe multitude of ſpectators, it being calculated that there could not be fewer than forty thouſand. The day proving calm and ſerene, the balloon roſe vertically, and continued in ſight, at a vaſt elevation, for near half an hour, and deſcended the ſame evening near Stanley in Glouceſterſhire.

Extract of a letter from Bury, October 19.

"Saturday being the day appointed for the aſcenſion of Mr. Poole's balloon from this place, and the balloon being ſufficiently inflated the car was ſuſpended, and Mr. Poole got in, quite collected and compoſed. After having been in the air one hour and eleven minutes he alighted in a ſmall piece of ground at Harl Soham, in this county, about twenty-eight miles diſtance from Bury, without injury either to himſelf or balloon, and was very hoſpitably received by Major Dade; who lives in that neighbourhood."

24. This day the ſeſſions ended at the Old Bailey, when twelve convicts received judgment of death.

27. This day both houſes of parliament met purſuant to his Majeſty's proclamation, when the Lord Chancellor, by virtue of his Majeſty's commiſſion, prorogued their ſitting till the firſt of December.

By letters received from Nova Scotia, we are informed, that a number of ſmall veſſels were ſent by Commodore Sawyer, under the convoy of the Mercury frigate, from Halifax to Boſton for cattle and live ſtock; that Capt. Stanhope waited on Governor Boudoin, at Boſton, attended by his officers, in their uniforms, and immediately after the Captain and his officers left the government-houſe, they were inſulted and ſtoned by the populace, who deſired them to leave off their uniforms, d——d the K—— their maſter, and nearly killed Capt. Stanhope, and two of his boat's crew, with ſtones. Captain Stanhope, in a very gallant manner, went through the mob to the government-houſe, and made his complaint to Governor Boudoin, who aſſured Captain Stanhope that he and his people ſhould have ſatisfaction, and not be offended in future; but in returning to his boat again he was mobbed, and the following day the Boſton news-papers were filled with low and ſcurrilous abuſe on the K— of G. B. his miniſters, and ſervants.—Capt. Stanhope, therefore, wrote to Governor Boudoin, deſiring him to correct the ſcandalous libels publiſhed in the papers; but the Governor having given an evaſive anſwer, Captain Stanhope, in a very ſpirited and becoming manner, went on ſhore again, and remonſtrated with Governor Boudoin, and aſſured his Excellency, that if any further inſult was offered to the King's flag, or his officers, he would lay part of the town about his ears: and accordingly had placed his ſhip in a ſituation proper for that purpoſe, when the laſt advices left Boſton.

29. In

28. In the late hurricane in the Weſt-Indies, the principal damage has been confined to the Iſland of St. Kitts, where the crop has ſuffered with incredible ſeverity.

In the Iſles of Grenada and St. Vincent not the leaſt damage was done; Barbadoes, Dominica, Antigua, and Montſerrat, ſuffered a little; St. Chriſtopher's and Nevis greatly among the canes, but moſt of the buildings eſcaped. The Daniſh Iſland of St. Croix is almoſt totally ruined, the hurricane appearing to have raged there with very great fury, ſweeping all before it with an irreſiſtible force, and levelling whole rows of houſes, to the deſtruction of many of the unfortunate inhabitants; but it is remarkable that the Iſland of Tortola, which almoſt joins it, has ſcarcely received any damage, which ſhews that the tempeſt moved in a direction from North to South; and many ſhips are arrived in England that were in the Weſtern Seas on the 26th of Auguſt, ſome of them not far from Jamaica, which then felt nothing of the hurricane.

It is not the Weſt-Indies alone that have been viſited with tempeſtuous weather; they have had violent ſtorms on the American coaſt.

29. By a packet juſt arrived from Jamaica, advice is received that that Iſland has experienced great damage in every part of it (as well as a number of ſhipping loſt) from the deva-ſtations of a violent hurricane in the beginning of September laſt.

PREFERMENTS, OCTOBER, 1785.

THE Hon. Edward James Elliot, to the office of Remembrancer in his Majeſty's court of Exchequer, vice Felton Lionel Hervey, Eſq; dec.

The Rev. Robert Blair, Doctor in Phyſic, to be Profeſſor of Aſtronomy, in the Univerſity of Edinburgh.

MARRIAGES, OCTOBER 1785.

THE Hon. George Auguſtus North, to Miſs Hobart.

The Hon. George Petre, ſecond ſon of Lord Petre, to Miſs Howard, daughter of Philip Howard, Eſq; of Corby Caſtle, Cumberland.

Sir Robert Burnet, of Leys, bart. to Miſs Margaret Dalrymple, daughter of Lieutenant General Horn Elphinſton.

Sir George Auguſtus Shuckburgh, to Miſs Evelyn.

Thomas Velley, Eſq; of Burlington-ſtreet, to Miſs Hammond, of Harley ſtreet.

The Rev. Alexander Radcliffe, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, to Miſs Caroline Matilda Bennet, ſecond daughter of Sir William Bennett, of Farcham, Hants.

Henry Smith, Eſq. merchant, to Miſs Heſter Carter, of Edmonton, daughter of the late Richard Carter, Eſq. banker.

Major Moore, of the Bedford Militia, to Mrs. Reynal.

At Wakefield, the Reverend Michael Bacon, D. D. (vicar of that place) to Miſs Scott, ſiſter of the late F. Scott, Eſq. Captain in the ſervice of the Hon. Eaſt-India Company.

At Denton, Lincolnſhire, Dr. De Butts, phyſician, of Grantham, to Miſs Mary Welby, of Denton.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Chandler, of Worldham, Hants. to Miſs Benigna Dorrien, of Charles-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, OCTOBER 1785.

SEPTEMBER 13,

THE Rev. Richard Matthews, Rector of Fiſherton Anger, near Saliſbury.

18. Mrs. Lamb, in Broad-ſtreet, Oxford, daughter of Sir Thomas Tyrrell, Bart. and ſiſter of Viſcounteſs Say and Sele.

Charles Morton Pleydell Brune, Eſq. of Plumber, Dorſetſhire.

At Wellingborough in Northamptonſhire, in the 107th year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Sparke, widow, mother of Harvey Sparke, late of Knuſton, deceaſed.

19. John Lowther, Eſq. of Durham.

Mrs. Carr, of Key-ſide, Newcaſtle upon Tyne, aged 100.

26. Rob. Bodle, Eſq. Wolſton Hall, Eſſex.

Lately, at Wotton in Surry, Miſs Evelyn, ſiſter of Sir Frederick Evelyn, Bart.

27. Thomas Gooſtrey, Eſq. in Sherrard-ſtreet.

Lately, at Haigh in Lancaſhire, Lady Bradſhaigh, widow of Sir Roger Bradſhaigh, and ſiſter of the late Counteſs of Derby.

28. At Ankerwyke near Staines, aged 75, John Harcourt, Eſq. firſt couſin of the late Lord Harcourt. He was grandſon of Sir Philip Harcourt, by his ſecond wife Elizabeth, daughter and heireſs of John Lee, Eſq. of Ankerwyke.

Lately, at Somerton in Somerſetſhire, the Rev. Mr. Martin, vicar of Engliſh-combe, near Bath.

Lately, at Cockney near Workſop, Nottinghamſhire, the Rev. Edward Otter, Vicar of that village, as alſo of Upper Langwith, Sarcliffe, and Bolſover in Derbyſhire.

6. Peter

Oct. 1. At Cambridge Dr. Charles Colignon, phyſician, profeſſor of anatomy at that Univerſity, to which poſt he was elected in 1752. He was the author of ſeveral ingenious performances, and at the time of his death, his works were about to be printed in 4to. by ſubſcription.

4. John Greene, Eſq. of Doctors Commons.

Lately, at Enfield, Mr. Taylor, formerly a butcher in the Strand He was often heard to ſay he made his fortune by two maxims; in ſelling to the rich at his own price, and to the poor at theirs.

6. Peter Player, Eſq. Cuſtomer of Cloth and Petty Cuſtoms, and Deputy Comptroller of Great Cuſtoms.

At Hampſtead, Mr. John Foſter, coachmaker of Long Acre.

Lately, at Appleſhaw in Somerſetſhire, the Rev. William Ford, rector of that pariſh above 30 years.

Lately, at Great Neſton in Cheſhire, Abel Ward, A. M. Archdeacon of Cheſter, and 40 years Rector of St. Ann's, Mancheſter.

7. Mr. Vernon of the Navy Office.

At Lewiſham, aged 98, John Jolly, Eſq. upwards of 40 years one of the elder brethren of the Trinity Houſe.

At his ſeat near Warwick, in the 95th year of his age, the Right Honourable Lord Dormer of Grove Park.

Margaret Counteſs Dowager of Caithneſs.

9. At Hardwicke houſe, near Bury, the Rev. Sir John Cullum, Bart. He was born 21ſt June, 1733, and educated at Bury School; whence he went to Catherine-hall, Cambridge, of which, after having taken the degree of Batchelor and Maſter of Arts, he was elected Fellow 7th December, 1759. In March, 1774, he became a member of the ſociety of Antiquaries; in December that year, he was inſtituted to the living of Great Thurlow in Suffolk; and in March 1775, was elected Fellow of the Royal Society. He was author of the Hiſtory and Antiquities of Hawſted in Suffolk.

At Plumſtead, in Hants, the Rev. Dr. Richard Thompſon, for more than 49 years Rector of that living.

At Bath, Dr. Francis Woodward, many years phyſician in that city, and brother to the Biſhop of Cloyne.

14. The Honourable Mr. Legge, ſon of the Earl of Dartmouth.

At Bath, Charles Hay, M. D. late of Ipſwich, in Suffolk.

15. The Rev. George Wakefield, Rector of Eaſt Kent, in the County of Lincoln, and Vicar of Flintham, Nottinghamſhire.

Lately, at Harding, near St. Alban's, Margaret Stone, who had entered into her 107th year, and was never known to have a day's illneſs.

16. At Greenwich, Capt. William Grant, aged 98, many years in the Ruſſia trade, but had retired for ſome time.

Lately, at Leghorn, Theodore Luders, Eſq. of Bath, late in the dragoons.

17. At Hendon, Walter Shropſhire, Eſq. formerly a Bookſeller in Bond ſtreet.

The Rev. Rowland Bradſtock, Rector of Peopleton, and 50 years Curate of Breedon, in Worceſterſhire.

19. At Etwall in Derbyſhire, the Rev. Mr. Burſlem, many years vicar of that place.

The Rev. Mr. Popham, curate and lecturer of St. Clement Danes, Strand.

At his apartments in Clerkenwell, Mr. James Berry, formerly a contractor to the Victualling Office, in which ſituation he amaſſed a conſiderable fortune; but the liberality of his diſpoſition inclined him ſo freely to ſupply the wants of others, that, in a ſeries of years, he experienced the fatal truth of having nothing left for himſelf, and expired a ſtriking example of the remark made long ſince by the Roman ſatyriſt:

Quantum quiſquis ſua nummorum ſervat in area,
Tantum habet et fidei.

Lately at Tanworth in Warwickſhire, Mr. William Taſker, aged 113.

20. At Huntingdon, the Rev. Dr. Smith.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Shellard, Rector of Rendcomb and Tytherington, in Glouceſterſhire.

21. Thomas Gurnall, Eſq; at Great Ealing.

Robert Trevor, Eſq; receiver general of the poſt-office, ſon of the late Lord Hampden.

22. In the 88th year of his age, Mr. Davis, who was originally bred a ſeal engraver, but was afterwards placed in the box-office in Covent Garden theatre, where he remained near fifty years.

23. At Aſhton Malherbe, Kent, Thomas Richard Yong, Eſq; who was poſſeſſed of a large eſtate in Maryland, during the late troubles in America, the greateſt part of which he loſt.

In the Cloſe, Saliſbury, in the 75th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. William Dodwell, Archdeacon of Berks.

The Right Hon. Robert Henley Ongley, Lord Ongley; to which title he was advanced in 1776. He repreſented the county of Bedford in the four laſt Parliaments; but at the general election in 1784, he loſt his election, notwithſtanding he expended an immenſe ſum of money. He has left ſeveral children, and ſome of them very young. His eldeſt ſon was born in September, 1764.